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"Have you heard THIS ONE?"



LET'S CHECK UP ON THAT FAVORITE STORY—IT MAY BE AN OLD-TIMER!

By Marjorie Beekingsale

The good stories of the world have been told and retold. Somerset Maugham said there were only twenty good stories in the world, and he had been hearing them over and over again during his lifetime—and they were always a "look-here-old-chap-this-really-happened" story.

Do you tell these "really happened" stories? If you do, check up on your favorites. They may be old-timers out for an airing, and your comrades won't believe you. If you tell this sort of yarn be careful of the person with the card-index memory—he will make you feel foolish if you're not careful.

THERE are astonishing numbers of people who will try to "put over" one of the hardy perennial type in the guise of a personal experience, but more surprising is the number who believe them.

Take, for instance, the grand old yarn about the woman who dreamt that she was going up in a lift and a strange man barred the way . . .

Do you remember the rest? . . . Of course you do . . . Didn't she go into a shop next day and the man she had dreamt about pushed past her into a lift . . . ?

She didn't follow, and wasn't that lucky, because the lift crashed from a few floors up and everyone in it was killed . . .

Definitely a good story, if you can find someone to believe it, and it has lived so long that believers must still be abundant.

A brother or sister to this one is the story of the woman who was going on a journey.

The night before she was to leave she had a vivid dream, in which she saw the train, car, aeroplane or ship in flames . . . The means of transport merely varies with the story.

Of course she didn't go on the trip and the dream came true.

Isn't it queer how dreams do when it comes to telling a story about them?

Wide-eyed listeners have heard that one over teacups, or the bridge table. It generally starts someone



STRANGE man bars the way, lift crashes to the ground . . . It's an old story, but it won't lie down.

else off on the "My dear, I had such a funny experience once. I got a sudden feeling that something was wrong at home" . . . The conscious or subconscious Sapphires are off to a flying start.

You can't stop me, but I would bet my new hat that most of you have heard the artless little tale about the girl who bought a cheap string of pearls . . .



Too good to be true!

THERE'S THE STORY of the girl who bought a cheap string of pearls . . . and by mistake was given a string worth thousands . . .

They broke, and she took them back to the shop where she was greeted hysterically by a frantic salesman who had given her a string worth thousands, by mistake . . .

This story is a variegated bloom, but the original plant is the same. Many people will preface a story with the words, "This happened to a friend of mine . . ."

That lets them out of the responsibility.

How about this one for an ancient? And yet I quote from three versions of it read in the last week. (The first time I came across it was in my school days, and it's no story that that was a few years ago.)

Here we go . . . "A friend of mine was nervous about staying in the house alone. She did not know her next door neighbors very well, but one day, meeting them in the street, she mentioned that she and her husband were going to the pictures that night.

"Her husband had to work late, so she decided to stay at home alone. Then, to her horror, she heard someone break the glass above the front door.

"Quickly grasping an (a) iron, (b) kettle of boiling water, (c) hammer (these vary according to the teller), she crept to the door and as a hand came through to manipulate the lock she (a) put the hot iron on it, (b) poured boiling water over it, or (c) hit it hard with the hammer."

The end is always the same. She heard a yell of agony, then dropped her weapon and rushed next door to find . . . yes, that's it . . . the wife bandaging the husband's hand.

PERHAPS the original seed from which all these have grown is the story of the vanishing lady. This is reputed to have been based on fact, but I have my suspicions all the same . . .

Still, you might like to hear it again.

An Englishwoman and her daughter who returned from India booked a room at an hotel in Paris.

The mother complained of feeling ill and the daughter went out to buy some medicine.

She got lost and was away quite a time.

When she returned to the hotel she went to her room to find it locked . . .

To her surprise and dismay, all knowledge of her previous arrival and that of her mother was denied by the management. She even was taken into the room and shown that her description of the furnishing was incorrect.

She eventually left the hotel in a state bordering on insanity.

The sinister reason behind all the odd goings on was that the mother had died of cholera, and the management decided to have a hush-hush policy that would make a taciturn politician look like an amateur.

No matter whether the yarns are told briefly or with a wealth of detail, their old age is horribly apparent unless you are lucky enough to find an audience who will listen with flattering attention, and obviously store up the information to pass it on embroidered with a few fancy bits of their own.

And yet—why do we preface practically every "true" joke or story with the words, "Have you heard this one?" . . .

Are we afraid of boring people?

I don't think so.

It's just because we know so well that it is fancy and not fact that

we are about to relate.

Let me tell you this homely little story, but of course you've heard it before.

A housewife answered the front door, and found a man selling doormats. She needed one, so made the purchase at a low price.

The man left, and she took the mat to compare it with the one she had covering the back doorstep, and found that she had bought her own doormat. Possible, yes . . . but probable, NO.

This one is popular in country circles, and has gone the rounds many times.

A man driving home one night gave a stranger a lift. As the stranger was about to get out of the car a bulge in his coat pocket made the driver suspicious. He felt hastily in his own pocket in the darkness and found he had no watch. Grasping the stranger, he demanded the return of his property. After protesting, the passenger handed over a watch.

Proudly the driver went home and related to his wife that only his quickness saved him from losing a valuable possession.

Her reply was: "Don't be silly, dear, you left your watch on the bedroom table this morning."

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Long "reign" Bishop

AFTER the longest "reign" of any Bishop of London, Dr. Winnington Ingram will retire at the end of this year.

No other prelate of modern times has been more distinguished or popular, or associated with more memorable events, and it is difficult for Londoners to visualise public life without him.

An eminently lovable personality, he is an outdoor man and a great sportsman.



Popular president

MRS. ALFRED WATT, founder of the Associated Country Women of the World, was re-elected president at the triennial conference of the movement, held recently in London. More than four thousand delegates from all parts of the world attended the conference.

Mrs. Watt, who is a Canadian, and a graduate of Toronto University, also founded the Women's Institutes of England and Wales. She visited Australia a few years ago.



Italian Royal Duke

PRINCE AIMONE, Duke of Spoleto, and nephew of the King of Italy, whose recent marriage, in Florence, with Princess Irene of Greece was attended by the Duke and Duchess of Kent. Princess Irene is a cousin of the Duchess.

The Duke, who is a keen sportsman, organised a party to the Himalayas a few years ago.

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AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

57.38.77

Novelist Faith Baldwin sums up Australian girls

Race of lovely individualists—alert, alive, good humored

Want career and marriage

By FAITH BALDWIN

in an interview before leaving for America

"I have watched your girls closely in restaurants, in the homes I have visited, and bustling to work in the mornings. The dominant impression I got was of their 'aliveness'."

"Your girls are cosmopolitan types—as smart as Parisians—as alert as Americans. But although I have travelled over a lot of Australia I couldn't describe for you a typical girl."

"Australian girls have so much vitality and charm it would be impossible to pin them down as so many specimens."

"MY vivid first impressions remain of Australian girls. They are alert, happy, smart, with a keen sense of humor."

"These pretty Australian girls pack a ton of brains under their nonsensical Parisian-looking hats."

"They are very good looking, and have a pretty flair for clothes."

"The greatest compliment I can pay them is that they do not conform to one standardised type."

"The crowds of girls I have seen in the street might easily be American girls hurrying from the subway to offices in New York, for the types of good looks I have seen here are as diversified as they are in America. The beauty of the Australian girl is as varied as your scenery."

"I gasped in astonishment one day at a beautiful married woman who looked like an Italian madonna. I have stared at typical English beauties, at dashing young women who seemed to have France written all over them, and others who might have stepped out of illustrations to my own stories about American girls."

Working girl

"THE most interesting women for a visitor are the girls who earn their livings—in offices and shops."

"Their clothes are often as smart as those worn by more moneyed women, though they may spend less on materials and accessories. But because they have to adapt fashions to meet their own salaries their clothes have a certain personality which more elegant clothes sometimes lack."

"Bright eyes and good carriage give a zest to your girls' appearance. Like our American girls, they seem to play a lot of tennis and golf, and to spend a lot of time swimming and riding."

"I was particularly interested to meet some of the girls who live on stations."

"I was amazed at their knowledge of the technical side of the stations' work and impressed by their simple love for the land."

"The pioneer woman still seems to exist here, I am glad to say. You have need of her; it is this type of woman who is going to build Australia."

"This is my idea of the representative Australian girl. She is in the early twenties, is five feet six, and weighs about eight and a half stone. She has blue eyes, golden-brown hair and beautiful teeth. She is a member of a small family; her parents are living and her father is a business man."

"She has a business or professional training, loves dancing, and next to it horseback riding and swimming. She works, or expects to work. She has ambition, plenty of spirit and a logical, practical mind to guide her romantic heart."

"She wants a career, but she also wants to marry."

"The representative girl has decided views on marriage."

"When I marry I'll be very serious about the man," she says, "and extremely sure that we are right for each other. It doesn't matter whether he's rich or poor, handsome or plain. Until I am very sure—well, I'll work and study and have as much fun as I can and try to pre-



FAITH BALDWIN, famous American novelist, who has been visiting Australia. She is full of praise for Australian girls.

pare myself to make my own way in the world."

Historic homes

"I HAVE seen several historic homes in Australia. They are very lovely, but I am distressed that Australians do not do more to preserve old places."

"Like us, you like modernity and efficiency, but should indulge sentiment sufficiently to preserve old buildings and cherish old furniture."

"Your old homes and the furniture your pioneers brought here are of irreplaceable historical value."

"Among all the beauties of your

NANCY BIRD, venturesome flying girl—Faith Baldwin sees in her type the pioneer spirit in a modern setting.

Went everywhere—saw everybody

MISS BALDWIN has made a typically American discovery of Australia.

Her tour was efficiently planned for a maximum variety of travel in a minimum time.

She toured three States, visiting cities, far-off sheep and cattle stations, fashionable seaside resorts, and made mountain and river scenic tours.

She has gone everywhere where she might see the representative Australian girl. She met well-known city hostesses, wives and daughters of station owners, the families of small farmers, outstanding women in business and artistic circles, smart business girls and the leisured daughters of Australia's business barons.

country I have to mention your food. But you are too modest about it."

"Your cooking is good, but there is inclined to be a sameness about it. Because of your national trait of modesty you do not serve your magnificent produce with the flourish it deserves."

"In America we started out with this same uniformity, but the many nationalities who migrated to America brought their recipes with them, and our home cooking has absorbed them."

"Perhaps this will come later in Australia. I hope so, because your food is beautiful, and more cosmopolitan cookery is much more exciting for the housewife as well as the family."

"I have never tasted such cream! The scales are a silent reproach to

Above: MERLE OBERON, Tasmanian-born film star, represents a Spanish type of beauty. Faith Baldwin says our Australian girls have filched charm from all countries—that they are representative rather than typical.



MISS SANDRA BAILLIEU, of Melbourne, representative wealthy Australian society girl.



THELMA COYNE, tennis star. Faith Baldwin found our sports girls very like the Americans, and with a flair for smart sports wear.

the way I have succumbed to it. "Though there may be a sameness in your meals, Australia certainly deserves a medal as the land of beautiful afternoon teas, which are

a weakness of mine. And I would award another medal for your fish. The crabs and oysters and other fish I have eaten nearly stole the medal from the afternoon teas."

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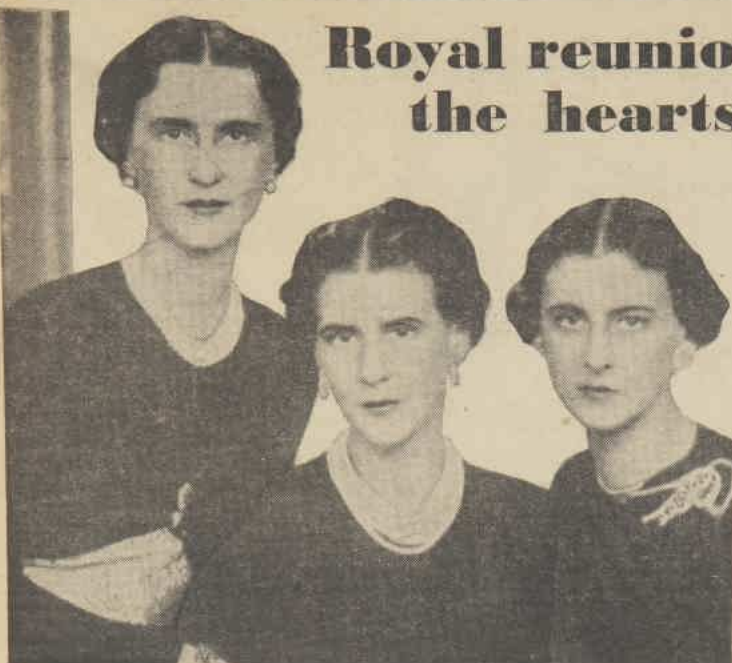
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Royal reunion that touched the hearts of Europe

Princess Paul comes to London to say farewell to Duchess of Kent

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in England



LOVELY TRIO. The Duchess of Kent and her sisters will feel the parting keenly when Marina leaves for Australia. The sisters in picture from left are: Princess Paul, Countess Törring and the Duchess of Kent.

When Prince and Princess Paul of Yugoslavia and the Duke and Duchess of Kent met at Victoria Station, London, a husband and wife forgot the tense political atmosphere that has surrounded them for weeks in the simple delight of greeting a sister and a brother-in-law.

It was a family reunion that touched the hearts of Europe.

THE complicated relationships of European countries have brought Yugoslavia, because of its geographical position and minority problems, within the orbit of the Rome-Berlin axis.

Diplomatic alliances may involve Yugoslavia with anti-democratic countries although its rulers, Prince and Princess Paul, have close family ties with the democratic Royal Family of Britain.

This drama of international politics became a more personal drama of family love when the Duke and Duchess of Kent greeted the Duchess' sister, Princess Olga, and her husband, Prince Paul, on their arrival in England.

International complications were forgotten as the party, which included Prince and Princess Paul's son, Alexander, chatted of family matters before setting out for Buckingham Palace, where the King and Queen had reserved for the sister and brother-in-law of the Duchess the Belgian suite last occupied by President and Madam Lebrun.

School holiday

YOUNG Prince Alexander was given a holiday from his English school to accompany his Aunt Marina to meet his parents.

The two beautiful sisters, Marina and Olga, both introduced new fashion notes.

Olga's new mustard toque of ruched ribbon, like an early Victorian lace cap, heralds the return of petite, chic millinery, while Marina established the revolutionary return of the pencil silhouette. Her dull black remains tubular frock had a crew neck and short, slightly-puffed sleeves, its severity being relieved with a wide taffeta sash tied in a big bow at the left side.

The only color note in her toilet was supplied by cyclamen gloves and



SISTERS KISS. The Duchess of Kent greets her sister, Princess Paul, of Yugoslavia, at Victoria Station, London.

white straw hat wreathed with a garland of flat flowers.

While Prince Paul's visit is important politically the sisters plan to spend as much time as possible together before Marina leaves for Australia.

The intense interest Princess Olga is taking in her younger sister's new home is evidenced by the fact that the Duchess has collected from Australia House and several travel bureaus about sixty photographs of every aspect of Australian life to give Princess Olga.

The Duchess has recently taken up riding preparatory to living in Australia.

She formerly rode side-saddle, but is now riding astride, wearing dark brown gabardine riding breeches, brown kneeboots, light brown tweed coat, and soft felt hat.

Both leaders of fashion, whose tastes are very similar, they propose spending some time visiting the smaller exclusive English tailors who are making suits for the Duchess' Australian wardrobe.

Princess Olga is also taking buck English-cut suits.

Between shopping expeditions the sisters lunch quietly at fashionable Quaglino's.

Beyond these intimate excursions the two Royal couples will meet on all official occasions, including a garden party and a great ball at Buckingham Palace, which the Queen arranged hurriedly for the visitors when their unexpected trip to England was announced.

The ball caused hurried cancellations of many society functions.

Titled Fleet Street journalist as Duchess' lady-in-waiting

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in London

Australia will be doubly fashion-conscious when the Duchess of Kent and her suite arrive.

A famous fashion writer, Lady Patricia Ward, is to be one of her ladies-in-waiting.

LADY PATRICIA is the second lady-in-waiting appointed to accompany the Duchess to Australia.

Lady Patricia is "Shop-hound" of the fashion magazine, "Vogue."

She is the unmarried sister of the Earl of Dudley, daughter of a former Governor-General of Australia.

Thirty-four years old, a tall, slim, vivacious brunette, Lady "Patsy" is known as the "Aristocrat of Fleet Street," where for many years before joining "Vogue" she was a general reporter.

One of the most genuinely-liked members of English society, "Patsy," like the Duchess of Kent, is always in the van of fashion.

When, about ten years ago, society

girls took up positions in the business world, "Patsy" became a receptionist in a hairdressing salon in Bond Street, from where she started her journalistic career.

Fond of dancing, "Patsy" was one of the favorite partners of the Duke of Windsor when he was Prince of Wales.

Ever since the Duchess first came to England "Patsy" has been one of her closest friends.

Himley Hall, the home of the Dudley family, was lent to the Duke and Duchess for their honeymoon.

Though regretful at resigning her "Shop-hound" feature, which she had made such a success, Lady Patricia is most excited at the prospect of revisiting the Commonwealth.

She was only six years old when she left Australia after her father's three-year term as Governor-General ended.

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DOUBLE LIFE

By...

FAITH
BALDWIN

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"Rich Girl, Poor Girl," "Make Believe."

Continuing our fascinating serial, depicting a woman's heart-rending struggle when she is torn between love and her duty to her profession.

DR. CATHARINE GREGORY struggles bravely to do justice both to her home and her profession, almost completely supporting TIM, her lovable, easy-going husband, and PETER and PEG, their two children, and resolutely fighting the prejudice of the other doctors against her.

But she is passionately devoted to her work; and when at length Tim arrives home in high spirits with the news that he has been offered a big position in Colorado, Catharine pleads that she cannot forsake her work to go there with him.

Unable to understand her attitude, Tim is bitterly reproachful, and a definite rift follows.

The next day, Catharine has to put aside her miserable reflections as she makes the rounds of her patients. One of the last is ELSIE HAGGERTY, a personal friend, who has called in at the surgery in great agitation.

Now read on:

IN a little more than half an hour Catharine was ready to see her, Elsie, sitting down on the straight chair, looked around the small white room, almost desperately. She said, as Catharine waited:

"Last week . . . it was pretty bad, Cathy . . . I—I didn't call you . . . I got on my clothes somehow and staggered out to see . . ." she hesitated and added, firmly, "someone else."

"Well?" asked Catharine, still waiting.

"He . . . well, he was very nice . . . I told him all about my headaches, the whole history and how nothing seemed to help any more. He was—understanding. He gave me something—"

"A prescription?" asked Catharine quickly.

"No," said Elsie, and kept her blue eyes hidden, "a hypodermic. Then he gave me tablets to take next time. By the time I reached home I was all right, no headache. Just drowsy. I slept like a log. I skipped dinner and just slept. But late that night I woke and it came back again. . . ."

Catharine's lips were a firm hard line. She moved them, asked encouragingly:

"And then—?"

"I thought of the things you had said to me. I was afraid," Elsie admitted, "I was scared to death. I got up and threw the tablets into the fire. I took one of yours, Cathy, and went back to bed. The head was bad next day but not so bad that I couldn't stand it. I kept thinking, Suppose it gets so I can't stand it, and I go back there—"

Catharine asked, "Will you tell me who it was?"

Elsie looked at her. She shook her head. She said: "What's the use . . . where would it get any of us? After all, we don't know what was in them, Cathy—"

She hesitated and added, "He isn't a Seward doctor."

Catharine nodded. She thought, Well, that's something.

She asked: "Are you willing to promise me that you won't go back?"

"I'll promise," said Elsie. "I was scared, Cathy. I still am." She looked at her friend with haunted eyes. She added, "The last time you came to see me . . . you told me that you could cure me."

Catharine took a deep breath. She warned, "You won't like it, Elsie. You won't like me."

It was a chance, a bare chance. If she was right in her diagnosis, if she could make Elsie believe that she was right . . . Otherwise the day would come when almost without volition Elsie would find herself driving up the country road and stopping at the whitewashed brick house between the cedars and ringing the bell.

You had to take the chance, to keep her from ringing that bell.

Catharine leaned forward and took Elsie's hands in a firm, hard grip. They were cold, the palms were damp with nervousness. She said, "All right, Elsie, let's go."

When she had finished Elsie was very quiet. She had not spoken, she had let Catharine talk. Twice she had shrunk back wincing, trying to release her hands, once she had cried out inarticulately and the tears had poured suddenly down her face.

Now:

"You believe that?" she said at last, looking at Catharine. "You really believe that?"

Catharine nodded. She freed the other woman's hands, rose and left her for a moment. When she came back she brought something that fizzed in a glass.

Elsie took it, drank it, set the glass aside. She began to talk after a moment. She said, speaking very quickly:

"It was my mother's fault, I expect. Sometimes I think she despised my father. I was the only child; she spoiled me terribly. She didn't want me to marry, she kept talking about how hard marriage was, how inconsiderate men were. From the time I put up my hair and began going to dances she would talk to me like that. And then I met Sam. I—I was crazy about him, Cathy, but I was afraid of that, too. I didn't want to love him very much."

She stopped and shook her head. She said painfully, "I can't go on."

"Don't try," said Catharine gently. "Well, that's how it was," said Elsie presently. She looked at Catharine, her blue eyes darkened and distended. She said, "The headaches began soon after, when we were on our honeymoon. I couldn't understand them. I'd never had them before. Sam was sweet, terribly considerate. . . ."

She was silent for a long while. Catharine sat there, at her desk, and dusk deepened all around them. Presently Elsie spoke. She said, quietly, "I've known about—the other women. He's been very careful, he hasn't wanted to hurt me, but I've known. . . ."

"It isn't too late," Catharine told

Tim's voice came again: "My love to the kids . . . Merry Christmas, darling . . . Then the wire was dead."

her, after a moment, "there are ways in which you can be helped, Elsie. . . . A book or two I can give you . . . and there's a doctor in Boston. . . ." She scribbled the name on a card and put it in Elsie's hand. . . . "He's a friend of Doctor Edwards," she added, "If you go to him, if you can bring yourself to talk to him frankly."

"I'd rather talk to you," Elsie said. It was late when she left. One patient, tired of waiting, had gone, another sat, half asleep, in a big chair with a magazine on her lap.

Catharine went to the door with Elsie, smiled down at the smaller woman. She said, "Everything will be all right. . . . You'll face this, you'll find the courage to talk to Sam . . . without anger, without resentment, just as you have talked to me. And there won't be any more headaches, after a while, Elsie, I can promise you that."

ELSIE said, "You're so good. . . . I—I can't be grateful enough. I can't ever thank you. You're so strong," she said, wonderingly.

Well, thought Catharine, returning to her office, she doesn't hate me . . . yet, she may, later, when this is over, when she has begun to adjust herself, when she and Sam have reached some sort of understanding. She may hate me for knowing too much about her, Sam may sneak down here sometimes, too, and talk and want help. . . . They all want help, she thought, beckoning Mrs. Wainwright to come into the other room, as I do. . . . Physician, heal thyself.

Over her solitary dinner she became aware of an urgent wish to see Gary Edwards again, to put this

problem before him. But what would he say or do but counsel her that she must make her own decision.

When Tim returned from New York the following evening he found Peg in bed with a head cold, and Peter indulging in a late seasonal bout of poison ivy. Catharine was upstairs with them, having moved Peter into the day nursery so there would be no chance of his contracting Peg's sniffles. She was scolding him now as Tim came in, and the little boy was listening gravely. "How many times have I told you," she was saying, "not to run in that field at school? You know you always get it, Peter, no matter what we do. . . ."

"I forget," said Peter sublimely. "Sure," said Tim from the doorway, "he forgets."

Catharine turned with a start. She said, "Tim, for heaven's sake! I had dinner with the children, I had no idea when you'd be home. But yours will be ready in a few minutes."

She sat with him at the table, presently, glad of Mary's clumsy, anxious presence. They couldn't talk with Mary bustling in and out, so eager to please, so worried for fear she was not pleasing. It wasn't until they were in the living-room together that she asked, "What happened in New York?"

A simple thing to say, yet very hard.

"I got the job," he told her. There was a little silence, Catharine

me shivered suddenly although her dress was warm. And Tim rose to set a match to the laid fire on the hearth. The flames leaped up, licked at paper and kindling, and settled down to a steady burning. One lamp was lighted at the far end of the room. Outside it was very dark and cool, warning wind came through the open windows.

She said, finally, "I thought you might change your mind."

"I thought I might change yours," he said. "I tried, goodness knows."

"Yes," said Catharine, "I know you tried. That isn't the way out for either of us, Tim. . . ."

"I suppose not," he threw his cigarette away, and came to sit beside her and draw her within the circle of his arm. She resisted for a moment and then relaxed against him. The tears were in her throat, they welled from her heart. But she would not cry.

He asked, "And you haven't, Cathy?"

"I can't," she said. "Tim, if I could only make you understand."

"That's that, then," he said. . . . "Cathy, what's going to become of us . . . ? It won't be easy for me out there without you, without the children. It may be two years. It will be lonely. . . ."

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Illustrated
by
FISCHER

GABRIEL'S TRUMPET

Complete Short
Story by

Guy
Gilpatric

THE topsail schooner Scorpene, 270 tons, belongs in shares to numerous members of the Costoli family of Via Reggio, an ancient port midway between Pisa's leaning tower and Carrara's marble mountains.

One look at the trim little vessel as she scuds past at sea, chasing the tails of her plunging dolphin escort, is enough to tell you that she is a real sailor's ship, manned by sailors who are sons of sons of sailors clear back into the shag-bearded, ear-ringed ancestor whose Christian zeal in encouraging Admiral Andrea Doria's Moslem rowing-slaves with a twelve-thonged scourge (one thong for each Apostle) gained for his galley the blue riband of the Genoese navy and for himself the foundation of the family fortune which the Scorpene represents to-day.

The Scorpene is commanded by Papa Costoli. He smokes cigars, gnarled and brittle as licorice root, and patriarchally lords it over a crew of sons, nephews and assorted social errors with names like Tucci, Pucci and Mucci, all pronounced with an ooch. But if, as is likely, you see not a soul of them on deck and perceive that the wheel is lashed, it is because all hands are below eating polenta, drinking wine, playing the accordion and trusting in St. Gabriel.

You will surely see St. Gabriel. He is the Scorpene's figure-head—a votive image of olive wood, right arm extended with the golden trumpet of doom, plundered in times remote from some cathedral in Calabria or Sicily. Such is the Costoli's faith in his usefulness, so often have they transferred him from old ships to new, that he has outgrown the status of family heirloom, and become a sort of dogey of their house. It is St. Gabriel who brings good health, good weather and good cargoes—in sum, la buona fortuna. With him at the prow, what need of mortal look-out to warn of rocks, shoals or the low-lurking derelict?

Never in the centuries since he took over his job has a Costoli ship puffed up, but if ever one does—why then the archangel's trumpet will sound a blast, the gates of paradise will swing wide, and in will troop the Costolis, caps and rosaries in hand. Each March 24, which is St. Gabriel's own day, they give him a fresh coat of paint, doing his robe crimson, his wings pale blue and his flowing beard the black of night. His halo and trumpet they gild most splendidly.

Thus secured against the manifold hazards of the deep, it is the Costolis' wont to put to sea with light hearts, rollicking song and a certain amount of accordion music, as in fact they quitted their home port one bright warm morning last May. Their ship was laden with bulrushes of the sort the infant Moses was found among, but which in our more practical times are used for making saxophone reeds and caning the seats of chairs in the lesser restaurants.

These bulrushes were consigned to Bagnole, in the French Department of Var, where the Scorpene would exchange them for a cargo of hairie and scrap metal for La Spezia and home. It was a chore



The engineer's hand swept upward in a spacious, fluid gesture. "Putta back!" ordered Papa Costoli sternly. "Putta back!"

she had done so often that had her course lain across dry land, instead of the Ligurian Sea, she could have followed her own well-worn pathway like a milch cow between barn and pasture.

Now, May is a month of light airs below the Gulf of Genoa, and sundown of the second day found the vessel with all sails set, lazily along somewhere south-west of Cape Mele in a faint breeze stirring off the land. As the long chaplet of coastal beacons flickered to life as one, Papa Costoli buttoned the top of his trousers and came ponderously on deck for the evening rite of taking the ship's position.

Ignoring the lighthouses (he could never remember their intervals anyway) he subjected the blood-red sky and sea and purple mountains to a scowling scrutiny, as though daring them to start something. Next, puckering his cheeks and expanding his equator to a prodigious dimension, he spat into the air and gauged the wind velocity by the descending curve of the goblet. Finally, tilting back his head until the fat on his neck rolled into a series of distinct bulges, like the spare tyres on the back of a motor bus, he took a succession of deep sniffs.

"Hal Petroleum!" he announced to the barefoot sons, nephews and informal fry gathered in reverence

to witness the mystery. "Petroleum—fm-m-m-lif!—smell it? Well, you stupid apes, that means we are off Imperia, where the oil refineries are. May San Gaby guide us clear of their cursed tank ships in the night!" Turning to Bucci (or it may have been Lucchi) who was dozing at the helm, "Hold her as she bears as long as you smell petroleum," he ordered. "Then ease her off a couple of spokes until you can see the flashes of the electric trains in the Bordighera yards, being careful not to turn your head sideways. Wait until you can no longer hear the locomotives whistle at the Ventimiglia tunnel on the French frontier; then lash her and come right in for supper. It's my turn to cook again, darn and darn and darn it all!"

Easing his paunch through the galley doorway, he observed that the

clouds, become unstuck from the mountain peaks, were drifting lazily seawards down the slopes, perhaps to settle as fog. "Zucchi," he demanded, "did you remember to put oil in the lights?"

"Oil?" mumbled Zucchi, waking up and scratching his back against the mainmast. "Oh, did you finally remember to buy the oil, Papa?"

"M-m, well, that is, er—Nucchi, did you remind me to buy the oil?"

"What was the use, when you forgot to buy the wicks?"

"Why should I buy wicks when there wasn't any oil?" Papa Costoli forced his midriff past the jamb and slammed the door testily. Grumbling to himself, he lit the candle, gulped a tincupful of the purple wine of Montecatini, unmuzzled the garlic and set about preparing the pasta.

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The SILVER LINING

By...

E. P. CARNE

Fate slyly pays the piper when humans play his tunes.

LUCY WILLARD suddenly paused with one hand on the brightly colored window curtain, before clinking the folds together and closing out the chilling night. That pause had been momentary, but her thoughts in an instant had passed back over years.

The fire was burning with little snapping sounds in the basket grate, and before the hearth she had set a low round table and a stack of new novels still stiffly shiny in their gay jackets. Part of her secretarial job at Stock and Redways was the usually agreeable task of reading new books in order to write the "blurbs" for advertising them. Since the age of seventeen she had been with the firm, and now she was twenty-seven.

A trapped sensation rose in her like the actual panic of being trapped in reality. Nothing, just nothing had happened to break the monotony of working through the week, resting on Sunday, looking after the small flat in between times, and going occasionally to the cinema or for a dull holiday just because the firm released her as a matter of routine. Nothing had happened—in ten years. In another ten years...? The sense of captivity rose again, to subside and leave her on the verge of tears.

She was logical enough to connect her state of depression with Gregory's departure three weeks ago, and human enough to mourn his absence more because of Cynthia being with him on board. The floral designs on the cretonne curtains had reminded her of Gregory; his exquisitely fine water-colors of tropical flowers and birds had not been really profitable, as an art, until applying them to commerce, and now his sketches sold unflinchingly to textile firms and returned him a lucrative income.

Lucy had met him at Stock and Redways, when he was with the manager discussing a new style of cover jacket for a forthcoming publication demanding his special style. His love of birds and flowers and color was perhaps the core of the explanation of his headlong plunge into loving Cynthia, who, to him, must seem more like a humanised water-lily or daffodil than a flesh and blood human individual. And how human, only Lucy knew, she, Cynthia's sister, the elder by three years.

When first expecting Gregory at the office, and not having met him before then, Lucy had pictured a cross between a fictionalised painter of the Latin Quarter style and a stick of celery. But she learned to laugh at her wild surmise after seeing and becoming acquainted with the red-headed young man whose clothing was just as masculine as his habits and outlook. He was sun-scorched more than tanned, wide of shoulder and long of leg, with a wholesome bluntness in his manner and an attractive simplicity. To think of his big spatulate fingers and homespun mind designing and conceiving the fragile delicacy of his flower and bird sketches was a paradox to which she would never become quite used.

Cynthia had at first been amused by Lucy's "bird-and-flower man" when hearing about him over the evening meal which Cynthia was supposed to prepare, but which Lucy usually completed after coming home from work.

The younger girl's outlook on life was that of a spoiled child, which mentally she had remained, who wants what she wants when she wants it, and usually obtains her wish.

The secret dreams of the older sister were never revealed to the younger who, when Gregory "breezed in" one night for coffee, on Lucy's somewhat nervous invitation that day at the office, immediately made him her own.

Lucy had no power of beguilement with which to contest the other's instinctive plot to ensnare and claim each attractive male entering her presence, nor had Lucy the necessary hardness in her nature to check Cynthia in what was, perhaps, a genuine love affair. After all, she herself was nearly Gregory's age, and he hadn't noticed her existence—as a young woman. And so the affair had progressed, Cynthia next

Illustrated
by
SHREVE

taking the initiative in a way that made her less rash sister gasp. The young man had passed through the worship of the artist for beauty, and entered into the temporary craziness of the man in love with the woman. Lucy just watched, with her heart dropping slow tears of blood, or so it seemed, and her days were longer than ever before, and more weary, and her nights were less filled by sleep than by desperately unhappy struggles to sink into forgetfulness and leave doubts and wonderings and momentary hopes behind.

NOW Cynthia had contrived, by using temperamental and emotional recipes known only to those of Cynthia's kind, to captivate Gregory so utterly that he saw and thought and felt nothing else but Cynthia. With the hard practicality of her fragile, innocent-looking, harmless and round-eyed type, she had also managed to be a fellow passenger with him on a cruise to Fiji and Honolulu. He was to paint the flamboyant flowers and birds his soul so loved, and she... Lucy could not imagine her sister finding aesthetic joy in any scene, either of the lush jungle or the pure, pale serenity of high snowy places. To Cynthia, a tour of the world would

be no more or less than a progressive clothes-display and a mental list of the best and worst hotels.

"He's a coming man, my love," she had said mockingly to Lucy while reddening lips already pink before going out to a dance with Gregory one night. "Don't worry your solemn heart because of Greg and me. He likes my looks and I like his income and his coming reputation, and many a successful marriage has been founded on less gold than that. Perhaps, darling," came the not unloving addition, as Cynthia paused to survey her sister lazily, "perhaps you want him for yourself?"—and the girl had tipped back her silken head of shining curls to laugh gaily at the very idea. Lucy and Greg. Too priceless. Lucy and her finicky old-maid ways and Greg, whose spiritual home was in a suitcase and who could talk with sheiks or lascaras, film stars or religious enthusiasts, and never notice that one was different from the other. He had been everywhere.

Cynthia had not seen the painful flush of pain and embarrassment travel over Lucy's almost plain face which, with her undecorative hairstyle, "grew on one" gradually, and was not, as both girls knew, the kind of face to plunge a man into immediate rapture, or evoke grand passions. Nor was Cynthia ever to realise that Lucy's "old maid

Against the snow, Lucy made such a patch of colorful attractiveness that he knew he must make a sketch of her.

finickiness" was necessarily a corrective, in a flat for two with one endlessly lazy, untidy, and careless. Nor did anyone guess that in the tidy form of Lucy a wild spirit dwelt, beating its wings, fluttering and knocking to be released.

Colors, light, travel, movement, tropic skies and snow-clad heights, moonlight on mountain peaks and sunlight on canyons... and new ports of call. How could she endure it, to know Cynthia was having, and was to have, all that, who did not value it or really want it; while she herself, at home, lonely and despairing, wanted just that and loved Gregory as well—yet had to go on reading books and typing letters for a living.

EIGHT weeks more and they would return. Then their joint letter came. Cynthia's casual scribble intimately along the margin of Gregory's, and all they really said, when it was condensed, was that they were coming home very soon and had thought of a week or two at Mt. Buffalo. "I want," wrote Gregory, for whom the map of the world

had few limitations, "to do a series of silhouettes, trees against snow and so forth, for a rather novel kind of cloth soon coming on the market. It ought to be the rage among decor enthusiasts, and the colorings must be gold and blue and silver and black. Hence the snows. Why not pack up your grip and come along with us, Lucy, or is business too vital and urgent a sport for the mere incidental of skiing and skating and climbing? By the way, we're engaged 'proper' now. Congrats understood, so don't waste a radiogram."

Despite the agony of her thoughts, Lucy was grateful for those few days in which her mind turned several somersaults and a decision was at last cemented. Being so unused to asking or expecting favors, she felt guilty and timid when facing Mr. Redway on impulse to ask him for her yearly holidays earlier than scheduled, and was astonished when he said in surprise at her questioning grey eyes: "My dear child, of course. Miss Mant will take your work while you're gone."

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

July 29, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page



BRIGHT WOOL COATS

• RIVALLING JOSEPH'S COAT of biblical fame, a swing-back model by Rodier, in checks so big and colorful that they're vaguely reminiscent of a patchwork quilt. Grand over a simple frock or country tweeds.

• RODIER PINS his faith on stripes—mad-cap, hilariously bright stripes for this loose-hanging coat with high lapels and wide sleeves. The rolled turban with snood repeats the provocative colors of the coat.

• YOUTHFUL princess coat with Tom Thumb waist and engagingly flared skirt. Softest angora woollen in purple, blue, and green plaid. With it a minute pill-box with green wimple, which tucks into the neckline like a scarf.

SUIT SEQUENCES . . .



Air mail photos from MARY ST. CLAIRE

Individual hand-cut patterns are available for fashions sketched or photographed in this section. Price 3/6.



● **IN MILITARY MOOD**—Dorville's winter-defying three-piecer in navy gun-check tweed. The jacket has two flap pockets and the skirt is plain, but the topcoat makes fashion news with the new cape-cum-sleeves which hang loosely from the shoulders. (Top left).

● **IF YOU'RE SLIM AND SOPHISTICATED**—here's your suit. Designed by Isobel of dark navy Melton cloth, with a double-breasted jacket and skirt tucked to willowy lines. (Above left).

● **PALE ROSE TWEED** from Mainbocher, with big pink wooden buttons all the way down the collarless jacket and slightly flared skirt. With it a black woollen jersey blouse, tied at the waist with a silk scarf. (Above right).

● **HEIM-JACQMAR'S SUIT** for the debutante is striped in royal-blue and white with tiny mauve flowers in the horizontal stripes. Collarless, nipped-in-at-the-waist jacket and a full pleated skirt. (Top right).

● **SLIMLY-TAILORED SUIT** of grey tweed spotted with white. Heim-Jacqmar buttons the jacket almost to the neckline and embroiders it in eye-catching white at the edges. (Right).

NAOMI WATERS *writes about—* I found these fashion changes in London



NAOMI WATERS (Mrs. Dale Bourn), brilliant young Australian, has won a name for herself in London as an authority on Fashion, Beauty, and that elusive quality, GLAMOR.

She recently returned to London after a long visit to Australia. In this article she tells of many changes she has noted in the London fashion scene.

By NAOMI WATERS, exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly
—Air Mailed from London

I ARRIVED back in England to find . . . women looking younger, girls looking prettier, and that Dame Fashion had gone back to her schooldays again. Skirts swished and swirled a bare inch, or so below the knee.

The official length is sixteen inches from the ground, but most women, particularly those with good legs, sneak another half-inch off their skirts.

Shoulders are square and high. Hats tiny and quite ridiculous. There is an air of "fun and frolic" in the clothes of this season.

Paris does audacious things with material.

She puts gold lame cuffs and collars on a brown linen dress without a blush.

She wears a black-and-white check gingham petticoat with a black velvet evening frock. She has even put silver fox fur as revers on a white pique coat and got away with it.

The rather heavy formal clothes of last season are gone, and in their place are fashions which might have come straight from the schoolroom. I find the change of theme enchanting, because there is no woman who does not gain by simplicity both in clothes and manner.

It is not so much what you put on that counts . . . it is what you take off. That extra flower . . . those two big clips . . . the fussy ribbons and gaudy buttons, it is those little things which make or mar a frock.

The sign of a good dress is the same as the sign of a good article anywhere . . . the sign of quality, not quantity.

The difference between the model

gown and a little dress bought round the corner is the difference in quality . . . the quality of cut, of material, of detail.

That dress from Paris which is nothing more than a few yards of material and an inspiration; why should it look so different from your own black frock?

The Paris frock is quite plain, no trimming, no frill, while yours has rich embroidery, a fancy belt, colored buttons . . . yet the difference between them is more subtle than merely the size of the bill.

Do as Paris does

THERE is no reason why, with a little planning and not a great deal of trouble, you should not have about you that air of expensive elegance which is the hall-mark of a well-dressed woman.

When you are buying a dress remember it is not the trimmings which you must notice, but the fundamental basis on which your dress is built.

Pay great attention first to material . . . that is the most important of all. See that it is a material that will not only wear well, but that hangs well.

When you are buying tweeds hold them up to the light and see how closely woven they are. A loose weave will stretch and pull out of place in no time.

Remember that a cheap black material is always an expense. Never try to economise over your black frock . . . for black to look good must be good.

Next carefully scrutinise the cut of your frock. See that the side seams are even, that the dress moulds your figure and does not budge in odd places.

If your frock does not fit you and

there are alterations to be made be very careful that the alterations are not such as to completely spoil your frock.

Taking in straight seams, turning up hems are all right, but if your frock is cut on the cross and the alterations are extensive I would be inclined to disregard it and choose another. For I doubt if it could be altered to your satisfaction.

Now that you have chosen a dress of simple cut and good material you must set to work to bring it from the ranks of "just another dress" into the realm of "model."

By replacing cheap buttons with better ones . . . ripping ruthlessly off bows, bits of lace . . . gaudy clips . . . by hand-sewing the hem and binding, over-sewing the inside seams you can add guineas to your garment.

Never buy a cheap accessory. To buy a belt that costs half as much as your frock may seem to you gross extravagance . . . but it isn't. For a good belt . . . a pair of well-chosen clips . . . expensive buttons . . . they are the little things which count for so much.

Just as when you meet a person it is the little things they say and do by which they stand or fall . . . it is the little things about you which will make or mar your appearance.

GOOD grooming is the meticulous care given to detail. And good grooming is the basis of smartness.

But do not confine such care to your appearance.

Be careful of the little things you say . . . the little things you do.



AN ATTRACTIVE STUDY of Naomi Waters (Bourn) in a Creed suit of nigger-brown with gold figure buttons. The silk blouse is printed with stamps.

A witty remark passed at the expense of someone else's feelings is very cheap . . . A gesture of kindness, however small, is a rare gift.

A telegram on a birthday . . . flowers to a hospital . . . a note thanking your hostess for a party . . . little things done, not to your close friends to whom you would naturally pay such attentions, but

to the people that you have met in passing, and enjoyed the meeting.

The pattern of your daily life is threaded with personal contacts . . . we cannot either avoid or do without those contacts . . . so it is up to you to see that they are made as pleasant as possible.

To look charming is not enough . . . To be charming is all-sufficient.

NEW CHARM IN YOUR HANDS!



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Greet this season with one of the five gay new Cutex Nail Polish shades . . . Clover . . . Tulip . . . Thistle . . . Laurel . . . Heather. They're carefully designed to harmonize with the current favourites in fabric colours.

Important: All Cutex shades are now available in a new type of polish that wears days longer without chipping, peeling, or fading. It flows on to the nail smoothly and easily—leaving a jewel-like lustre on every fingertip.

CUTEX
Nail Polish

DO YOU WONDER THAT I FELL FOR THESE?

—NAOMI WATERS

PRINTED surah socks to match play suits and conceal not-too-perfect feet. Cut all in one piece with a seam running up the sole of the foot to the top of the sock. For sandal wear I have seen stockings with seamless toes and heels.

Brass tophats as buttons for a white shantung suit and the burnt straw tophat which accompanied it was of exactly the same shape and color as the buttons.

TWO new-type handbags. One was in suede and shaped very like Napoleon's hat, with an edging of tightly-curled pink ostrich feathers. The other was oblong with a wide base on which it stands when the fronts are opened and swung back on hinges.

Inside every cosmetic, perfume and handbag accessory is beautifully packed and placed against a mirror background.

Concealed lighting controlled

by a tiny switch on the outside clasp automatically lights the bag as the fronts are opened. This miniature beauty-parlor resembles the toy shops that delighted our hearts when we were youngsters.

NURSERY rhymes, cigarette packs, luggage labels, legends and popular songs printed on early spring scarves. In striking colors.

WRIST - LENGTH gloves matching in color and decorative motifs the new evening hip-length coats worn with spring evening dresses.

The gloves and coats may be embroidered with lovers' knots and rosettes in colored kid, such as pink, gold, silver, and green on a blue silk ground, or trimmed with flowers of Valenciennes lace. Other gloves match printed bags, while the inside of both is in glaze kid.

Loose hip-len. jackets for evening wear in bright cerise work with matching ruckling. Also jackets were of a military type in water-silk lavishly embroidered with wool in a contrasting shade.

AND what do you think of this? For night garden parties London is using a soft, subdued lighting all along the garden paths. They are made so simply that even the humblest hostess can floodlight her garden without going to much trouble or expense.

Small Jacobean or other decorative tumbler are filled with oil and water and a piece of lighted tallow is floated on top.

Tall glass vases have tapering candles inside them, and wide flat bowls have several lights floating on the surface. The flickering lights from the bowls and glasses are most effective, transforming the garden into a veritable fairyland.



Tip to a girl in love

... Keep the man you love by keeping your complexion fresh! The first time you make up for the evening, your face is clean and sweet—your skin looks its loveliest. Wouldn't you like it to stay that way?

It will—if you use Three Flowers Face Powder. For Three Flowers is marvellously adherent . . . covers up slight imperfections . . . yet has a subtle transparency that permits the warm, live skin tones to glow enchantingly through . . .

keeps your complexion all the evening as fresh, soft and smooth as when you first left your mirror. Delicately perfumed, blended in all of the season's smartest shades, it is not surprising that Three Flowers Face Powder is the choice of smart women the world over! In two sizes—3/9 and 2/6.

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three flowers
FACE POWDER

RICHARD HUDNUT

Don't get
nervous about
INFLUENZA

Keep Fit on
BOVRIL

Best-dressed woman at Ascot wore a knee-length frock

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLARE, our London Fashion Editor.

● Thank heaven, Ascot, England's most famous fashion show, has at last come sensible!

YESTERDAY there was scarcely a trace of that truly ga-ga phenomenon—the "typical Ascot frock."

I am so heartily sick of seeing these creations trailing their fussy length over Ascot's always cold and usually damp lawns that I want to give three hearty British cheers for their demise.

I simply adored the snappy short skirts, the charming young-hearted outfits which swanned over the lawns yesterday. I liked Sylvia Muir's outfit best, and got Robb to sketch it for you. Don't you think it's delightful and so suitable for Australia, too?

Skirts were right up to the knee—almost back to 1927 length, and when a long dress did fluff around, everybody just stared at it.

Hats were on the crazy side; little tilted toppers, twists of feathers and flowers, and above all veils—so many colored veils that you got sick of seeing them.

They are becoming, all right, but too much of them just looks fussy. Picture hats seem to have disappeared with the long garden-party dresses.

Shoes nearly all had cut-out toes, a lot of them just held on by straps at the back.

Women have taken up the Queen's fashion of matching gloves, bag and shoes to the color of their dress and suit; violent contrasts are out.

Sketch
by
ROBB

Fashions that stood out:

A GREY flannel suit jacket over a pleated skirt striped in grey, pale pink, and strawberry.

A white hat made of stiffened lace.

A hat made of one wire hoop and a bow of veiling.

A skirt with a row of bobbles round the hem looking like the fringe on a Victorian mantelpiece.

A dead plain black dress worn with an enormous mustard-yellow felt hat.

The coldest-looking woman was one wearing a short-sleeved silk dress in the new "acid" green—that difficult yellowish-green.

The warmest-looking was a girl wearing a bright red dress, with gloves, hat, bag and shoes to match, a spray of apple blossom on her hat and a fitted leopard-skin bolero.

There wasn't nearly so much color about the dresses as usual. A few flashy prints—one with dancers on it, another with vegetables—showed up, but only against a constant procession of black and navy-blue.

The day was cold and silver foxes were rampant.



● BEST-LOOKING
OUTFIT
AT ASCOT.

The heavy silk coat was in pale strawberry-pink, with navy-blue spots (large spots, the size of a half-crown), and both dress and coat were just knee-length. The dress had a softly-draped V-neck, and a full skirt, flared in front.

Bag, gloves and sandal shoes were navy-blue.

Hat was a navy-blue straw, with a tilted crown, trimmed with pale pink petesham ribbon and a fine blue veil which flowed out behind.

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BABIES are Australia's Best Investment. In many homes Baby does not appear to the disappointment of husband and wife. A look on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if sent for postage to Depart. "A" Mrs. Gilmore, 40 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

For business wear — a KNITTED JERSEY

MADE on close-fitting, slenderising lines in a simple yoke effect.

WHETHER you are a business woman or not you'll still find this jersey a most useful and attractive garment for general cold-weather wear.

Knit it in a warm 4-ply wool. The original was done in turquoise-green.

Here are the instructions:

Material Required: 8oz. 4-ply Ramada super-fingering wool, shade 7563, turquoise-green, 3 buttons, 1 press stud, 1 pair each No. 11 and No. 8 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit 34-inch bust. Length, shoulder to hem, 29 inches. Sleeve seam, 18½ inches.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1 inch; 8 rows to 1 inch.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; st-st., stocking-stitch.

Work into back of all cast on stitches.

FRONT

Cast on 97 sts. on No. 11 needles. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 3 inches.

Change to No. 8 needles and work pattern as follows:—

1st Row: K 3, * k 13, p 13, * repeat * to * to last 16 sts., k 16.

2nd Row: P 17 (k 11, p 15) twice, k 11, p 17.

3rd Row: K 18 (p 9, k 17), twice, p 9, k 18.

4th Row: P 19 (k 7, p 19) twice, k 7, p 19.

5th Row: K 20 (p 5, k 21) twice, p 5, k 20.

6th Row: P 21 (k 3, p 23) twice, k 3, p 21.

7th Row: K 22 (p 1, k 25) twice, p 1, k 22.

8th Row: P 22 (k 1, p 35) twice, k 1, p 22.

9th Row: K 21 (p 3, k 23) twice, p 3, k 21.

10th Row: P 20 (k 5, p 21) twice, k 5, p 20.

11th Row: K 19 (p 7, k 19) twice, p 7, k 19.

12th Row: P 18 (k 9, p 17) twice, k 9, p 18.

13th Row: K 17 (p 11, k 15) twice, p 11, k 17.

14th Row: P 3, * p 13, k 13, * repeat * to * to last 16 sts., p 16.

Repeat these 14 rows once, then repeat first 8 rows inclusive, but at the same time increase 1 st. each end of next and every 6th row, working the extra sts. in st-st. until 105 sts. are on needle. Continue in st-st. on 105 sts., working centre diamonds only until 54 diamonds have been completed in centre and work measures 13 inches from cast on, ending on 7th row.

Shape Armhole.—Next Row (P side): Cast off 6 sts., p 45 (46 sts. on needle), k 1, p 6, turn, leaving remaining sts. on spare needle.

Next Row: K 5, p 3, k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Next Row: P 43, k 5, p 4.

Next Row: K 3, p 7, k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Next Row: P 40, k 9, p 2.

Next Row: K 1, p 11, k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Next Row: P 37, k 5, cast off 3 sts., k 5.

Next Row: P 5, cast on 3 sts., p 5, k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Next Row: (K 1, p 1) 5 times, k 1, p 7 (k 1, p 1) 5 times, k 1, p 13, k 1, p 6.

Work 1 more diamond and 10 rows of the 3rd diamond, making the buttonholes in the centre as before, and keeping the two panels of rib, ending at neck edge.

Shape Neck.—Cast off 18 sts., work to end of row.

Take 2 tog. at neck edge every row until 24 sts. remain, ending at armhole edge.

Shape Shoulder.—* Cast off 6 sts., work to end of row.

Work back.* Repeat * to * twice.

Cast off.

Join wool at centre to sts. on spare needle, cast on 6 sts. for under-wrap, p to end of row.

Shape Armhole.—Working in st-st., cast off 6 sts., work to end of row.

Work back.

Take 2 tog., work to end of row.

Work back.



DESIGNED on neat slenderising lines, this jersey has a delightfully trim look. High neck and long sleeves are cosy. Knitting instructions are given on this page.

k 1, p 7 (k 1, p 1) 5 times, k 1, p 8, k 11, p 1.

Next Row: K 2, p 9, k 9 (p 1, k 1) 5 times, p 1, k 7 (p 1, k 1) 5 times, p 1.

Next Row: (K 1, p 1) 5 times, k 1, p 7 (k 1, p 1) 5 times, k 1, p 10, k 7, p 3.

Next Row: K 4, p 5, k 11 (p 1, k 1) 5 times, p 1, k 7 (p 1, k 1) 5 times, p 1.

Next Row: (K 1, p 1) 5 times, k 1, p 7 (k 1, p 1) 5 times, k 1, p 12, k 3, p 5.

Next Row: K 6, p 1, k 13 (p 1, k 1) 5 times, p 1, k 7 (p 1, k 1) 5 times, p 1.

Next Row: (K 1, p 1) 5 times, k 1, p 7 (k 1, p 1) 5 times, k 1, p 13, k 1, p 6.

Work 1 more diamond and 10 rows of the 3rd diamond, making the buttonholes in the centre as before, and keeping the two panels of rib, ending at neck edge.

Shape Neck.—Cast off 18 sts., work to end of row.

Take 2 tog. at neck edge every row until 24 sts. remain, ending at armhole edge.

Shape Shoulder.—* Cast off 6 sts., work to end of row.

Work back.* Repeat * to * twice.

Cast off.

Join wool at centre to sts. on spare needle, cast on 6 sts. for under-wrap, p to end of row.

Shape Armhole.—Working in st-st., cast off 6 sts., work to end of row.

Work back.

Take 2 tog., work to end of row.

Work back.

Repeat last 2 rows 3 times.

Next Row: (P 1, k 1) 5 times, p 1, k 7 (p 1, k 1) 5 times, p 1, k to end of row.

Next Row: P 13 (k 1, p 1) 5 times, k 1, p 7 (k 1, p 1) 5 times, k 1.

Repeat these 2 rows until front opening measures 61 inches, ending at front edge.

Shape Neck.—Cast off 11 sts., work to end of row.

Take 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until 24 sts. remain, ending at armhole edge.

Shape Shoulder.—* Cast off 6 sts., work to end of row. Work back.* Repeat * to * twice.

Cast off.

BACK

Cast on 92 sts. on No. 11 needles. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 3 inches.

Change to No. 8 needles and work in st-st. for 2 inches.

Increase 1 st. at each end of next and every 6th row until 100 sts. are on needle.

Continue on 100 sts. until back measures 13 inches from cast on.

Shape Armholes.—Cast off 4 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows.

Take 2 tog. at each end of every other row until 84 sts. remain.

Take 2 tog. at beginning of next p row.

Next Row: * (P 1, k 1) 5 times, p 1, k 7 * repeat * to * to last 11 sts. (p 1, k 1) 5 times, p 1.

Next Row: * (K 1, p 1) 5 times, k 1, p 7 * repeat * to * to last 11 sts. (k 1, p 1) 5 times, k 1.

Repeat last 2 rows until armholes measure 61 inches, measured straight up, not round armhole.

Shape Shoulders.—Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows. Cast off.

COLLAR

Cast on 113 sts. on No. 8 needles. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 3 inches. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Cast on 50 sts. on No. 11 needles. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 3 inches.

Change to No. 8 needles, and work in st-st., increasing 1 st. at each end of every 6th row until 74 sts. are on needle.

Continue on 74 sts. until sleeve measures 18½ inches from cast on.

Cast off 2 sts. at beginning of every row until 22 sts. remain. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces with a damp cloth under hot iron. Sew up side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew sleeves into armholes. Sew collar to neck, starting 1 inch in on right front, and ending at edge of left front.

Slip-stitch lower edge of button flap behind the right front opening.

Sew on press stud at top edge of front opening to fasten.

Sparkling beauty in your skin



after Pears Tonic Action

ECONOMY NOTE

There is no waste with Pears' Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thickness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.



A. & F. PEARSON LIMITED

Your skin is glowing with new life after a wash with Pears'! Pears' tonic action rouses torpid cells and tissues to their beautifying functions. Your skin is vital, gloriously young again, sparkling with beauty! Every cake of Pears' is matured by a unique months'-long process to make it incomparably pure and mild.

Pears ORIGINAL TRANSPARENT SOAP

Itchy, flaky Dandruff

—a careless betrayal of feminine daintiness

DO you sometimes feel the whole smartness of your "hair-do" is spoiled by ugly dandruff flakes? Don't ever let people whisper . . . "Why doesn't she brush herself before she goes out?" Do as thousands of other girls are doing, who cherish their hair and their fastidious daintiness . . . cleanse and stimulate your scalp with CRYSTOLIS Rapid.

It's the specialist's deep-penetrating treatment that goes right down into the hair roots and destroys and cleans out the hidden insidious dandruff germ.

CRYSTOLIS Rapid ends itchy, untidy flakes—quickly stops falling hair



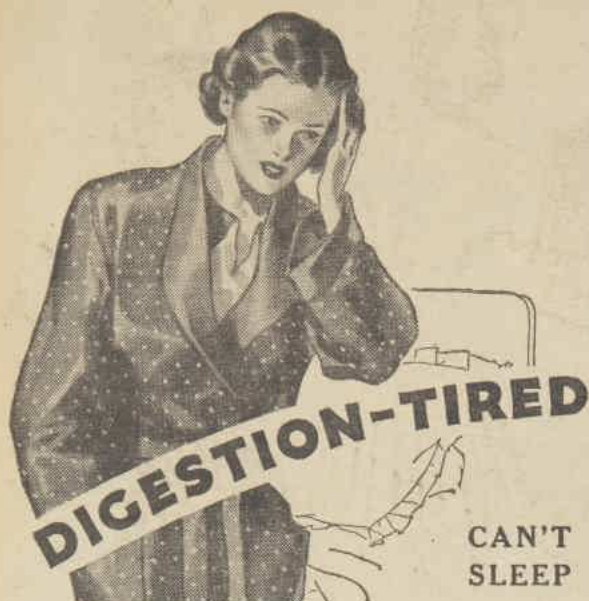
—and has a wonderful stimulating effect on the hair cells, giving your present hair a vibrant new life and lustre.

Try CRYSTOLIS Rapid—to-night! Get it at your chemist, store or hair-dresser.

For drying your woollies



TO KEEP the shape in woollies and keep them from shrinking by quick drying, use a woollens drier like this. It can be hung from the clothes line.



Weary and worn out, yet she can't sleep. Her digestion is so tired that it is still struggling with the meal she took hours ago. Yet she does not know it!

We want to tell her that Benger's Food will make her bright and happy again by giving her complete nourishment while her digestion takes a rest, because freedom from digestive strain with full nourishment, begins with the first cup of Benger's Food.

Benger's is the only Food that contains the enzymes of natural digestion. When you begin to prepare Benger's Food by adding the hot milk, these enzymes become active and partly digest both the Food and the milk before you drink it. Your system is therefore able to assimilate the exceptional nourishment in Benger's Food while your tired digestion rests. Have your first cup of Benger's Food to-day.

Prices in City and Suburbs:
No. 1 tin - 3/-
No. 2 tin - 5/-
Made in Cheshire, England.

BENGER'S

the self-digestive Food

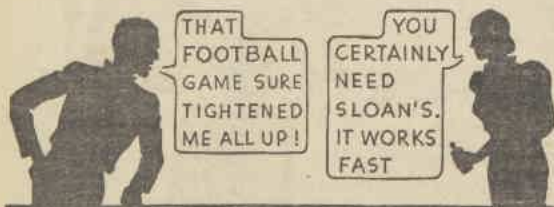


MIXED AND MADE IN HALF A MINUTE.

Whilst half a pint of milk is coming to the boil, take one level tablespoonful of Benger's Food; stir into a smooth cream with 4 tablespoonfuls of cold water. Take the boiling milk and immediately it starts to settle in the pan, pour it slowly on to the cold mixture. Drink as soon as cool enough. Sugar to taste. Both Food and milk are partially self-digested.

For invalids and infant feeding, follow the directions contained in the booklet enclosed with each tin.

FREE Write for the Benger's Booklet to Benger's Food, Ltd. (Inc. in England), 350, George Street, Sydney.



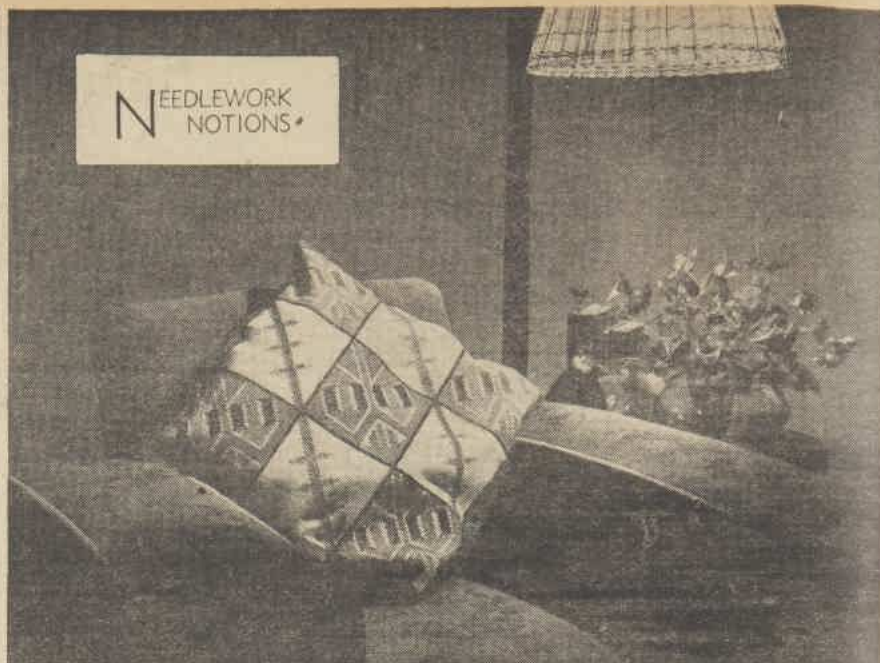
WHEN YOU WAKE UP stiff and sore from over-exercising your muscles, just pat Sloan's Liniment gently on the stiffened parts. Almost instantly a soothing warmth begins to penetrate the sore muscles, causing Nature to rush a supply of fresh, purifying blood to the overworked parts, thus relaxing the crippling tension. You get quick relief. To prevent "after-game" stiffness, use Sloan's before you play. It will also limber you up and make you play better.

SLOAN'S

Family LINIMENT

MAKES NATURE WORK Faster

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



CROSS-STITCH is always most attractive. Here's a cushion cover worked in steel-blue, red, shamrock and brown. You can obtain this cover stamped ready for working on white or colored linen from our Needlework Department. Prices given below.

It's so smart . . . this new CUSHION COVER IN CROSS-STITCH

YOU can obtain this cushion cover from our Needlework Department traced ready for working on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green Irish linen.

The cover measures 24 by 24 inches and the embroidery is worked in six strands of thread.

To do the embroidery you will need the following Anchor stranded cottons:—

Three skeins F. 509 (steel-blue), 4 skeins F. 596 (light crimson-red), 4 skeins F. 777 (mid-shamrock), 6 skeins F. 2211 (dark drab), and 14 skeins F. 580 (nigger-brown).

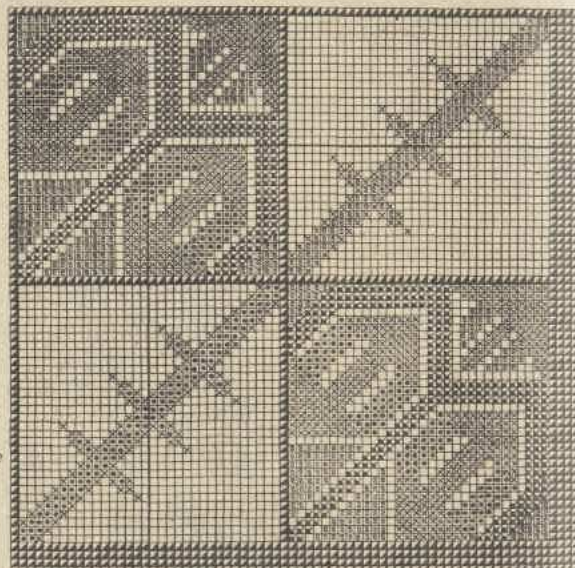
Price of the cushion cover is 4/6, postage free.

Cottons may also be obtained from our Needlework Department for 1½d. a skein.

Send in your order now and make a cushion for spring.

Stitch and Color Guide

- 580
- ⊠ 2211
- ◻ 509
- 596
- ⊠ 777



THIS DIAGRAM will show you where to place the various stitches in the cross-stitch design on the cushion cover. The small diagram at the left indicates the color to use for different stitches by giving the skein number in each case.

TABLE-RUNNER . . . in new Continental design

HERE is a most attractive runner for your sideboard or dining-table. It is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced with design ready for working on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green linen, on blue, green or cream Cesarine or on natural color crash.

Price of runner complete with fringe is 2/6, postage free.

To work the runner you will need the following stranded cottons:—

Eight skeins F. 539 (marigold), 6 skeins F. 807 (tangerine), 3 skeins F. 816 (mid-terra), 1 skein F. 460 (very dark brown).

These cottons are obtainable from our Needlework Department for 1½d. a skein.

To do the embroidery use six strands of thread and use satin-stitch, stem-stitch and eyelets or French knots.

Size of runner 12 by 36 inches complete with fringe to match color chosen.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS!

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 400F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4260Y, G.P.O. If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 183, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.



WORK this attractive table-runner for your sideboard or dining-table. It can be obtained from our Needlework Department stamped with smart new Continental design all ready for working on linen, Cesarine or crash and complete with matching fringe at either end.

OUR PATTERN SERVICE



WW2948.—Bolero suit for girl 10-16 years. Material required: 3½yds., 36ins. wide, and 1½yds. for blouse, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 10d.

WW2949.—Draped cross-over style. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 8½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2950.—Smart and warm. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2951.—Pleats for tennis. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 3½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2952.—Charming dirndl design. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 3½yds., 36ins. for dirndl, 1½yds. for blouse, ½yd. 36ins. lace for collar. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2953.—Smart tailored style. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2954.—New afternoon style. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 4yds., 36ins. wide, and 1yd. frilled organdie, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

Please Note!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



Special Concession Pattern



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Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under.
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Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 4293YV, G.P.O., Sydney.
Tasmania: Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
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Patterns may be called for at addresses appearing on page 3.
PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME.....
STREET.....
TOWN.....
STATE.....
SIZE..... Pattern Coupon, 3d. 7/36

THREE CHARMING DESIGNS FOR THE MATRON

3 Sizes: 38, 40, and 42 bust.
No. 1—Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide. No. 2—Requires 4½yds., 36 ins. wide, and 3/8yd. contrast. No. 3—4½ yds., 36ins. wide.

HE made a good substantial job of it. Afterwards, they all sat around and sang to an obligato of pancreatic gurgles and Stuee's pearl-inlaid accordion. It was a snug, family evening. The air in the low-ceilinged cabin became thicker and thicker with the fumes of cigars, cigarettes, cooking and Costello. It was almost as dense as the fog into which the vigilant St. Gabriel, alone in the bows, was thrusting his golden trumpet.

Mr. Colin Glencannon, Chief Engineer of the British tramp ship *Inchcliffe Castle*, lay sound asleep in his bunk, the sound emanating from the region due south of his adenoids and resembling the whimper of wind through the ribs of a gibbeted skeleton. From time to time, heightening the realism, he gave off strangled cackles as of ravens gorging a cadaveric feast and a sudden menacing "whoosh!" as though to frighten the ravens away.

Early that evening, in a laudable effort to keep the supper table conversation from flagging, Mr. Glencannon had remarked that Mr. Montgomery, the mate, was incompetent, cowardly, untruthful and unsanitary.

Mr. Montgomery, who chanced to be present, resented these allegations with spirit and offered to bet £10,000,000 sterling that Mr. Glencannon, himself, was a liar. Shortly his disdain for such niggardly stakes, the engineer proclaimed his readiness to hazard £50,000,000 against £10,000,000 in support of his original claims.

Swayed by the generous odds, the mate accepted the wager; then, not agreeing on just how to settle it, the pair embarked upon a fresh controversy in which Mr. Glencannon's superior elocutionary gifts enabled him to smite his adversary hip and thigh.

In retrospect, he had found the debate most satisfying; besides, the night had fallen clear and calm, and the gentle dew which moistened him after his bedside orisons was the justly-earned distillation of

Messrs. Mackenzie Duggan & Co., Ltd., of Kirkintilloch; thus, Mr. Glencannon dozed off free from care and aglow with well-being certified by the makers to test 100-proof. But presently, seeping into his slumbers, came an uncomfortable awareness that the ship was proceeding through fog. Mr. Glencannon knew this, not by virtue of clairvoyance, but because the engines were turning at half speed.

Wide awake and terror-frozen, Mr. Glencannon jerked upright. Simultaneously, the whistle blasted a panic of hoots which seemed to kick him in the pit of the stomach. He heard shouts, the scurry of feet and the steering engine gnashing its teeth as the wheel was jammed hard over. Something crashed against the vessel's starboard side, scraped rendingly along full half its length and after an agonising age slid clear. In a flash, the supper table controversy came back to him. "Foosh!" he gasped. "Montgomery! The dom lou's done it this time!"

Not pausing to don even the suit of droop-tail underwear which served him as pyjamas in the harsher climates, he snatched up a lifebelt and the bottle of Duggan's, dashed out on deck and flung himself into a lifeboat, where he cowered, trembling, under a thwart. "Och, horrors!" he croaked. "Little did I dream, when I told him what I thought of his seamanship, that his stupidity would soon be the death of us all!—Ye're about to tenant a watery grave, Glencannon, so proof yersel'! lad, proof yersel'!"

He had proofed himself to mid-way down the well-known Duggan label before he realised that Captain Bell was on the bridge and that the *Inchcliffe Castle*, instead of sinking, was proceeding on her course beneath a sky now clear and starlit.

—Not a blasted light was showing on 'er, sir—no, not me if there was!" he heard Mr. Montgomery explaining shrilly. "First thing I knew, there we was right on top of 'er in the fog. We barshed 'er bowsprit off and she yanked down a

Gabriel's Trumpet

Continued from Page 7

lot of 'er own top 'amper by 'er fore-stays, but I 'ad time to see she wasn't really damaged, no more than wot we are, sir!"

"HUMPH, ker-huff, well I mean to say, that makes it all the worse?" stormed Captain Bell, a trifle thickly, he having, in the first excitement, installed his false teeth backwards and bitten himself in the palate. "If you'd only hit her amidships and sunk her with all hands, everything would've been settled neat and tidy then and there. As it is, maybe she got our name and will report the collision and then we'll have a lot of forms and things to fill out. Shocking nuisance, ker-huff! But I can't understand why you didn't hear her. Even these French coasters, which you ought to know the waters around here is always thicker'n mutton stew with usually blow bells and ring fish horns in a fog, ker-huff, which is, incidentally, more than you was doing, Mister Mate, to say nothing of the fact that they are also usually beating on dish-pans!"

"B-but, blyme, sir, she wasn't making a sound, not a sound!—you can ask the steersman and the look-out if she was!"

"Oh, I can, can I? Well, I ain't asking you to go asking me to start asking anybody anything, and I'll ask you to please to remember it!" bellowed Captain Bell. "The steersman's here to steer, the look-out's there to look, but you're the officer responsible here to hear and see that this ship ain't climbed aboard of by every Frenchy that happens to be out at night! Oh, it looks to me as if you was asleep on your job, Mister Montgomery; it does indeed. Well, a-hem, ker-huff, we'll discuss this ker-business further in the morning!" He ejected his false teeth into his palm, gathered up the skirts of his nightshirt and descended the ladder to his room, scolding gum-milly.

"Haw!" chuckled Mr. Glencannon, swinging himself over the gunwale to the deck and draping his lifebelt around him kilt-fashion. "It all bears out what I told yon odious Cockney to his face!" He strolled forward and gazed at the litter of splintered wood, ripped canvas and tangled cordage caught in the starboard stays. "Losh, thanks to him, it might just as well have been a frightful tragedy which . . . But, oh, ho, what's that?" He hurried down to the well-deck, picked up the object which had caught his eye, and examined it perplexedly. A canny smile wreathed his countenance; he turned and mounted to the bridge.

"A-weel, Muster Montgomery," he greeted the scowling mate, "I see that the grave charges I lodged against ye last evening are being abundantly conformed already."

"Wot d'yer mean?" snapped the other. "And wot are ye doing up 'ere with nothing on but that there lifebelt, yer shameless Scotch walrus?"

"WHY, as to my costume, I o' course knew that ye yersel' wud be panic stricken in the recent emergency, so I turned out in all haste to set an example o' coolness and courage to the men. As to the meaning o' my statement—well, ye'll recall that I publicly accused ye no' only o' gross incompetence, but o' being a liar besides. The collision was proof o' the one—and here's proof of the other!" From behind his back he produced a long glided trumpet, something like a oosch horn, and shook it triumphantly under the mate's nose.

"Here's the verra fog horn ye swore to Captain Bell that they weren't blowing! Also, the puir Frogger who was sounding it in their bows and who hurled it at ye in a last despairing effort to wake ye up is dootless drowned dead! His bluid is on yere hands, so who's the walrus noo?"

"Now, wait, wait, wait a minute!" blustered Mr. Montgomery, albeit paling somewhat. "Supposing that there really is their fog 'orn, why, that's still no proof they was blowing it, any more than they was showing lights! I saw no lights, I 'eard no 'orn, and . . ."

"Aye, ye saw no lights, ye heard no horn—and for why? Weel, I'll show ye for why!" He brushed past the mate into the wing of the bridge and from the deck snatched up a freshly-charged pipe, three burnt matches, and an open match box. "There!" he shouted, "there's for why! Instead o' attending to yere job, ye were ducking doon under yon weather-cloth trying to light yere pipe! Even if ye glanced ahead between tries, which I doot, yere eyes were blinded by the match flames—just as yere ears were deafened and useless from stooping over in the lee and then standing up in the wind again. Ye were deliberately violatin' the rules o' common prudence and the Thirty-one Articles. In the midst o' yere criminal negligence, the dread emergency arose—and ye were no' equal to it!"

Mr. Montgomery's mouth fell ajar and his knees trembled. He grasped a stanchion for support. "Now, see 'ere, Mister Glencannon!" he managed to stammer. "I—I'm only 'uman, ain't I? I like a bit of a smoke on watch, same as anybody else. Or I us make our little mistakes sometimes. Come, now, don't we?"

"Aye, but we dinna all lie about them!" thundered the engineer. "Lying, Muster Montgomery, is a verra expensive luxury!" "Expensive? Why, wot d'yer mean?"

"I mean that either ye'll pay me the ten million pounds ye lost to me in a fair and sporting wager, or I'll blow this horn, wake up the Captain, and expose yere shame to him and the whole ship!"

The mate smiled half-hopefully and then laughed aloud. "Lawks, I thought for a minute yer were serious!" he said, mopping his brow. "Ten million quid? Ho, ho, that's a good one, that is! I ain't got much over ten quid to me name, let alone ten million!"

"Then," said Mr. Glencannon, solemnly, "ye'd better stir yersel' around in Nice in the morning and raise the rest of it. Who knows?—perhaps this thing will be the making o' ye! But I do know that a foormal bet is a binding contract, and that ye owe me the full and stipulated sum. I'll thank ye the noo to hand over a numminal down payment o' two quid."

The smile withered on Mr. Montgomery's face. "Oh, no yer really are serious, then!" he sneered. "Well, yer vampire, if yer think I'm going to pay yer a single brass farthing on a crazy bet that was made in fun, yer . . . Stop! Sh-h-h! Don't blow it! Please!"

Mr. Glencannon lowered the trumpet and shrugged. "The doon payment has gone up to three quid," he announced, evenly. "In another ten seconds, it will be . . ."

Mr. Montgomery glanced fearfully over his shoulder towards the bridge ladder. "Orrright, orright, 'ere, take it!" he whispered hoarsely, shoving the money into the engineer's hand.

"Thank ye," said Mr. Glencannon. "The balance o' yere debt is noo rejected to a mere nine million, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-seven pounds. Kindly remit same at yere airliest convenience and oblige."

He tucked the trumpet under his arm and departed down the ladder, the cork slabs of the lifebelt drumming hollowly against his knees. In the privacy of his room, he locked the money away in the dresser and then set about examining the curious glided instrument. "How verra unique!" he mused. "I ne'er saw anything exactly like it! And there's paint all over it a quarter-inch thick except on this one place around the middle." He pressed the mouth-piece against his lips and essayed a breath into it. The breath was of a nature to penetrate solid concrete, but it failed to pass through the trumpet. "Clogged up—unless! Weel, that explains why the Frenchies were throwing it awa—and o' course is the real reason why yon fockos Montgomery didn't hear it. But—haw, haw, haw!—I'll be a lang, lang time before he hears the last o' it!"

LOOK! SPLENDID QUALITY KITCHENWARE FREE FOR SIREN CROSSES

and you can't beat SIREN SOAP for quality either

*** KITCHEN JUGS, SET OF 3**
1, 1 and 1½ pints, gay blue and white stripes.

Save 148 Blue Crosses

Send 1/- to cover freight and packing for set of 3.

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Strong; gaily hand-painted, poker-worked edges.

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Fine, close-set bristles. Sturdily made; will give years of service.

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2½ pint size, "Strong-Lite" 99% pure aluminium, splendidly finished, with coloured heat-proof knob.

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Heavy Stainless steel, made in Sheffield, England.

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4 CROSSES WITH EACH LARGE BAR

1 CROSS WITH EACH UTILITY TABLET

SIREN SOAP

SIREN SOAP

Save these crosses

J. KITCHEN & BONS PTY. LTD.

Please turn to Page 18

HOME and MICHAEL

A Long
Complete
Story

After five years' absence, Nan came home in the hope that the dream of her earlier life would come true . . .

CONCE, long ago, I passed this way, and all the world was young then, and dreams were young. And now I'm going back—back where those dreams were born, and I've lost the other dreams, but I'm bringing one back with me—perhaps the greatest and most futile dream of them all.

Nan Aldrich watched, from the pullman window, the white fields, the dark, rolling hills, the river frozen and still under the orange-red sunset sky. The old familiar places. It was long since she had passed this way, yet everything was the same—the houses, the hedges; even the farmers' dogs, and the occasional workman that watched the passing express with inquisitive eyes might have been the same as those she saw five years ago, when she had said good-bye to Somerton she thought, for ever.

Perhaps she could begin life again where she had left off five years ago, perhaps she could pick up the threads and begin anew.

"Nan!" She looked up into a pair of dark, laughing eyes, and in that instant all the vagueness of her great dream vanished. For a moment she could not speak; then her hand was in Michael Deering's, and she thought with a strange, delicious ache in her heart, with a little lump catching in her throat, of his hand—boy's hand—holding hers in the long ago—at the picnic in Groton's Wood, at the moonlight sail up the river, at the High School dance.

"Hello, Michael." Nan's eyes, blue and clear and bright as the night sky, when the moon is at full, were averted from his eager, half-shy, wondering look. Her heart beat fast, and her hand trembled when she drew it away from him. The years had been bridged in an instant. She was the same Nan whose chestnut-colored hair, thick and wavy, had brushed his cheek when they danced, the same Nan who had seen the stricken, incredulous look in his eyes that night long ago when she said, "I'm sick of Somerton. I'm fed up with all this small-town life. I'm going away."

Michael took the seat opposite her. Neither of them knew quite what to say or just where to begin.

They were meeting now, not as the boy and girl who had said good-bye down on the river shore that night, but as Nan Aldrich, with the stamp of five years of the city's sophistication clearly upon her, and Michael Deering, older, wiser, beginning perhaps to distrust those wondrous colored dreams, those boyish loyalties, that Nan had turned away from.

"I thought," he said, and she heard, as if they were notes from muted strings, the voice of that tall, laughing boy, who had loved young Nan Aldrich—"I thought you were never coming back to Somerton, Nan!"

"You remember my saying that!" His black hair, she thought, is touched with grey at the temples, and he's a man now.

"I used to pick you up and toss you in the air, Nan—!" Smilingly, he voiced her own half-sad, half-amused remembering.

"And chase me up trees, and duck me when we went swimming—"

Michael grinned boyishly. "Lord, how good and how different life was then!" The grin faded, became

Illustrated by WEP

a look gentle and wistful. "There was gold beyond the hills then—the gold of youth, of those crazy, hectic dreams we used to have then. We never questioned life much in those days—"

"But we've learned to since." It was neither statement nor question the way Nan said it. But it was a truth.

They both refrained from talking of that time that was dead. It was as if they both feared it, dreaded what it might do to them. The train sped on towards Somerton, the guard poked his head in at the door and made sounds indicating that Somerton was the next stop. Nan, gazing out the window for a moment, saw the dilapidated pile of Harrow's Mills, the ancient, water-wheel, covered with a white cataract of ice; then the outlying homes of the town.

"It's the same," her heart said almost aggressively. "It's all the same. You're the same. Michael is the same. Nothing

By

L. A. CUNNINGHAM

is changed—"Then the train drew in at the station platform, slowed. Nan saw a girl, blonde, regally lovely, her paray-blue eyes searching the windows until they found what so eagerly they sought—Michael. They lighted then, and she smiled, and Nan saw the answer to that smile in Michael's quick, answering grin.

"I should know that girl," mused Nan. "I do know her—"

"That's Laurie Hewes," said Michael. "You remember her, of course?"

"Yes," Nan's voice sounded flat.

It would be Laurie Hewes. Her people and Michael's were the first families in Somerton, where the Aldriches were just the people who used to keep the grocery store on the

corner of Main and Beech Streets. Naturally, that was the way things would work out—into an alliance between the son of the Deerings, who owned all the money in Somerton and the bank that held it, and the Hewes', who owned the bluest blood. She stepped on to a platform where there was no one to meet her. Her chin came up bravely, and she looked very gay and gallant and brave, like a young cadet, in her pet black Cossack's hat, with her eyes bright and smiling. She saw Michael turn after he had started away with

Laurie Hewes. She waved to him. Then he went away, and she

at Nan, head tilted, a mocking little smile quirked her mouth.

"So the prodigal has returned—and in style. Why, you look just like one of those movie actresses. Come and kiss me. There."

Nan kissed the smooth, apple-red cheek, and felt absurdly grateful for the quick, warm pressure of the old lady's arm about her shoulder. She could have cried. It was so long, so very long, since anyone had showed her affection like that. She sat down on the hassock at the old lady's knee.

"Well, I'm back, Aunt Chris."

The white head nodded, the absurdly small fingers flew along with the knitting that had scarcely been interrupted. "I thought you'd be back some day, Nan. Of all the Aldriches, there's only you and me left—the very old and the very young. I'm glad you came back, but you're likely to find the old town slow after New York. Used to hate Somerton, usedn't you?" The eyes twinkled. "Couldn't get room to breathe here. What brought you back?"

"I don't know, Aunt Chris." She cupped her chin in her hands. "It's pretty hard to say."

"I wonder."

"What do you think?"

"Maybe you didn't find what you wanted in the city; maybe it occurred to you that what you were looking for might have been right here all the time—and maybe you waited too long to come back for it."

"I don't know—"

In the weird light, Nan could see pain in the hard line of his lips. "Miracles don't happen, Nan," he said, with bitterness she had never known before.

"I lean young Mike Deering," said Auntie Chris, ceasing to knit for a moment, bending forward to look into Nan's eyes that gazed afar off. "Something seemed to die in the boy's eyes when you went away, Nan. And you stayed away so long."

"I thought I was made for the big city, Aunt Chris—for the crowds, for the swift and dazzling life! I thought when I left Somerton, and—and everything, that I was leaving for good, that I didn't belong here, and never could. And I found out, in the end, that I was only a small-town girl."

"Go on."

"Well, it's—it's dreadful to go through life, day after day, week after week, and meet no warmth, no friendship. For a while it's great to feel that nobody cares about you or wants to pry into your affairs. Then you begin to wish that someone would take an interest in you—even an unkind interest—just to break the monotony."

"Weren't there any men? There must have been men. They always came where you were."

"Plenty of them." Nan thought of Alan Kenway, who loved her. Alan was tall and blond, and wrote plays and had dreams that he pretended to laugh at. "Better stay here and marry me. You're going back home after something that isn't there—"

"What?"

"How can I say? Perhaps your first love—scenes that were brightest—all that sort of thing."

And Nan had thought then of Michael's grave, dark face. Yet she had to go back to Somerton, back to all the gossip, the narrowness, the prying parochialism she had once hated so violently. She had to go back to see if there really was something there that she needed, that would feed this gnawing, growing hunger at her heart.

Please turn to Page 44

62— feels young as ever



"I am 62," she writes, "but do not look or feel a day over 50. Up to three years ago, I suffered from rheumatism, attending hospital for 2½ years, but could not get relief. I thought I would try Kruschen. The relief Kruschen brought was marvellous. I started taking it every morning, and have continued ever since. I was much overweight, but I am now 9st. 8lb., and as fit as a fiddle. I am Secretary to a Woman's Social Club which I organised myself, so I have plenty of running about to do. I tell people that Kruschen has made a new woman of me."—(Mrs.) A. C.

You, too, can have
this Zest for Life!

Start tipping a pinch of Kruschen into your tea, or into a glass of hot water, first thing every morning. Within one week you'll have vim and vigour that everyone will envy. Stagnation goes. You get that "Kruschen feeling" which has brought joy to millions. Kruschen Salts is obtainable at Chemists and Grocers, prices 1/6 and 2/9 per bottle.

Learn the secret of Kruschen,
it's the little daily dose that does it.

KRUSCHEN

More Confidence Wearing
FALSE TEETH
that no longer "stay put"



THE illustration shows one of the most annoying and far reaching drawbacks to dental plate wearers—the loss of firm plate support due to gradual, continuous shrinking of the gums. Since a loose, wobbly plate handicaps eating and talking, causes discomfort and embarrassment and lessens self-confidence, have your dentist re-adjust your plate to gum tissue changes. Meanwhile, until your dentist has done this, use FASTEETH, the original alkaline (non-acid) powder, to hold your loose plate securely. It forms a thin, retentive seal between plate and gums. Eat and talk with greater confidence. Help safeguard your public appearances with the aid FASTEETH gives in holding unstable dental plates so they feel more comfortable and secure. No oily, sticky taste or feeling. Get FASTEETH from any chemist.

Are dental plate held tighter by FASTEETH leads to better eating enjoyment and social pleasure.

ORIGINAL ALKALINE PLATE POWDER

Relieve Eczema and Itching Skin

If you suffer from Eczema or other itching skin complaints, don't delay proper treatment another day. When care is not taken, there is a tendency for the continued irritations and unsightly eruptions of the skin to spread and become chronic. Doan's Ointment will give you quick relief, for it penetrates to the true skin where the inflammation lies. It is antiseptic, healing and quickly allays the irritation. Be sure you get Doan's Ointment to-day.

DOAN'S OINTMENT

OUTSIDE the entrance of Bagnole harbor, a little fleet of Italian schooners and tartanias were idling at anchor while three or four more of them, including the Scorpene, lay tied up in the shelter of the grey stone mole behind the cathedral. This untoward congestion of shipping was due to a shortage of bauxite, or aluminium ore; for although a red and dusty mountain-range of the stuff was piled upon the Quai du Mistral, it had all been bought up by cable for shipment to England.

The first of the British carriers, the Inchcliffe Castle, of London, had arrived and started loading that morning; now, as the Italian vessels continued to wait for additional ore trains from the mines, the crews of most of them were willing away the time in slumber, song and the noisy game of mora.

The master and men of the Scorpene, however, were prey to a gnawing malaise. Slouching elbows-on-rail, they talked in hushed voices or in silence spat moodily into the waters of Bagnole harbor. For the direct of all calamities had befallen them. They had lost their luck.

Nine days had passed since their midnight misadventure, four of which they had slaved at sea, and five spent wearily waiting for bauxite. Papa Costoli, knowing that the collision had occurred in French waters, fearing that the vessel he had rammed was one of the Nice-Ajaccio mail boats, and quaking in his carpet slippers whenever he thought of the seven kinds of hell he would catch if responsibility for the accident were fastened upon him, had prudently contrived by carpentry and camouflage to efface all signs of it before putting into port.

All signs, that is, save one: St. Gabriel was without his trumpet. His splintered fingers patched with putty and touched up with paint, he presented the anomalous spectacle of an archangel shaking his fist at the world—a gesture scarcely calculated to bring good luck to the ship, cargo and crew in his charge.

And the luck, the proverbial Costoli luck, had vanished with the trumpet. St. Gabriel had saved the ship, but without his horn, the horn that he had carried for so many centuries—well, he was no longer St. Gabriel!

Immediately upon the Scorpene's arrival in Bagnole, the douaniers had come aboard and confiscated 8000 litres worth of Gorgonzola cheeses and choice Parma hams which Papa Costoli was attempting to smuggle into France in observance of a privately-recognised custom established by Italian skippers back in Garibaldi's time. The confiscation was bad enough luck, but on top of it the headstrong Zucchi had berated the douaniers and kicked one of them in the shins at cost of a drubbing for himself and a 500-franc fine for the ship. And now there was this waiting, this pksome, expensive waiting, which, Papa Costoli was convinced, would end at any minute with his arrest, imprisonment and disrating for running in fog without lights and ramming a government mail vessel. He shuddered, spat down at a big grey mullet that was swimming just under the surface, and returned his gaze to the sun-baked town.

A uniformed figure came striding purposefully along the quay? Was he an insurance inspector from the Bureau Veritas? An official of the Administration Maritime? A policeman with a warrant? Like a sea-turtle, Papa Costoli retracted his head into the fat of his neck; his nostrils dilated and his paunch turned cold. He nudged Buccì, Buccì nudged Tucci, Tucci nudged Lucchi, and so the alarm sped down the rail. They saw the uniformed one come straight for their vessel. They held their breaths as they watched him eyeing it. They heaved a sigh of relief as they distinguished on his cuffs the four gold stripes and purple inset of a Chief Engineer of the British Mercantile Marine.

"He is not a Frenchman!" announced Papa Costoli. "San Gabriele, vi ringrazio!"

"San Gabriele, vi ringrazio!" came the fervent echo.

The engineer, now that he had paused, seemed much less steady on his feet than he had been while under way. Also, he seemed less interested in the Scorpene than in the several tons of scrap metal which lay ready for loading on the quay

alongside her. Hands in jacket pockets and swaying back on his heels, "Lush!" he exclaimed rapturously. "A truly magnificent pile o' junk! Well, noo I shall spend a delightful hour browsing among it!" He peeled off his jacket, hung it on the jutting leg of a crippled iron bedstead and set about his browsing with the eagerness of a bibliomaniac at large in the Bodleian library.

For a considerable time, then, the Italians watched in perplexity as he clambered, tripped and sprawled upon the junk pile, hoisting out cracked tram wheels, wrestling with a twisted motor car chassis and gleefully clicking his tongue over a set of manhole covers the inscriptions upon which left no doubt of their authenticity as a limited edition. At length, however, he seemed to feel an embarrassment of riches; reluctantly, he laid aside the greater part of his incunabula and concentrated his attention upon the rarer and more readily-portable gems. These consisted of a worn locomotive brake-shoe, the fittings from a horse collar, a Louis XV chandelier, and a hollow copper ball of the sort used to stave the rushing waters which symbolise our civilisation.

He had gathered up his prizes and was heading for the Inchcliffe Castle when Papa Costoli, welcoming the chance to bolster his sagging morale with a little bullying and at the same time air his English to his tribe, sounded off with a challenging hail.

"Hey, looka you!" he shouted. "Whata for you are takka da junk, hey?"

The engineer halted guiltily in his tracks and stood blushing. "Eh? Beg pardon?" he simpered sheep-

Animal Antics



"WILL you kids be quiet! Now I can't remember whether I'm doing purr or plain."

ishly. "Oh! Well, to tell ye the truth, sir, I'm just indulging an innocent little whimsy. Ye see, I—I'm a great one to fuddle and tinker about, making things in my spare time. Aye, making things!" His hand swept upward in a spacious, fluid gesture. "Little, paltry, artistic things! Brose knuckles! Skeleton keys! All manner o' dainty trifles."

He glanced at his collected treasures and his eyes kindled with a fond light. "Perhaps I'm over-sensitive to beauty, but the cockroach trap which I made for myself in Nice the other day really does seem more lovely than any poem I hope to see climb up a tree, or how'er that song goes, although I play it verra sweetly on the bagpipe. Anyway, when'er my guid fortune guides me to a truly monumental pile o' junk such as yon, I always avail myself o' the oppor—"

"Putta back!" ordered Papa Costoli, sternly. "Putta back queeck! Steal een proibite! I proheebitta you steal-a my junk!"

"Oh, but my verra dear sir!" Mr. Glencannon protested, crestfallen. "Surely ye dinna mean to say that these few purr fragments o' this-and-that are o' any value to ye! Pray what wud ye do with them if ye had them?"

"Whata we do?" screamed Papa Costoli, pounding on the rail. "Whata we do? We make-a da bomb, we

Gabriel's Trumpet

Continued from Page 16

make-a da cannon, we make-a da shell! Blow uppa all Ingleshe-sheep. BOOP!"

"Weel, blaw them up and see if I care!" said Mr. Glencannon, airily. "The best mutton comes from Scotland anyway, so BOOP yersel! But noo, I hope ye'll forgive me if I remark that yere accent is faulty, yere manners uncouth and yere odor stifling. In a word, my verra dear sir, ye're nowt but a filthy dago."

Papa Costoli turned purple; his paunch vibrated like a stratosphere balloon about to burst. He sputtered impotently.

"—And moreover," the engineer continued, drowning him out: "Ye're no e'en a feerst-class genuine dago! Ye're merely a renegade and a Communist, as yon figure head plainly reveals! Poosh, fie, and for shame! Who'er heard o' a loyal Eysenolian Foshist putting a statue o' whuskey auld Karl Marx in a red nightshirt on the bow o' a ship! Look! His fist is e'en clenched in the Communist salute!"

"No! No! No Communista!" bawled Papa Costoli, attempting to beat his breast, but in his fury punching Buccì in the eye.

"Biosh! I'll report ye to Ben Mussolini, that's what I'll do!" declared Mr. Glencannon, righteously. "I'll mak a memorandum o' this whole international incident, and ye'll see what happens to ye when ye get back to Italy with yere Moscow pig-barge!"

NOTEBOOK and pencil in hand he strode along the quay and scowled up at the vessel's transom. "Scorpene o' Via Regio," he read aloud, ominously. "Vurra weel, ye red radical revolutionaries! Just wait till the guid Master Mussolini hears how ye behave when ye're out o' his country, and he'll rub yere noses in it till ye wish ye'd all been shot in Abyssinia!"

As he snapped the rubber band around his notebook, his fiery glance fell upon a square brass plate screwed to the Scorpene's after deckhouse. Upon the plate was engraved "San Gabriele, Fateci la Grazia di Salvareci." "San Gabriele?" he muttered. "San Gabriele?—That must mean Saint Gabriel, the Archangel who'll blaw the trumpet on Doomsday. But—but—trumpet? Aye, guid loch, wha o' course!" Ignoring the chorus of invective howled at him by the entire Costoli family, he stalked off towards the Inchcliffe Castle, covertly observing as he passed the Scorpene's figurehead that its freshly-painted fist was indeed posed exactly to accommodate the mysterious golden trumpet.

Once aboard the Inchcliffe Castle, Mr. Glencannon hurried to his room and thence, with the recently scoured and brightly polished trumpet wrapped in a newspaper, he went in search of Mr. Montgomery. He found him lying in his bunk, reading a temperance journal and looking glum.

"Well, wot is it now?" the mate demanded as his visitor very carefully closed the door behind him. Then, spying the trumpet, "Oh, more blackmail, is it?" he growled. "Well, blast yer soul, ain't yer ever going to let up on a chap? As far as I can see, Captain Bell 'as forgot orl about the bacclident, but now, if yer should just blaw that thing—why, it might cost me my job and even my ticket!"

"Aye, I ken it verra weel," said Mr. Glencannon. "But I must insist that ye withdraw yere insinuations about me being a blackmailier. If ye're referring to those trifling instalments ye've paid me on our wager, why—"

"Trifling instalments?" echoed Mr. Montgomery. "Trifling, yerve got the cheek to call em? Three pounds at sea, two pounds when we was in Nice, three more at sea, yestiddy, and now—"

"And noo," said Mr. Glencannon, sudden good will throbbing in his voice and illuminating his face, "and noo, dear lad, yere worries are about to be ended once and for all! Surely, ye dinna think the money interested me—foosh to money! No, Muster Montgomery, I was merely teaching ye a valuable lesson ne'er to sleep on yere job—I was trying in all altruism to mak a better mon o' ye!"

"Oh, see 'ere, cut out the bilge!" growled the mate. "Stop beating around the bush and explain wot's yer game! I told yer at the start I

only 'ad ten quid and now yer've bled me down to two."

"Two?" repeated Mr. Glencannon, smiling brightly. "Weel, weel, weel, I must say that's handsome o' ye! One pound was the price I planned to sell ye this foghorn for, but as lang as ye insist upon paying two, why—"

"Ye—ye really mean yer'll sell it to me?" gasped the mate. "—Ye mean yer'll sell it and keep your mouth shut about—about—? The—ere's two pounds—take it!"

"Aye, I'll ne'er mention it, e'en in my cups," the other promised, tucking away the money and handing over the trumpet. "As to our little bet—weel, as lang as ye've no money left, I dinna mind telling ye it was only a joke all along, haw, haw, haw!"

"Joke, eh? Pine joke!" snapped Mr. Montgomery. He rose from his bunk, rapped out a savage oath and was just about to shove the trumpet through the open porthole when Mr. Glencannon grasped his arm.

"Foosh, mon, foosh—dinna be reckless!" he counselled. "Dinna ye realise that yon horn is worth money?"

"Worth money to 'oo?"

Mr. Glencannon shrugged. "Worth money to yersel." Frankly, if I was as broke as ye are, I'd go around about the port and try to sell it for whate'er I cud get to a French ship—aye, or even to yon dago schooner astern o' us. All Mediterranean windjammers use foghorns o' that same pattern."

"Oh, do they? Well, then, maybe that's an idea!" assented Mr. Montgomery. "Even a 'arf-crown would look as big as the moon to me, right now! Yus, I'll just go back there and try it on them dagoes."

Mr. Glencannon accompanied him on deck and then stood watching him as he headed along the quay towards the Scorpene.

"Haw, loch, what a spectacle!" he gloated. "I shudder to think what yon dagoes will do to the gowk, and my only regret is that I canna be there to see it! Thanks to my recent gentle efforts, they're no doot feeling slightly anti-British. And as soon as they recognise their ain horn being offered for sale to them by an English officer off a ship they'll instantly realise must be the verra one that dom near sunk them, they'll they'll—oh, dearie me, haw, haw, haw!"

For twenty minutes he stood there, shaken by spasms of laughter and craning his neck Scorpene-wards to see the carnage begin. But strangely enough, it didn't begin. Instead, to his consternation, he saw the fat Italian captain escort Mr. Montgomery to the ladder, embrace him warmly and wring his hand.

MR. GLENCANNON grew tense. "Weel, what happened? Did ye sell it?" he demanded, as the mate, beaming, came up the Inchcliffe Castle's side.

"Sell it? Yus, I sold it!" Mr. Montgomery appeared to be in a pleasant sort of daze. "Lawks, I—I can't quite figure it out! When I first went aboard, they was orl very nasty and 'vstle-like, but as soon as I unwrapped the fog horn, they seemed scared to death of me. The skipper actually wanted to know if I'd come to arrest 'im! I told 'im 'evens no—or I wanted was to sell the 'orn. Then 'e asked me, very suspicious, where I'd got it, and it was my turn to be scared, you bet! But as soon as I told 'im I'd stole it orff a drunken French sailor in Nice, 'e gave me this 'ere money and then—now don't lairf—they orl gathered around and kissed me! Look!"

Mr. Glencannon looked, and saw two banknotes from each side of which scowled an engraved likeness of Il Duce. Mr. Glencannon returned the scowl. "Two thousand liras!" he read. "Two—thousand—liras! Why, it's over twenty English pounds!" He trembled at though stricken with palsy. He steadied himself against the rail. "Laugh!" he repeated dully. "Laugh, did ye say? No, Muster Montgomery, I willna laugh. Oh, I assure ye, Muster Montgomery, I've no slightest intention o' laughing! As a matter o' fact—as a m-matter o' fact, I—I—"

His emotion overcame him. Fumbling in his pocket for a corkcreeper, he turned and lurched towards his room. From somewhere not far off came voices raised in song to the rollicking lilt of an accordion.

(Copyright.)

MRS. SMITH FILLS IN THE WEALTH CENSUS



1 AT THE POST OFFICE she collects card, one of 50,000 issued. Everyone with assets of £500 must furnish return by July 29.



2 CASH IN HAND. I've 13/7 to-day . . . What had I on June 30?



3 VALUE OF furnishings. I suppose that includes the radio. I've paid £8 off that, so what do I say its value is?



4 IN THE KITCHEN things begin to look battered when you come to list their values:



5 PERSONAL EFFECTS. Does that mean clothes? If only I'd kept my receipts—how much is a well-worn fur coat worth?



6 GRANDMOTHER'S PEARLS. I wonder what grandfather paid for them sixty years ago!



7 MY CLOTHES wouldn't fetch much in a sale, but they'd cost a lot to replace. Which do I put down?



8 DOG TOBY is priceless. He eats too much to be economic livestock. Perhaps he's only personal effects.



9 THE CAR'S easy. It's not used for trade. I'll find out its value from a dealer.



10 THANK GOODNESS that's done. But did I remember to sign my name?

An Editorial No woman to replace Eva Booth!

JULY 29, 1939

UNDER A SUNNY HEAVEN



IT is strange how the international situation has changed the world outlook on Australia. Not so very long ago the word "Australia" stood almost for a symbol of isolation—the place Empire speakers and poets had in mind when they referred to "our far flung possessions."

To-day for war-threatened Europe it has become a dream country—a safe place to live in.

Home-coming Australians heave a sigh of relief when they reach their own land again. Europe, with its tensions and its totalitarians, isn't a glamor spot any more.

Its tempo is too rapid, its changes too dramatic for easeful, happy living.

So it is that Australia presents itself to the world as a land of promise—to peasants in remote Europe, men in cities who cannot live under dictatorships. People of far countries who knew us formerly as a spot on the map read with longing about a country which has two inestimable gifts—sunshine and liberty.

A free and easy land where the only inflexible thing is the belief in a personal and political freedom.

No wonder the eyes of the world are focused on Australia to-day—because liberty has become a scarce commodity in Europe.

With the eyes of the world upon us we can attract our quota of desirable people to settle in this country. In fact, the great trek is on.

Not since the gold rush of the 'nineties have so many people turned towards this country—as a land of rosy promise. This time they are not seeking gold, but peace and happiness under a sunny heaven.

This influx of people has brought its problems, but these are not insoluble. Provided the selection of migrants is sound, that they absorb Australian ideals and adopt Australian standards of living, the newcomers will go into the melting pot of race and a sturdier nationhood result.

—THE EDITOR.



EVANGELINE BOOTH is devoted to children... drives them about, eats with them, plays with them...

Amazing leader of great army devoted to peace and good works

By MICHAEL SHERIDAN

IN August the Salvation Army Council will meet to elect another leader, General Evangeline Booth having reached the retiring age.

High officials of the Salvation Army say that they will not select another woman to rule them, but I think that is because they will never find another Eva Booth, whose vivid personality has gripped the minds and imaginations of millions of people who have nothing to do with the Salvation Army, but admire the genius of its woman leader.

And Evangeline Booth certainly is a genius.

She belongs to a group of great women who are growing older and the world seems unable to replace them.

Women like the United States Minister for Labor, Miss Frances Perkins, the evangelist, Maud Royden, political leaders like Helen Wilkinson and Lady Astor, Genevieve Tabouis, greatest woman authority on foreign affairs, and dramatic, forceful co-ruler of the Chinese, Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

Sometimes I wonder if we will see their like again, these champions of the golden age of women's emancipation.

Eva Booth deserves a place among them because she is essentially the religious woman, the humanitarian and the crusader.

She has a greatness which belongs to her inner self. Outwardly not

greatly distinguished, she is small and regular-featured, with a winning smile, it is her eyes which show the soul of the woman who has led the Salvation Army for five years.

The secret of her success is her amazing hold over women. She thinks as they do, she speaks as they do, and she wins them to her side.

Mr. St. John Ervine, famous British dramatist and critic, said of her that she would have made a great actress. But that is only because she has the gift of making her oratory dramatic by word and gesture.

She knows what to say and how to say it.

Australian visit

ON the eve of her visit to Australia in 1935, a huge crowd of women in London came to wish her good-bye. There had been some talk about her taking such a long trip at a time when headquarters needed her guiding hand, and when storms beset the Salvation Army administration. She walked on to the platform in her simple Salvation costume.

"I have promised Australia," she said, "would you have me break my word?" "No! No!" yelled thousands of voices.

That is the way Evangeline Booth works on her audiences.

How well she knows the note to strike! She chooses words of extreme simplicity, repeats phrases over and over, rings out her slogans,

tells childish anecdotes with the smile of a mother talking to her children. Everybody thinks her grand, and they roar their appreciation.

The General is devoted to children. She is happy when they are around her.

"Souls—not stockings"

AT Salvation Army treats for the children of the poor she drives them about in car or buggy, eats with them, plays their games, and generally endears herself to the youngsters in a way that has no artifice about it.

She simply loves children, and that is all there is to it.

She doesn't seek to win their sympathy, because she has it from the very first moment of contact.

She is no hypocrite. When asked in Australia should girls wear silk stockings, she replied with characteristic vigor, "Well, silk stockings are cheaper now than woolen, aren't they? Anyway, I don't worry about people's stockings—but their souls."

Of youth in revolt she has an understanding heart. "Youth to-day," she says, "holds that Governments are all wrong, that there are too many restraining laws, too much puritanical bridling of sex impulse. I have never taken the idea that all these ideas and impulses should be crushed."

A woman ahead of her time has been the claim made for Eva Booth, but really she is essentially a woman of her time, a time when great women spoke for their sex, when women were winning freedom for themselves in all walks of life. In summing up the attributes of General Eva Booth, two words come to mind—indomitable and unquenchable.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP





SALE AHoy! . . . all aboard for the BARGAIN HUNT

How to combine business and pleasure at the winter sales

Having in mind last year's winter sales, I went into training for this year.

I find that what one needs is not guile and subtle cunning but agility and brute strength.

THE colossal sacrifices and drastic reductions, not to mention the stupendous bargains and sweeping cuts that are going on now, are enough to gladden the most downcast heart.

The oddments counter is only for seasoned warriors who can walk off triumphantly with an odd pair of stockings, leaving two women boiling with rage instead of only one.

This year I started off gently in the handbag section. A pleasant half-hour can be spent opening and shutting handbags. The idea is to keep your eye on the woman nearest to you, and the moment she reaches towards one particular handbag you grab it. Then you start examining it. You keep on examining it until she becomes impatient and moves on. Then you sling it back in the heap.

Passing on from the handbag section a couple of rides up and down

By
L. W. Lower
Australia's Foremost
Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

in the lift are very refreshing and give one the strength to tackle the dress material department. Beginners might do well to have a cup of tea and a biscuit beforehand.

There are whole rolls of material to be unrolled, held at arm's length, thrown on the floor and heaved about. When I say heaved about I mean heaved about.

When you've got about twenty yards of the stuff unrolled you'll usually find some other woman flogging the material and holding it up to the light.

Don't stand this. Not for one moment. Take a deep breath and with a swift backward tug snatch it away from her.

If she has such a grip that you pull her off her feet and she falls on her ear you merely sniff and say, in a loud, shrill voice, "I'm sure I don't know why they allow drunken women in these places," and pass on.

But make sure you don't trip over anything when passing on. It spoils the effect.

Husbands a menace

OF course, it must be understood that when attending bargain sales there must be a fixed intention not to buy anything. You just say to your friend, if you've got one, "Let's go in and have a look round."

You really want a woman friend for looking around with ("Your grammar's rotten!" I know). Men friends are inclined to get the sulks after the first hour and want to meet you outside or suddenly remember important appointments.

Husbands especially are a real menace to a good bargain-hunter. Now hasn't this happened to you? It will, anyhow.

"I like that pink one with the blue dots. Don't you, Jack?"

"Yeah. It'd be nice to hang out the front window when the dog dies. Do you know, I think he's got distemper."

"Listen to me! Do you like it or don't you?"

"Be all right in the dark, perhaps. What about that stuff there with the stripes on it?"

"I couldn't wear stripes, you fool. They'd make me look fat!"

"Well, you are fat-aren't you?"

"Are you waiting, madam?"

"You—er—no, thank you. I'm just having a look around." (Sniggers from the husband.)

"If I may suggest something, we have a green foulard crepe with white—I'll show it to you."

"Thank you." Then aside: "Stop kicking my ankle, you fool! Now, what's the matter?"

"I think I'd better go and have a smoke."

"Oh. Well, you come straight back. I'll wait here for you."

After a quarter of an hour's rest, prudence suggests that you return to the fray.

"Oh, there you are! I've been waiting here for hours."

"Did you get what you wanted?"

"Yes. I bought that green foulard crepe that we looked at first. And here, carry these parcels!"

L. W. Lower buys a few oddments at the sales.

"Carry your own parcels. Do you think you married a bullock team? Where do we go now, anyhow?"

"I want to buy a scarf for Auntie Connie. I saw a beautiful silk knitted one in the window downstairs. Nineteen and elevenpence ha'penny, marked down from four guineas. Can you imagine it?"

"No, I'm blown if I can."

"Ooh! Look! Blankets. Aren't they cheap!"

"But we've got plenty of blankets."

"Do you know what Mrs. Kafoosalem—you know, the one that's just had a baby, such a lovely child; we must go and see them some Sunday. What was I saying?"

"I dunno. I wasn't listening. You started off on blankets and finished up with babies."

"Oh, yes! Don't you think it would be nice if we bought Mrs. Kafoosalem's baby one of those pale blue little blankets for his cot? One with white rabbits on it, and all that."

"Rabbits? What is the kid going to do with a herd of rabbits in his cot?"

"You don't understand. They're printed or woven into the material. Where are you going now?"

"I'm going to buy a packet of cigarettes. Can't I buy a packet of cigarettes if I want to?"

"All right. Hurry up. I'm simply famished for a cup of tea."

"Cup of WHAT? Listen. If there's any famishing been going on in this family I've been doing it. Right at this moment my famisher is running red hot famishing for a real drink."

"All right. You've got no consideration for anybody but yourself. You carry these. And come straight home."

After that it's easy, up to a point. You say to the barman, "Put these parcels behind the counter for a while, will you?"

Time marches on, and when you get home she says, "Where are the parcels?"

"Parcels? Oh, yes. They'll be all right. I'm having them delivered."

Don't talk to me about winter sales.

How does she keep so Youthful and Attractive

Probably not one in ten could guess her real age. For, thanks to Bile Beans, her figure is still attractively slim—her complexion flawless—and she's as active and happy now as when she was a girl.

You, too, can look years younger and enjoy perfect health by taking Bile Beans nightly at bedtime. Bile Beans are purely vegetable, they tone up the system, purify the blood, and daily eliminate fat-forming residue.

So start to-night with Bile Beans if you want to keep youthful, healthy and slim.



"I got thoroughly run down and there was no sparkle in me at all. But Bile Beans have made a wonderful difference. Now I'm so bright and happy that I can sing all day. Bile Beans have not only made me feel and look youthful, but they keep my figure slim and girlish."
—Miss C. Smith

"Since I have been taking Bile Beans people often comment on my youthful appearance and clear complexion. Although forty-eight, I look ten years younger. Bile Beans have also reduced my weight by eighteen pounds. I never felt better in my life than I do to-day."
—Mrs. D. Wood

BILE BEANS
Make You Look & Feel Years Younger

Ah! Bisto



"There goes another regular customer for Bisto," is what this grocer thinks. He's right, too, for once you use Bisto, you'll never make a soup or stew, a meat pie or pudding without it. Ask your grocer for Bisto to-day, he knows Bisto thickens, colours, and seasons every meat dish and is the world's best gravy maker. Grocers are Bisto boosters; their rapidly increasing Bisto sales prove its growing popularity.



LIPS THAT LURE
DEPEND ON



Men are naturally drawn to soft, appealing lips—to lips that glow with the beauty of Michel Lipstick. Michel Lipsticks are made with a creamy base that gives a young and soft-as-velvet look—that makes lips feel as dewy fresh as a baby's. Start using Michel Lipstick right away—let it show you how lovely and alluring your lips can really be.



FACE & HANDS
you need
Larola Complexion Milk
Larola cleanses, cools, beautifies and restores natural skin beauty. Soothing for sunburn—available in the nursery. Larola has been in daily use for over 50 years.
RETURNS
Larola
Sole Manufacturers
M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGL.

New Canadian Mixture

praised for
CHILDREN'S
COUGHS

"Immensely superior... tremendously in advance"—says Doctor.
COMPOUNDED from rare Canadian pine-balsam of a special, triple-strength. Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture is entirely different in action—more effective—quicker—than anything ever known in Australia. First dose definitely stops coughing at once. Three doses break up heavy cold. Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture contains no 'dope.' Sweetens upset stomachs.
Few Canadian mothers would dream of facing winter without Buckley's. For when icy blizzards and deadly snowdrifts cut off medical aid—little lives may depend on swift, definite—certain relief! Your own chemist or store now has this remarkable Canadian discovery. Get a 2/3 bottle right away—and have restful sleep to-night!

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE
A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

The Silver Lining

Continued from Page 8

HE stared harder at the daughter of his old friend and said with a perplexed frown: "I always imagined your sister to resemble your mother, Lucy, but you're becoming more like Amelia every day." To which Lucy, startled and almost shy, said quickly that Cynthia was exactly like her mother... even to the daffodil coloring and fragile shape.

Mr. Redway thought it out and found his baffling explanation: "Just so, just so—coloring and shape. But you have your mother's character and eyes and nature, and those things matter most. Ah, well... which was, Lucy knew, the end of the interview, so, flushed and pleased by his words, she vanished.

She caught herself singing softly that night in the empty flat, then laughed unsteadily at her own sense of dismay. Afraid even to sing, was she, and that showed how starved and repressed her life had been. She would do something unusual, make something happen, and no longer wear her heart on an invisible sleeve because Gregory was Cynthia's fiancé. She would go to Buffalo with them, watch him make his designs of black and silver...

Black and silver! Ever since she was seventeen she had longed for an evening wrap of black and silver. Amelia, her mother, had been given to platitudes, which were not platitudes on her wise and lovely lips. "Every cloud has a silver lining, darling. I never fail to think of that. Look..." And the small girl, her mother holding her up in her arms, had turned to look out through the window to the stormy night. "See that black cloud, darling, and the beautiful silver lining. You'll see. All kinds of clouds have silver linings, if we but had enough faith to believe it."

Black and silver! Cynthia and Gregory were two days from arrival when Lucy made up her mind. But, knowing her sister's erratic ways, and Gregory's unpredictable nature, Lucy waited until they actually did arrive before indulging her whim. She went to the boat to meet them with her heart thudding in mingled pain and joy, and sat silent all the way home in the taxi with Gregory on the one side, and Cynthia's pale-green-covered self on the other. They talked and laughed and made references to strange ports and places while Lucy sat still, happier and sadder than ever before in her life.

He had to sleep at a hotel that night, quite close to the flat, but remained until after midnight, talking, and showing, with the screened

pride of the artist, his folio of sketches and designs.

Towards the end of the evening Cynthia went out for cigarettes, refusing to let Greg go with her. There was a rather noisy party on the ground floor in a flat owned by two young interior decorators, and Lucy knew the sounds issuing forth had been too much for her sister. Cynthia was "popping in," and, of course, irresistibly had to stay a while, so Lucy talked and encouraged Greg to talk, and the minutes raced by.

Perhaps something in the quality of her quiet gaze, as the pair sat half facing each other on the seat by the wall, led him into looking closer at her face.

"I'm going to Buffalo with you and Cynthia, Greg, if you still want me," Lucy spoke almost shyly. Life not having given her anything, nor granted her fully that which she had earned by honesty, fellowship, and purpose, she never quite believed in favors coming her way. Some of this expectation of disappointment again made the man look harder, and in her grey eyes he saw the softness reflected by the unsteady smile on her drooping mouth. "I... I told Mr. Redway, and he didn't mind a bit."

He frowned. "Why should he? How long have you been working there? Ten years. Good... Lord! Your mother died when Cyn. was about fourteen then..." He frowned again. "And you brought her up. She went to Highlea, didn't she? Expensive place. Doesn't work, either. Why?"

LUCY laughed uneasily and took a cigarette from his suddenly extended case. "I went to Highlea also. There was some money, you know, so she had the same schooling that I had. Is that very odd? And, Greg, can you imagine Cynthia working? Don't you realise that there are two kinds of women in this world, for two different and rightful purposes—the decorative kind and the... other kind."

"Decorative and useful, eh?" he laughed in response. "Every man should be allowed two wives, for... two different and rightful purposes. One to amuse him, delight him, and entertain him, then be shut away in a box like a doll, when not wanted. The other kind..." He closed his lips suddenly, and by saying nothing more just then contrived to express so much that Lucy's heart thudded. Then the whole effect of his inference was destroyed as he broke a silence to say: "Some man will be a lucky fellow when he marries you, my lass," and Cynthia came in to wave a packet of cigarettes and comfort herself so cleverly that Gregory failed to realise how long she had been away, or that her gaiety was inspired by something more than his presence at the flat.

Lucy's actual holidays were to commence the day before going by train to the snows, and that day was crammed with a feverish scurry of packing, shopping, and putting the flat into shape for several weeks' neglect. Lucy hurried into the city and made a careful purchase that filled her with satisfaction. At last she had time and opportunity to turn the silver-and-black symbol into the kind of evening wrap she had always wanted—soft silken black velvet, like a cloud, with a richly soft and silken lining. The purchase made, the extravagance finalised, she refused to let the store send the cardboard box home in fear that it might not arrive before they left next day, so carried it out in her arms to the street.

The peculiar pleasure known only to women when owning a garment desired and planned a hundred times in dreams was Lucy's now. She stepped briskly into the sunlit street with the box beneath one arm, and stopped dead in surprise as a cheerful voice hailed her, dragging her back to reality. It was Gregory, very smart in a grey suit, with a rakish felt hat, and stick. He came forward. The string round the box snapped in her suddenly-contricting fingers, and to the footwalk spilled a cascade of velvet and silver cloth. Their heads bumped as both endeavored to rescue the wrap before it dragged on the path, and somehow or other the folds were stuffed back in their tissue paper. Lucy was scarlet, for no true reason, as she knew; and Greg, amused,



Summer
Woollens

A FINELY
pleated black and
white frock re-
quires demurely be-
neath Wool's
subtly flattering
wool coat of
dusky rose, with
a cleverly pleated
skirt.

"What on earth is it?" he asked, tucking in an escaping fold and then sobering as he saw her eyes misting.

"Perhaps you wouldn't understand," she said awkwardly, hiding the fold completely and jamming the lid shut. "A... wrap, that's all. An evening wrap. I've wanted one like it since I was... very young. It means more to me than just a wrap. It... Never mind, it wasn't soiled, I'm sure."

"More than a wrap, eh," he asked, quizzing her without amusement now and suspecting her of something more lonely and imaginary than he had thought possible. So utterly practical, she was with her spick and span flat, efficient and permanent job, and her sober, self-contained, sometimes too-wise personality. "What more than a wrap could there be in a wrap for a woman, eh?"—and people went by unnoticed as she struggled for words and he waited.

All at once she smiled, and it was not the sort of smile a happy girl wears on her lips. It was too infinitely submissive and... pitying. Good Lord, it was pitying.

"A cloud to wear, Greg, that's all," Her glance, grey and suddenly bitter, met his curious stare. "A black cloud. Greg, with a silver lining—made of cloth."

Three days later the young man stood hidden by a convenient tree, watching Lucy bending her young body forward on a downhill swoop with the unfamiliar skis and alpenstock.

AGAINST the snow, Lucy made such a patch of colorful attractiveness that he knew he must make a sketch of her before they left the chalet. He had never before seen such a transformation take place in any young woman as had changed her, since coming to the snow, from a rather ordinary young secretary on holiday into a bewitchingly natural woman with the light of youth and beauty in her eyes.

He watched her, his nerves tingling with more than the nip in the air. Bright blue, and red gloves, a red-spotted kerchief tied over her head, life and joy and activity in every smile and twist and stride.

Leaving that part of the dazzling, blue-white open, he strode away on his skis and made for the chalet, and indoors found Cynthia entertaining a group of young people with a mocking account of an expedition into a Fijian native village. "... Oh, Greg, darling, aren't you frozen?" She turned, bewitchingly pretty in a woollen suit of three shades in blue, and caught at his sleeve.

"So," he said, piling his gloves and scarf on the mantel to stare down into the log fire. "You're giving another original version of that fire-walking stunt. It's good for you, my lass, that the old chief doesn't hear you. Original I said, and meant it. No... I'm not frozen," and with a half smile that partly excused his strange sense of flat-

ness, he strolled away and went to his room.

A few nights later there was a more spectacular dance than usual in the ballroom, decorated for the occasion. Greg dressed early, not being much in tune with the already sprightly orchestra, and watched the first couples passing through the halls. Back to a log fire, contemplative and thoughtful, feeling more inclined for a walk alone over the moon-drenched folds of white laid like a mantle on the hills than dancing to foxtrots and rumbas and two-steps, he frowned as a chattering group approached him.

Where was Cynthia? He had no idea, and as he voiced this somewhat disgruntled truth, he resented the fact of the young folk always inquiring eagerly for Cynthia, and never for Lucy.

They drifted off, a butterfly crowd with a few sleek males among them, and Greg drew a cigarette from his case. Where was Lucy? There had been a bright look of anticipation on her face at dinner, while the crowd just in from the cold discussed their clothes to be worn that night.

Please turn to Page 24

Results of "BREAKFAST D-LIGHT" Competition

If your name is not listed below, you will may be a winner. Other results will be published August 26, September 2.

E. Gaydon, 227 Mowbray Road, Cheltenham, N.S.W.—"Breakfast D-Light tempts me with its pleasant and enjoyable flavour. Another pleasing feature is it digests easily. On cold days it stimulates warmth and energy."

Wallace Mansfield, 338 Church Street, Parramatta, N.S.W.—"Breakfast D-Light is a radiant health, proved high in food value, low in price, easy to cook, and makes a palatable delicacy for young and old."

Geoff Fritzsche, 22 Turnbull Street, Newcastle, N.S.W.—"First of all, Mum's shopping list is Breakfast D-Light and first in family favour, too. Easily cooked, tasty, nourishing, and sustaining, no digest so easily."

Alan Davies, 73 Rudden Street, Armadale, N.S.W.—"Breakfast D-Light contains all 22 nourishment we need in a porridge. A whole product, quick and easy to make, and is a family favourite."

L. Anderson, 23 Lithgow Street, Gullah, N.S.W.—"I take pride in my health and vigour. Who wouldn't! Sparkling and merry laugh, and sunny smile—the gift product of Breakfast D-Light."

Don Bartley, Hermitage, via Warwick, Qld.—"Breakfast D-Light is the ideal family porridge. Contains vitamins, bran, protein, so essential to ensure good health. Tastes delicious, scrumptious, crisp biscuits. Wholesome, appetising, economical."

Douglas J. Moody, 99 Targa Street, Bushberg, Qld.—"On cold days, in the hills, or the dells. There's nothing excels like Breakfast D-Light."

When your Nerves seem at breaking point!

will-power weakens, control is going, hysteria threatens, irritability, nervousness, and all the rest. BROMURAL brings peace and quiet, restores calm and confidence. Harmless, sedative, non-depressive.

BROMURAL (Liquor)
ASK YOUR CHEMIST.

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



MOTORIST: Pretty quiet down here, isn't it?
FARMER: Yes, but the whole countryside will be stirred up next week.
MOTORIST: Why, what's on next week?
FARMER: Ploughin'.

MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead



"But, Mopsy, you said you were going to forgive me!"
"I am when I get through with you."



"My office boy says he remembers his great, great, great grandmother, Throgmorton!"
"The deuce he does! ... he's a fibber, Weatherspoone."
"No, he stutters, Throgmorton, old man!"



"When I shot this, it was either me or the tiger."
"Well, I suppose the tiger does make a better rug."

THOUSANDS RESTORED BY THIS FAMOUS MEDICINE

THE REASON

Innumerable complaints arise from impurities in the blood, and so long as the impurities remain permanent relief cannot be obtained.

Blood impurities lower vitality, damage the heart and arteries, and result in serious diseases and premature ageing.

Clarkes Blood Mixture, by cleansing the blood, is invaluable in the treatment of rheumatic affections, lumbago, painful joints, neuritis, simple glandular swellings, ulcers, boils and skin complaints.



Be sure you get "CLARKES BLOOD MIXTURE."

In Liquid and Tablet form of Chemists and Stores



It is false economy to buy cheap imitations

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used

BOSS: You can't ask for a rise like that; you must work yourself up.
Office Boy: But I have, sir. I'm all of a tremble.

WIFE: Would you like some nice golden brown potatoes and a tender steak for dinner this evening, dear?

Husband: No, honey, I think we ought to save money. Let's eat at home.

"DO you patch up your quarrels with your wife?"
"Oh, no! We get new ones."

SHOPPER: I'm looking for a pair of shoes.
Assistant: How much too small do you want them, madam?

"DID the doctor find out what you had?"
"Very nearly."
"What do you mean by very nearly?"
"Well, I had 11/-, and he charged me ten and six."

"HOW'S your new secretary?"
"She's a genius. She has turned the office upside down and now I cannot do without her."

WILLIE: Hey, Murn, that dentist I went to wasn't painless.
Mother: Why, did he hurt you?
Willie: No; but he yelled just like any other dentist when I bit his finger.

HAPPY

Now he's free from

INDIGESTION



To eat well and enjoy his food a man must have perfect digestion. When indigestion is ruining his appetite, get De Witt's Antacid Powder. Instant relief follows from the first dose and indigestion is quickly ended.

Instead of complaining of flatulence, stomach pains, and just picking at his food, he'll be eating like a trooper—happy

he's free from indigestion. Here is proof.

Mrs. Valentine, Camp Hill, Brisbane, says:—"My husband has been a sufferer from indigestion for years and could get no relief no matter what he tried. One day we saw an advertisement for De Witt's Antacid Powder and gave it a trial. Now he is able to eat and enjoy anything without fear of after-effects. I recommend De Witt's Antacid Powder wherever I go."

Benefit is certain, because De Witt's Antacid Powder neutralises excess acid, protects the stomach and actually digests part of your food.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence and Gaurth. At all chemists and stores, in large sky-blue tins, price 2/6.

The Silver Lining

Continued from Page 22

CYNTHIA, he recalled, had said something feminine about wearing "blue," and had sulked a little when saying it. Poor Cyn and her passion for clothes; tough luck to be marrying an artist who would just as soon live in tweeds or slacks as in conventional raincoat. Lucy had remained quietly mysterious with a lovely look of happiness in her eyes. By Jove, when he married Cyn, Lucy would be left alone at that confounded flat, charming as it was.

No place on earth could be charming for long if one was lonely. He himself had had enough of that, and analysing it carefully he supposed it had been loneliness which had prompted him to propose to Cynthia. That, and the witchery of her daffodil coloring which . . . He tossed his cigarette into the fire and stepped forward eagerly: "Hello, I was wondering where you'd hidden yourself."

Lucy, in her black lace frock and old Chinese jacket, was facing him. The life and light of dinner time had gone from her face. Her voice was quiet, dull, and she did not seem to know what she was saying, and as if realising her absentmindedness, she laughed at herself. The sound stayed with him all through the evening.

Cynthia was flashing with charm and gaiety, and so lovely that the artist in him stopped still to admire her. She wore a long blue frock that, to him, looked like moonmist and foam solidified, a length of moonmist ribbon woven through her curls, and her feet shone silver in shoes mostly straps and heels. Thrown round her shoulders between each dance a deplorable black velvet wrap lay like a cloud, its folds tossed back skillfully to show the silver lining.

She was crazy with joy, dancing like someone possessed of the very spirit of gaiety, dance after dance sought for by dazzled youths and men, while girls also clustered round her by the log fires between dances, to catch the absurdities and nonsense spilling from her lips. Greg heard her laughingly cry out to

Lucy, standing by a window, looking out with her Chinese jacket hugged tightly round her: "Lucy, my pet, do come out of that depression . . . really, you'll infect us all if you don't watch out. It's perfect to-night, everything and everyone is perfect, even you, Greg," she flashed, catching sight of him approaching.

But he walked past with a gesture of approval that served as polite recognition, and . . . strode over to Lucy. Cynthia stared, then stood silent for a second, but shrugged and went on with her butterfly nonsense, and the orchestra started again. Greg's mouth was like a trap. Without speaking he took Lucy's arm and held it in such a way that she could do nothing but go with him. He led her out through the clustered hall to the open, and there, in the icy air, stood facing her.

She drew a deep breath. Had Cynthia told him or was she supposing it until after the dance? To take so much from him, then let him down, and for that ratty little middle-aged man from Sheffield. Lucy was silent as she looked into his moon-painted face and saw what she thought was suffering there.

"Lucy, tell me . . . something happened to-night, didn't it? Something . . ." He hesitated, his feelings mangled by the turmoil of supposition, suspicion, discovery and realisation in his mind. He did not feel the cold any more than she appeared to, but he saw her flinch and tuck her hands into the loose sleeves of the thick embroidered jacket. He went on in deadly quietness: "Lucy, I feel all sorts of a cad saying this, but it's true, isn't it, that Cynthia played a pretty shoddy trick to-night? I must know."

"She . . . she's my sister," Lucy heard herself say. "And . . . divided loyalty is . . . terrible."

"Loyalty!" His laughter was bitter with knowledge. With his brows

"Do you mind, very much? And that's a mad question," she reprimanded herself, reaching out a hand to hold his arm for a moment. Her voice broke: "Greg, I'm sorry, so sorry. It hurts like . . . it hurts terribly to know you're hurt."

"I'm not so hurt as all that," he said and wondered at the form of her speech. Again his head lifted. "Hurt! I guess the hurt was yours, wasn't it? But it became mine," he added, "when I saw . . . your disappointment. It was more than a wrap, you said."

"Oh, that!" Startled and confused she tried to reconstruct her thoughts. Of course it had disappointed her, when Cynthia, pouncing on the black and silver wrap, had thrown it round

her and poised herself by the pier-glass in Lucy's room. Her gay: "Darling, how absolutely heavenly . . . and what lines. And darling, what waste, with you wearing this and not a man to impress, while I, with a man of wealth to start pleasing, in my old blue." Even when Cynthia had laughingly gone from the room with a gay: "This is mine for to-night, say what you will," Lucy had not been actually upset.

The news of the engagement to be so callously broken for a horribly mercenary transaction to be arranged had shocked her through. What did the wrap matter? After all, there had been no man to impress, but . . . well, she supposed it was silly to want to wear the thing at all.

"Look here," Greg was saying and now his teeth were chattering. "There's something inconsistent in this discussion. What do you mean, and what did you think I meant, but you're frozen. We'll finish this indoors by the fire in the little writing-room where there's nobody at all to-night. And by heaven, you're going to speak the truth. And . . . so am I," he added grimly.

For an hour they sat by the fire, while the truth was spoken and reviewed and commented upon in tones and words as kindly as was possible. And it was better, Lucy thought in sick pity for his imagined shock, for her to tell the truth than for Cynthia to blurt it out in her customary thoughtless failure to know how others felt.

LUCY lifted her face suddenly as the man moved forward. She had no time to be astonished, but knew all at once what peace and happiness meant as his hard cheek pressed against her warm face and turned for the kiss she knew she wanted.

"All the time it was you," he told her as they sat shoulder to shoulder with the fire making pictures near their feet. She smiled at that. "I've been a blind fool, Lucy . . . I fell in love with her as I fall in love with other lovely things I want to paint. But . . . I can't marry a thing I like to paint, can I? Can I, my dearest?"

"Nor," she said dryly, "will you want to paint the thing you'd like to marry . . . Oh, Greg, please, someone might come in."

Presently he said in utter satisfaction: "When I saw her parading round in that black velvet thing you'd saved for and craved for, for years, I saw red. I knew then where the flaw was, in the . . . the engagement. It took me a while to remember where I'd seen that black velvet thing before, and then, all at once I remembered. 'A black cloud, Greg,' you said, 'with a silver lining—made of cloth.'"

"Yes, a black cloud—with a silver lining."

Black and silver lay on the quiet hills also, and together they walked to the window and looked out. Her fingers slid into his groping hand. And above one great white hill a black cloud hung, and that had a silver lining too.

(Copyright.)

WRITERS IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN
President Australian Astrological Research Society

Ninety per cent. of Leonians are "individualists"—leaders rather than followers, organisers rather than routine workers.

STRONG - CHARACTERED, purposeful, vital, original, Leonians make poor servants, but good bosses, and like to shine as bright lights in the regard of their associates.

Leonians include all those born between July 23 and August 24, as well as (though to a lesser degree) all those whose birth-moment happens to coincide with that part of the day when this majestic sign of the zodiac is rising in the east.

This latter influence endows people so born with a Leonian personality so that, even though they may belong, astrologically, to a different sign, they express themselves through the characteristics of the true Leo-born individual.

Chief of the Leonian characteristics are pride, determination, magnanimity, cruelty, dominance, and loyalty, a mixture which must produce strength of character, no matter what else is lacking.

It all depends how the individual uses this strength. If he (or she) has had the benefit of wise and strict training in the early years of life, or has developed high ideals and great self-control of his or her own accord before it is too late, he (or she) will make a real success of life. The power is there. All that is needed is wise direction.

Scidom do the stars produce a weak Leonian; the thing to worry about is that he becomes strong for good, not for evil.

Consequently parents of Leo-born babies should try to be patient in developing only their best attributes, for care in the early years will pay handsome dividends as the years advance—to the parents, as well as to the individual.

A competent, right-thinking, and wisely loyal Leonian can become a prince among children, and later on a beneficent ruler among his fellow-men.

If, on the other hand, the characteristics have been misdirected, or indiscreetly applied, the Leonian child can bring many a heartache to parents, and as an adult produce trouble for associates and sorrow for himself.

In the latter case, the cruelty which is the basic quality of the

lion, which represents this sign of the zodiac, is likely to predominate, and the cleverness, charm and ability, which are also inherent, are in danger of being used for selfish or vicious ends.

This is a tragedy to be avoided at all costs, for the Leonian of the more advanced type—kindly, true and sometimes brilliant—is an exceedingly fine person and a pleasure to know.

The wise parent will therefore see that all the finer, nicer and more unselfish traits of character are developed, and that self-control and a pride which is not egotistical are cultivated as the basis of Leonian ideals and ambitions.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Plan fairly ambitious programmes for much of the coming week; meanwhile show what you can do by working diligently on August 5. Make changes and seek promotion, or try to finalise important matters already commenced.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Keep out of trouble this week. Be particularly patient and wise on July 31 and August 1 and 2 (to dusk). Unwary Taurians will find themselves afflicted by delays, annoyances and setbacks.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Quite fair for diligent Geminians on July 31, August 1 and 2 (to 4 p.m.).

CANCER (June 22 to July 21): Just rou-

Is this your birth sign?



Leo the Lion is the zodiacal sign for people born between July 23 and August 24

time for most Cancerians, August 2 (evening only), 3 and 4 just fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Don't waste a moment of August 3, because many wise and diligent Leonians will find that affairs presented on this date can produce good results. Be constructive and optimistic.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): July 26 and 30 can be turned to fair account by hard work and wisdom.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Entrepreneurs of a semi-important nature can proceed at this time. Make good use of July 31 and August 1 and 2.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Don't let the confidence engendered by recent weeks run you into folly at this time. Your stars are now unfriendly. Be especially cautious on July 31, August 1 and 2 (to dusk).

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Scrivener Sagittarians will make August 5 produce good results by working hard and making changes. Working favors starting new enterprises, or finalising those already set in motion. Let "stabilisation" be your keyword. Avoid unnecessary risks on August 2 (p.m.), 3 and 4.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Cheer up, Capricornians! Better times are on the way. Meanwhile plan ahead with wisdom, and be ready to take advantage of any opportunities presenting themselves. Work hard on important matters on July 26 and 30.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 18): Be as cautious as you can. Take no risks and try to avoid arguments, losses and upsets all this week.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Just a week of daze, but August 2 (evening), 3 and 4 can be turned to good account in stabilising your affairs.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

Coughing, Strangling Asthma, Bronchitis Curbed in 3 Minutes

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you choke and rasp for breath and can't sleep? Do you cough an hour and feel like you were being ruptured? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is now hope for you in a Doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No doses, no sniffs, no injections, no stonemans. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and your attacks seem to vanish like magic. In 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood aiding nature to dissolve and remove straining phlegm, promote free easy breathing and bring about sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, had lost 40 lbs., suffered constant

choking and struggling every night, couldn't sleep, expected to die. Mendaco stopped Asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. In no time at all Mendaco may actually make you feel years younger and stronger. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well, like a new person, and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel in the morning. The guarantee protects you.

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WHO INVITE YOU TO INSPECT THESE NEW RECEIVERS.

AMAZING COURAGE of ... paralysed girl

Taught herself to write, type,
draw, sew, and play
cards with her feet



CRIPPLED girl, Shirley Ross, loves horses. Here is a sketch she has done with her feet.

Shirley Ross, courageous 21-year-old Sydney girl, paralysed in arms and hands, has amazed doctors by the manner in which she has trained her feet.

The list of her accomplishments sounds fantastic. She writes, types, sews, draws, and plays cards with the supple toes which she has trained to do her bidding.

HER achievement is unique in Australia, probably in the world, her doctor believes.

But although he has persuaded her to have a motion picture taken of her feet at work, as a record for the British Medical Association, she has consistently shunned personal publicity.

Miss Ross is shy and retiring, so that her astonishing work is known only among her friends and at the Children's Hospital, Sydney, where she has helped many a child to forget its useless hands and find a new world with its feet.

Shirley Ross was only 21 years old when she became paralysed. And she believes that it was because she was so young that she has been successful.

"My arms and hands were in splints for years," she said when interviewed by The Australian Women's Weekly. "If I could have used them I should have been exploring my little world with them, as every child does."

"Children learn so much by handling and feeling things. So what was more natural than that I should try to do with my feet all the things that other children do with their hands?"

"I can't remember beginning to use my feet. I just remember using them. Mother tells me I began by playing with my dolls."

"And soon, of course, I wanted to dress them and undress them. It wasn't easy at first, I was very clumsy."

"But I persevered, and when my little friends began to sew for their dolls, so did I. It just seemed natural."

"But wasn't sewing terribly difficult?"

"I suppose it was. It certainly took a lot of practice to get the stitches small and even."

"But everyone at home encouraged me and we all took it as a matter of course that I should do it well . . . and so I did. Would you like me to show you how I sew?"

Miss Ross went out of the room to get her sewing materials and came back with them in her hands and the crook of her arm.

She can grip with her fingers and bend her arms at the elbows sufficiently to carry things.

At home she wears slacks and goes barefoot as much as possible. "Stockings feel like gloves," she explained as she put the sewing things on the floor. Then she began.

First she took the rubber band off



PAINTING with her toes, Shirley Ross drew this silhouette of her pony for our interviewer.

the pin box, sorted out a needle, unwound the thread off the reel and cut it, using the scissors with the big toe and first toe of her right foot.

She threaded the needle holding the cotton between the same toes and the needle between the corresponding toes of the left foot.

Then she knotted the thread with her right toes, drew it tight and cut it off neatly at the knot.

Neat sewing

SHE took up a piece of material which she was making into a belt, folded it, using both feet and pressing the fold against the floor, then pinned it and began sewing.

She held the sewing over her left big toe, using the right big toe and first toe exactly as one would use thumb and forefinger. The stitches were beautiful, small and even.

Everything she handled was done just as skillfully.

She took a pack of cards, shuffled, dealt them, took up her hand and arranged it.

"Shirley can hold and play a bridge hand quite easily," said Mrs. Ross, the girl's mother.

"Do you play much?"

"Mostly patience. I live on patience," Miss Ross replied with a twinkle. "I can't always expect my friends to gather round the floor for a game. Though they often do."

And then she wrote fluently and quickly. "I write a lot," she said. "At school I used to write with my mouth at first, but I taught myself

SHIRLEY'S MESSAGE

We were all given hands and feet but most people don't try to do very much with their toes do they? And feet can do most things. I've tried so I know. Take courage all you little children who have had infantile paralysis and laugh when things go wrong, but always go on trying.

Shirley Ross.

A MESSAGE typed by Shirley Ross, and signed by her—all done by her feet. Her arms are paralysed.



SHIRLEY ROSS, 21-year-old crippled girl, who trained her feet to do the services her paralyzed arms were unable to perform.

"I have my own bridle," she explained when asked if she rode, "but I don't take any more risks than I can help. If I feel a horse is going to take his head, I simply swing my leg over and slide off. I've had plenty of spills, but nothing serious."

Miss Ross thinks nothing of her own courage. But that is typical of her whole attitude.

Her school life shows this very clearly.

"Didn't you feel out of things at school?"

"Oh no. I used to do the same lessons as the other girls. Of course I couldn't join in their sports, but I was always the class mascot. In fact, they nicknamed me 'Mas,' and never left me out of anything."

"What do you do with your time now?"

"There used to be lots to do when I went regularly to the Children's Hospital."

"But now, nearly all the cases are convalescent and have gone home. I miss that. I loved teaching the children to use their feet."

"Now . . . well, I go out with my friends. I dance quite a lot, I knit and read, but I am rather at a loose end."

"Is there anything that has really beaten you?"

"Not very much," she smiled. "But I can't drive a motor car, and that makes me feel very thwarted, because I could drive one if I had it made for me to a special design, but that is a dream."

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CONCEALS ALL SKIN BLEMISHES

ACID STOMACH IS DANGEROUS

Sufferers from Indigestion
READ THIS

"Stomach trouble, dyspepsia, indigestion, sourness, gas, heartburn, food fermentation, etc., are caused nine times in ten by chronic acid stomach," says a well-known authority.

Burning hydrochloric acid develops in the stomach at an alarming rate. The acid irritates and inflames the delicate stomach lining and often leads to gastritis or stomach ulcers. Don't dose an acid stomach with pepsin or artificial digestants that only give temporary relief from pain by driving the sour, fermenting food out of the stomach into the intestines.

Instead, neutralise or sweeten your acid stomach after meals with a little Salix Magnesia and not only will the pain vanish, but your meals will digest naturally. There is nothing better than Salix Magnesia to sweeten and settle an acid stomach. Your stomach acts and feels fine in just a few minutes. Salix Magnesia can be obtained from your nearest chemist or store. It is safe, reliable, easy, and pleasant to use, is not a laxative, and is not at all expensive.

Betty's "racey" narratives

Beware of the man who wants to put your money on a "cert"

By BETTY GEE

This little story might well begin: Do not trust the gentle stranger who wants to put your money on a certainty. Just listen to my experience—

Some male person a night or two ago tried to lure me into a Turf scheme. He invited me to join in a heavy betting plunge on a horse which he said he owned.

It was in one of Sydney's smartest night haunts, where the heavy artillery of society mix with ordinary, everyday people, and there is always a sprinkling of sport interests.

The horse he said he owned is a particularly good performer, and it had its foot on the till. It was only necessary to say "Go," and there was big money for all.

But I realised at once he was a fraud. The horse belongs to a man I know as well as I know Dickie.

But I did not let on. The patient listener enjoys the real savories of life, so I let him, the spider, spin his web.

The bets would, he said, be made next day. There would not be time in the morning for him to see me before the races.

If I wished to join in the coup I could let him have whatever I wanted on the horse. £10, £20,

or £50, and he would invest it, and return me at least 10 to 1.

I must have been looking my best that night to encourage the thought that I would carry so much in my bag.

I replied that I had only some small change, but I would phone a friend who was coming on to join our party to bring "the necessary."

Dickie and I slipped away quietly out of the nightclub, into the night, and I haven't seen the Midnight Urger from that day to this.

In its way it was a good tip he gave, though. It created a hunch in my mind that out of the mouths of these people comes wisdom sometimes, so I hid me to the Tuesday meeting at which he said the horse was running, and sure enough it won, and at reasonably good odds, too, 6 to 1.

And that's how I learned another lesson from the book of the Turf.

This man isn't a "hanger-on." He works in a Randwick stable.

He "works" the nightclubs, too, and this is the modus operandi, so as to deceive his boss, and the rest of the stable staff.

Early to bed

EVERY night he goes to bed as soon as he's had his tea, round about 6.30. He is a model of good behaviour, held up as an example for the younger ragamuffins in the stable who stay out late at night to go to pictures.

He sleeps till 11 o'clock, then when all is quiet he turns on a torch, dons immaculate dress clothes, slips through the window, and off to his nightclub haunts.

He is unlucky if in the week he doesn't pick up somebody who hands him money or promises to put money on the horses he tells him he owns, or is associated with.

Usually he may handle two or three such people, and he has made as much as £50 in a golden week during Easter or Spring carnivals.

One night the leader of an affluent party promised to back "his" horse for £1000, and if it won the tip would be worth £100.

The horse won, and two nights later the sport was there to pay him.

He is on a great wicket. He has all to win, and nothing to lose. He wouldn't invest a farthing of his own money on a horse. He lets other people do that. All he puts into the jackpot is "advice."

Jekyll and Hyde

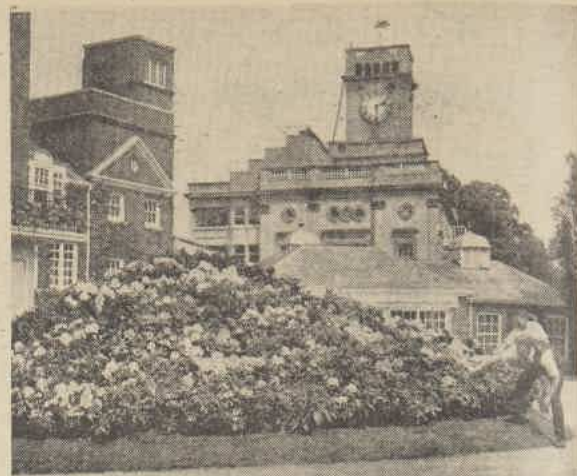
HE'S usually back home from his round of the clubs in time to get another two hours' sleep before dawn.

Then he dresses in his old smelly stable clothes, rides to the track for the morning pipe-openers, and returns to valet the horses in the stable, and then back to bed for another good snooze.

It's a happy life he leads. He has comfortable quarters with a radio set of his own and a radiator. "Won't them in a raffle," he tells the other stable hands. And he has more money than his trainer-employer will ever own because the trainer is a gambler who stakes his own cash on horses.

There are scores who get their living from the Turf as racecourse urgers, but he's the world's only Midnight Turf Adviser.

There is another habitue of the clubs, a harmless old roue who belongs to a respectable racing family,



Ascot racecourse (England) showing the lovely rhododendrons growing near the Royal box which are much admired by Royal visitors.

who pretends to own all the champions about the place.

He is a mere family pensioner and couldn't own the hair of a tail of any of them.

Stable secrets

BUT he's always letting the stable secrets out of the bag.

So now the family tells him just the contrary to stable intentions.

So I improvised a method after seeing so many failures from his tips and others win which he didn't warn us about.

If he says back a horse, I don't. But if there's one in from the stable and he says it's not ready, or doesn't even mention it, I go with a bet, and invariably it wins.

This law of contrary has shown me a handsome profit.

I'm going to cultivate this nightclub habit on a large scale. They say that owners often spill a secret at such places.

Possibly, though, it would cost a fortune in wine to open the mouths of some of those close-lipped Sphinxes of the Turf.

Still, I can see big possibilities in it for a smart little puntress like me.

The races for this week-end are at Moorefield, and Blinky Bill is the big tip for the day.

The Head Waiter gives Bodley Head for the Flying Welter.

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The GRAND PARADE

Hear—

The Story of Our Country Towns — their explorers, pioneers and people in a dramatic Cavalcade.

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GLEN INNES (Aug. 6)	NARRANDERA (Oct. 29)
BARELLAN (Aug. 13)	TRUNDLE (Nov. 5)
QUIRINDI (Aug. 20)	GRENFELL (Nov. 12)
LOCKHART (Aug. 27)	WYONG (Nov. 19)
TAREE (Sept. 3)	BELLINGEN (Nov. 26)
LAKE CARGELLIGO (Sept. 10)	PARRAMATTA (Dec. 3)
YASS (Sept. 17)	NARROMINE (Dec. 10)
NARRABRI (Sept. 24)	COONABARABRAN (Dec. 17)
TEMORA (Oct. 1)	MUSWELLBROOK (Dec. 24)
COONAMBLE (Oct. 8)	CAMDEN (Dec. 31)
KYOGLE (Oct. 15)	

2 GB

Sundays — — — 9.30 p.m.

Joint Pains

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KIDNEYS ARE SLUGGISH

You need a Real Kidney Restorative

The agonising pain of stiff, swollen knees, knuckles and joints is almost invariably due to weak kidneys. These vital organs are the filters of the body. When they become choked up with impurities, they cannot possibly remove excess uric acid from the system. As the uric acid accumulates, it takes the form of tiny sharp-edged crystals which settle in the knees, the fingers and the small of the back, causing constant pain day and night.

The only way to stop the pain is to get the uric acid out of your system. You must wake sluggish kidneys to healthy action. They need cleansing and strengthening.

Start taking De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills to-day. Within 24 hours from the first dose you will have proof positive that these are specially prepared to cleanse and strengthen weak kidneys.

10 YEARS' AGONY ENDED

Mrs. R. R. Wall, of 94, Wells Street, Newtown, Sydney, N.S.W., says:—"I am 42 years of age and have suffered continually for 10 years from joint pains, pains in the back and headaches caused by uric acid. A friend recommended me to try your De Witt's Pills and I have not yet finished one bottle and my pains have vanished like magic, and I feel young again. I am very thankful for this marvellous relief, and shall always recommend De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills to all my friends."

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Wrong treatment or neglect will wreck your health. That is why you should get your De Witt's Pills to-day. Take two to-night. They will cleanse and strengthen your kidneys. These quick-action pills show their cleansing action 24 hours after the first dose.

Carry on with De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills and you will find a few doses give you relief from pain; you will soon be feeling and looking really strong and well. Persevere with this finest of all kidney restoratives and all the pain caused by weak, sluggish kidneys will go for good.

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MATERNITY should be the most beautiful time of your life! Because Farmer's feels that the glory of motherhood deserves lovely frocking, these maternity gowns were designed to give you complete grace, freshness, charm right up to baby's arrival.

Left: Imported gown of heavy-weight silk, adjustable cross-over effect. Blk., navy, teal, 34", 38", **79/6**

Right: Sleeveless contee over one-piece frock. Black, navy or navy floral. 22 in. to 38 in. bust, **57/6**

Maternity Gown Salon, Second Floor

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A. GROSGRAIN sailor, dash of contrast. Blk., white, navy. **14/11**

B. SHEER turban in black, navy, white, brown, amber gold. **16/11**

C. JERSEY muffin brim; black, white, navy or amber gold. **18/11**

D. GROSGRAIN high-crown with droop brim. Black, navy. **14/11**

Third Floor. Don't forget Farmer's easy lay-by!—1/- in 5/- deposit.



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Haberdashery, Ground Floor



FOR PIE-BAKING

This whimsical 'Servex' Pie Chef does sterling kitchen duty by keeping pastry from the contents of pies, allowing both to bake evenly and well. Unbreakable through heat, priced, **1/6**

Lower Ground Floor, Freight extra



STOCK-TAKING CLEARANCE

We discovered them while stock-taking. Remnants. So now they clear at huge savings!

Usually 39/6. Harkness brown kid gusset court. 24-64, not in each of three styles. **20/-**

Usually 23/9. Blue, black or brown kid derby tie. All sizes, but not in each colour. **18/9**

Usually 19/9. Brown, burgundy, blue, black grained calf derby. Most sizes. Now **15/9**

Third Floor. No mail, 'phone orders.



After-sale savings
on undies of

Milanese

Gleaming, flattering silks to caress your skin like a kiss... lovely undies in heavy quality milanese, a perfect weight for present wear and later. Wonderful value at these reduced prices.

USUALLY 8/11, left, suede milanese slip, trimmed with mesh medallions. Pink, white, SW. to OS. **6/10**

USUALLY 16/11, right, nightdress of swami milanese with lace motifs. Pink, blue, SW, W, OS. **9/10**

Underwear, Fourth Floor. Mail orders



Outside in August

Savings on cosy knitteds for
an active month

Fresh, smiling days when you'll have urges for long country rambles, rounds of golf, thrills on horseback... for all the delightful activities of August you'll love these light-hearted woollies, specially reduced to clear after the Sale. Be early!

Usually 18/11. Scarfed cardigan in bunny-soft wool. Broken range of sizes and colours, and all priced now **15/11**

Usually 10/11, 8/11. Brush wool pullover. Brok. range. L/sleeves, 10/11 now **8/11**. Short sleeves, 8/11, now **6/11**

Sportswear, Second Floor. No mail, 'phone orders



MARY MAGUIRE checks her engagement book with her Sealgham for company in her London flat.

MARY MAGUIRE to marry English Fascist captain

"Woman's place is home," says fiancé; so star will make fewer pictures

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in London

After a whirlwind courtship, Australian film star Mary Maguire is to marry an Englishman whom she met a few months ago.

Her engagement has been announced in London to Captain Robert Gordon Canning, a member of a well-known English family and prominent Fascist.

"WOMAN'S place is in the home," says the prospective bridegroom, and it is understood Mary will make only occasional films.

They plan to be married in the middle of August in the private chapel at the Canning family seat, Hartpury, Gloucestershire.

Capt. Gordon-Canning, after his retirement from the army, was a prominent member of the British Union of Fascists.

FAMILY CHARMED BY HIS LOVELY FIANCÉE!



Her skin so radiantly healthy and naturally beautiful thanks to **REXONA SOAP**

MORE THAN A BEAUTY SOAP—

a Complete Skin Treatment

BEAUTY is a woman's greatest asset—and skin health means skin beauty. Make sure of loveliness by using Rexona Medicated Soap. Its medications correct a dull skin and beautify a normal one.

CADYL, compound of medications, guards against PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, COARSE PORES, ROUGHNESS and REDNESS

Minute particles of dust and grit in the air cause blemishes and make Rexona a necessary skin care. Rexona is the only soap medicated with Cadyl. This highly protective com-

pound of medications reaches the very source of blemishes... gently draws away germ-laden dust from the depths of the pores. Slacked tissues are then toned up and your skin left radiant with health, naturally lovely.



Baby's skin needs **REXONA SOAP** protection against Rashes and Chafing

Baby's tender skin needs Rexona. Its medications guard against rashes, chafing and all common ailments. To cure Cradle Cap use Rexona Soap and Rexona Ointment together.

Your hair shines with added lustre after a **REXONA SOAP Shampoo**



Your hair will have a lovelier, silkier sheen after a Rexona Soap Shampoo. Rexona's medications reach the hair roots, remove dandruff and stimulate the scalp. Your hair is left healthy... more beautiful.

Wonderful Skin Treatment... **REXONA SOAP** and OINTMENT together

Should your skin not respond quickly to Rexona Soap then use Rexona Soap and Ointment together. This healing skin treatment ends blemishes—leaves the skin healthy, clear and unmarked.

TREATMENT: Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear Rexona Ointment on the affected parts.

Also extra large Tins, three times the quantity, 3/-



These revitalising medications in **REXONA SOAP** mean clear healthy skin

EMOLLIENTS—to soothe and soften and heal.

NUTRIENTS—to nourish and revive.

ASTRINGENTS—to refine pores and improve texture.

TONIC ELEMENTS—to stimulate and strengthen vital tissues.



REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED



UNITY FREEMAN-MITFORD, English girl Fascist, who is a friend of Hitler. Mary Maguire is likely to make her acquaintance, as she is also a friend of Mary's fiancé.

though for the last six months he has taken no part in the activities of the party.

Mary, wearing an enormous solitaire diamond engagement ring, was interviewed by The Australian Women's Weekly at her engagement dinner party.

"I have no Fascist sympathies," she said, "and do not intend to take part in my fiancé's political life. I hope to remain wise enough after my marriage to stay outside the ambit of Robert's political activities."

"I was given my big chance in Hollywood, where there are many Jews. It would be both ungrateful and unkind of me to ally myself because of marriage with the Fascist Party."

Although she is taking no part in politics, Mary will probably go to Nuremberg for the Nazi Party rally in September, which her fiancé usually attends.

She is also bound to be thrown much in the company of the Freeman-Mitford sisters, who are friends of Hitler. Captain Gordon-Canning is a close friend of Sir Oswald Mosley, who married Diana Freeman-Mitford.

Parents at Cannes

MARY'S parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mick Maguire, formerly of Melbourne and Brisbane, are at present at Cannes. They will not be coming to England for the wedding.

The only relative present will be Mary's sister Joan, who will be her bridesmaid. Miles Mander, the film and stage actor, who introduced Mary to her fiancé, will be best man.

After making several pictures in Australia Mary went to Hollywood in 1936. She became very popular in the film colony and made many friends.



IN SWITZERLAND. Mary Maguire went to the snow country to recuperate after a recent illness.

Numerous rumors of her engagement to various men were denied.

Roy Randolph, a tap-dancer, Bernie Williams, a young man in Warner Bros.' publicity department, Eddie Bergen, the ventriloquist, Howard Hughes, the millionaire aviator, Alfred Vanderbilt, another millionaire who sent her orchids every day, Michael Brooke (the Earl of Warwick), Tom Browne, a young film actor who played in her first American film, and the veteran producer Joseph Schenck have all been rumored to be engaged to Mary at different times.

Mary visited her parents at Cannes on her first holiday from work since she broke her ankle in June on the set of "An Englishman's Home."

She returned to the studio as soon as she was able to hobble round with a stick for support, to finish work in the picture.

Six months ago Mary collapsed on the set at Elstree and was rushed to a nursing home, where she was operated on for appendicitis. She went to Switzerland to recuperate.

Film contract

MARY signed a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox—Joseph Schenck's concern—last year, at a salary equivalent to £125 a week, rising in seven years to £625 a week.

She went to England from Hollywood shortly after signing the contract. A few days after she sailed from New York, 60-year-old Joseph Schenck booked his passage to London. Both denied rumors of their engagement, Mary saying:

"I am much too busy with my career to think of marriage with anybody."

In her first English picture she appeared with Grace Fields.

Four months ago her Twentieth Century-Fox contract was bought by Associated British Films, and Mary began to look for a house near the Elstree studios to accommodate her whole family, as she planned to stay in England indefinitely.

The Gordon-Canning family are a 13th century family with a seat in Gloucestershire. Capt. Gordon-Canning's mother, the late Mrs. W. J. Gordon-Canning, and aunt, Lady Currie, made many Australian friends during the war, when they entertained overseas people on a large scale.

Mary's fiancé was educated at Eton, was in the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars in 1906, and the 16th Royal Hussars, from 1908 to 1915.

The Movie World

July 29, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

First Page

Brilliant movie party



THE Basil Rathbones are Hollywood's leading host and hostess. These candid camera shots were taken at their lawn party, held last month, which was the year's most brilliant social function.



• Loretta Young receives the proper attentions a gentleman should extend to a lovely lady as she finishes a dance with fellow film star and popular young man-about-town Jimmy Stewart.



• A gay group of screen notables who attended the Rathbone party. Left to right, seated, are Mrs. Gary Cooper, Errol Flynn and Dolores del Rio. Mrs. Rathbone stands behind.



• Not Hedy Lamarr, but Joan Bennett, with brunette tresses. The candid camera spots the lovely star in pensive mood at the Rathbone party—about to light up a cigarette, while awaiting the return of devoted swain Walter Wanger.

★

Far more lovely—

SINCE SHE
BEGAN TO
REVEAL HER OWN
NATURAL CHARM

Merle Oberon, Samuel Goldwyn Star, is a dramatic example of how a change in make-up can effect a complete transformation... once the slightly unreal exotic, now with Max Factor Color Harmony Make-up, the natural, charming beauty.

You too may have unrevealed loveliness in your face... let Max Factor bring it out, dramatise it! 96% of Hollywood Stars use Max Factor Make-up... Powder, Rouge and Lipstick for blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead.

By filling in the coupon below you will receive from Max Factor* Hollywood, your Personal Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Chart, which lists the correct shades for your individual type.

Sold at all leading stores and chemists, and the Max Factor Salon, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney.

Max Factor's, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney, Australia: Send Max Factor's purse-size Rouge sampler and Lipstick palette. I enclose sixpence in stamps to cover postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-up chart and 48-page illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-up" by Max Factor.

	Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
NAME	Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
ADDRESS	Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Oily <input type="checkbox"/>
	Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE	Normal <input type="checkbox"/>
	Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	LIPS
CITY	Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	Moist <input type="checkbox"/>
	Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
STATE	Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES	REDHEAD	AGE
	Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
		Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	At hair is grey, check type above and hair	

NEW! MAX FACTOR'S
NORMALIZING
CLEANSING CREAM



The sensational new kind of cleansing cream that "agrees" with your skin whether it is dry, oily or normal.

Max Factor
Hollywood & London

Representatives for Australia:
Fred C. James and
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Diary of a film deb.

● June Duprez, new English beauty, adjusts her Victorian veil for a riding scene in London Films' "Four Feathers."

● A charming study of this intriguing brunette, who tells here the exciting experience of becoming a leading lady in British pictures.



MONDAY—

Agent phoned—wants me to go down to London Films' studio tomorrow afternoon, see about part in "Four Feathers." Got to be there at three. Must get hair fixed extra special. Though don't expect anything will come of it.

Agent phoned again. Can I show the director, Zoltan Korda, test of myself? Told him there is a test of me made at another studio, but it'll cost £15 to buy it.

Had only £15 in world, and was saving it to buy that silver fox cape. Agent said forget furs, buy test. This may be my big chance. Agreed—but did want that fox cape.

TUESDAY.—What a day! Got to Denham Studio in Buckinghamshire looking like death—of course, just my luck. Took test with me. Dozens of girls there. All looked lovely. Waited while other girls saw Zoltan Korda. At six was told that was all for to-day. They had my test, and would I come down again to-morrow? Knew it was hopeless, but said yes.

WEDNESDAY.—Saw Zoltan Korda. Very nice, and I didn't feel so nervous after all. He'd seen my test—liked it. I got very thrilled when he said I must be tested again—in color. Other girls were also being tested, and when my turn came was so miserable.

Couldn't remember my lines, or anything. Oh, dear—know I'll never be any good, shall give up acting (or trying to). They were very nice to me, but know I am a flop. Haven't eaten all day. Don't feel hungry anyway. Just dog-tired.

THURSDAY.—Well, I wasn't so bad after all! Zoltan Korda sent for me again. Went down to Denham in a coma. Mr. Korda (Z.) talked to me; then took me to see Mr. Alexander Korda, the head of London Films. He said lovely things about my film tests. Waited in other office while they went into

"The fortnight which made me a real film actress"

By . . .

June Duprez
from London

conference about me. It was frightful waiting.

Was sent for again, and Mr. Korda saw me and said, "O.K., Miss Duprez." Just realised nothing was said about what film I'm to be in. Perhaps it won't be "Four Feathers" after all.

FRIDAY.—At studio at 8 a.m. for "stills." They photographed me all day. Mostly close-ups from a million angles. Camera and lights jammed against my face, and the heat terrific. Don't know how I stood it. Cameraman let me relax and drink tea once.

He says I'll get used to the strain. Then he said, "All stars do," and that thrilled me. Still don't know the film I'm to be in. Suppose it won't be "Four Feathers." Too much to hope for. Haven't eaten. Dog-tired.

SATURDAY.—It is "Four Feathers" after all! So happy, cried all evening. Knew when was photographed this morning with John Clements, the actor. He's got big part in it. Told "officially" by Zoltan Korda later. Had my hair done three different styles.

Spent three hours with head inside the drier, cut off from the world with only that horrid buzzing all the time. Made me feel funny and isolated.

SUNDAY.—Discovered lost four pounds in weight, so spent all day in bed. Wrote letters and phoned friends and everybody the news! Can't believe it's true. It can't be!

MONDAY.—More "stills." Heavens! Don't they know what my face looks like yet? Shall smell film developer all my life! I am getting used to being photographed, though,

as the cameraman said I would. While I was changing into another dress a man stood outside the little dressing cubicle and shouted hundreds of questions at me. Later I was told he's from the publicity department. Goodness knows what I told him! My eyebrows have been utterly changed. I told them not to, but they took no notice. And how it hurts, too.

TUESDAY.—Photographed with John Clements all morning. Tried dresses on all afternoon. Wear Victorian bustle in first part of film—and old-fashioned whaleboned corsets! I had two people pulling in my waist for hours.

When they made it three inches smaller I fainted. They brought me round and gave me a cup of tea. Then was told I'd have to ride in the dress and corsets—nearly fainted again.

WEDNESDAY.—Too tired to write a word. Didn't eat anything, but managed to sit and talk to Rene Hubert, who is designing the dresses.

THURSDAY.—Was given shooting script of "Four Feathers" to-day. Am learning to ride side-saddle. Fell off once, but it was all right. Tried to eat lunch to-day, but was too busy being interviewed by two men from the newspapers. Enjoyed it a lot. In bed now, reading script.

FRIDAY.—Rehearsed scenes with Clements. Zoltan Korda took rehearsals. Terribly nervous (me, I mean) at first. But began to get into skin of part (the girl's called Ethne) and forgot about being nervous any more.

We rehearsed in special room, and Korda explained in great detail all about Ethne. He absolutely made her live for me. Oh, it is fascinating work. Told won't go to Sudan with others. Disappointed. Ate enormous lunch to-day. First time since I've been here. Start shooting Monday morning at 8.

Who are the most popular...

Girls about town in Hollywood?

THE BELLE OF THE COLONY'S BACHELORS WILL SURPRISE YOU

From BARBARA BOURCHIER, in Hollywood

YOUNG man, if you were suddenly transported to Hollywood, with all movie-dom's glamorous young women at hand, whom would you choose to take out?

Most of you would probably make a bee line for some exotic young girl, such as Ann Sheridan or Hedy Lamarr—or perhaps Norma Shearer or Joan Crawford would interest you.

But not so the Hollywood young men about town.

They show a distinct preference for one fresh-faced, twenty-one-year-old ingenue named Jane Bryan.

Jane, at the moment, can claim the biggest number of escorts in Hollywood.

Flowers for Jane

THIS attractive, but by no means exotic, young thing is seen at the night spots with most of the more discriminating and eligible young men about movie town. That very particular and popular cavalier, James Stewart, heads her list of "permanents."

A daily tribute of flowers awaits her each morning from David Lewis, a producer at Warners', while Eddie Albert, David Niven, and a round dozen others eagerly ply her with invitations.

As for the escorts themselves—and Cupid has wreaked havoc in the ranks of late—top marks for popularity still go to James Stewart.

Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, and Ann Sheridan are some of the

famous glamor girls Jimmy squires round town.

While we're on the subject, we must mention that glamorous Virginia Bruce gets Hollywood limelight as favorite young matron.

The bright Younger Set never fail to include her in their gay parties. Nor do the staid young marrieds in their select afternoon teas.

And the oldsters among film folk just love her!

That goes for women as well as men, in spite of Virginia's breath-taking beauty.

In a more limited field, Gloria Stuart enjoys special popularity.

She's happily married to Arthur Sheekman, and a prime favorite with the young married group—Johnny Farrow and wife Maureen O'Sullivan, Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald, Margaret Sullivan and her husband.

And speaking of popularity, whom do you think gets the most proposals in Hollywood?

Again, not Norma Shearer, or Joan Crawford, or even Bette Davis—but middle-aged Spring Byington, placid, sweet-faced wife and mother of the Jones Family series and other films as well.

She receives more proposals in her fan mail than any other movie actress.

A hundred and one proposals a month has been Spring's average during the past fourteen months—three times as many as the most popular "glamor" girl receives.

So you see glamor doesn't necessarily make for popularity. More likely it's sweet womanliness that counts.



● Lovely Gloria Stuart, Fox featured player, a favorite in Hollywood's sectional society and one of the most promising of the screen's younger leading ladies.

Movie hosts to... ROYALTY

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS FROM OVERSEAS HAVE BROUGHT NEW GAIETY TO MANY MOVIE PARTIES

HOLLYWOOD has been enjoying the fuller life lately—with plenty of distinguished visitors, and a more than usually gay party whirl.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Norway were in town for a day, and everybody who was anybody turned out to welcome them.

Hollywood has become accustomed to blue blood since the Earl of Warwick (Michael Brooke) and Princess Baba of Sarawak took up residence.

But it is not often that Royalty comes to town.

Every movie notable who could manage to get off from work turned up at the station to meet the Royal pair on their arrival from New York.

Twentieth Century-Fox, proud sponsors of Sonja Henie, Norway's most famous daughter, took a proprietary interest in the visitors, and invited them to look over the studio.

Producer Joseph Schenck, with Sonja at his elbow, did the honors, and interrupted work on "The Rains Came" set to present Tyrone Power and Myrna Loy.

Visit to studio

THE Crown Prince and Princess talked to these players for half an hour. Later, they were amused by that excitable director, Gregory Ratoff, who shouted instructions in amazing English to the players.

Then Mr. Schenck bore the Royal pair off to an official dinner, and Hollywood's big day was over.

Another entity who is causing considerable excitement in Hollywood now is Elsa Maxwell—yes, THE Elsa—famous in America and Europe for her eccentric parties.

Elsa is New York's best-known

hostess, and the leader of "cave society." She invented the "barnyard" party, the "come as you were when you received your invitation" party, and other piquant entertainments.

Now she's introducing a new note of gaiety into Hollywood's brighter life.

England's Duchess of Westminster called on Hollywood, and, in her inimitable style, Elsa managed to secure her as guest of honor for a dinner party—right from under the noses of Hollywood hostesses.

Danced on terrace

ELSA staged this lavish dinner and supper affair at Constance Bennett's luxurious home.

It was a really dazzling evening, with, again, every movie Big Name present.

Thirty guests sat down to dinner. A hundred more accepted invitations for supper and dancing—to the tunes of the best dance band in town.

A special dance floor was laid on the terrace—and protected from the weather by a huge tent.

The Earl of Warwick, the Princess Conchita Pignatelli, Prince San Faustino, were there. So were the Ronald Colmans, the Jack Warners, Mary Pickford, Mr. and Mrs. Doug Fairbanks, jun., and the David O. Selznicks.

And—what a change for casual Hollywood!—this party wore formal evening dress.

As well, Hollywood society is just recovering from its first mad rush of parties to welcome back home-coming elopers.

Now, as one happy newly-wed couple after another moves into an establishment for two, a coming spate of "house-warming" functions is keeping up the party spirit.

Hearty slap for Fred MacMurray

SLAPPING his charming leading ladies has been the task of Fred MacMurray in all his latest pictures.

Now the tables are turned. In his latest film, "Invitation to Happiness," Fred is slapped—and heartily—by Irene Dunne. And he doesn't slap back!

And is Fred pleased about the whole thing?

"I feel a new man already," he says. "Those coy fellows, the writers, have had me punching women around in so many pictures that I was beginning to feel a menace."

"I could just hear millions of mothers telling their infant daughters: 'If you're not good I'll get Fred MacMurray to slap you.'"

Pleased about it!

I HAD to slap Carole Lombard. I had to slap Claudette Colbert. I had to slap Madeleine Carroll. I had to throw a glass of water in Marion Martin's face.

"Every time a writer heard he was working on a picture I was to be in, he dashed off a little scene in which I took a punch at the star."

"But now Irene Dunne has slapped me, and all is forgiven."

"It happens on a park bench. I start telling her about a swell blonde I know in a night club."

"I ought to slap your face," says Irene, and promptly does. And boy! she really delivered. We made six takes and rehearsals of that scene, and she let fly like a champion every time."

"And I loved it! Afterwards she told me she was avenging Carole and Claudette and Madeleine and Marion and all the rest of them."

"It's all O.K. with me. The girls are even—and my friends are calling me by name again."



● This glamorous person is Gloria Stuart—and one of the movie colony's popular matrons! She's married to Arthur Sheekman and leads the younger married clan.

Housewife?



Your Hands Can be As Smooth as These

Housework, washing, sun and wind are constantly drying out of your hands the supply of "skin-vitamin," vitamin A, which is essential to skin health and beauty. That's why hands get rough and old-looking. But now you can restore this precious vitamin direct to your skin... now you can keep hands soft, smooth and alluring, no matter how busy you are, with Pond's Hand Lotion containing "skin-vitamin" the same "skin-vitamin" as in Pond's two famous creams. Pond's Hand Lotion feels silky on your skin. Not a bit sticky or greasy. 1/- a bottle at all stores and chemists.

POND'S HAND LOTION

Containing Active "Skin-Vitamin"

USE POND'S EVERY TIME YOU WASH YOUR HANDS



1 **IRENE** and Vernon Castle meet and fall in love at a picnic.



2 **THEY** practise dancing together in her home.



3 **THEIR** friends, Edna May Oliver and Walter Brennan, encourage the pair in their new career.



4 **THEIR** debut in Paris as a dance-team makes them internationally famous.



5 **ON** outbreak of the Great War, Vernon, an able pilot, joins the R.A.F.



6 **WHEN** he gets Paris leave, he and Irene dance again.



Meal Shirker! Janet makes breakfast a bedlam. Whimpers. Won't eat!



(TWO HOURS LATER, Janet's father 'phones up from his office) "Bob says that Molly and he had the same trouble with their youngsters as we're having with Janet. Then Molly found out about that—"



—Snap! Crackle! and Pop!—of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. Every Mummy and Daddy should take Bob's tip. There are fairies in every heaped-up plate of crackly Rice Bubbles, and as the milk pours over them they sing—"Snap! Crackle! and Pop!" Children love to eat up this magic breakfast... Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are easy to digest. Highly rich in nourishment and energy value.



CHOCOLATE CRACKLES—Ingredients: 5 ozs. Rice Bubbles (4 cups), 2 1/2 ozs. fine coconut (1 cup), 8 ozs. icing sugar, 3/4 ozs. cocoa (3 tablespoons), 1 ozs. Copha. Method: Stir dry ingredients together, melt Copha and pour over them. Mix thoroughly, spoon into paper cup containers and allow to set. Enough for 30 or 36 Chocolate Crackles.

Famous Dancers from Life

• **THE FIRST**, and perhaps the greatest, of modern dance-teams lives again on the screen. RKO Radio's "Life of Vernon and Irene Castle," as played by Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, is biography of the truest and most exciting kind. Irene Castle herself acted as adviser through the picture. The story follows their fortunes from their romantic meeting in pre-war New York to their international success—and their lives in the Great War.

Will act the life of an actor

THE much-discussed film, "The Life of Rudolph Valentino," looks like reaching the screen this year.

It will be the first film to be made on the life of a movie actor.

Producer Edward Small, who bought the rights to Valentino's life story over a year ago, has been looking for an actor to play the leading role ever since.

He is now reported to have settled on Del Casino, a former singer in New York night clubs and on the radio.

Small has had Casino under contract for the past four months, coaching him for the role.

Occasionally—not very often—an actor takes hold of the public's imagination, makes a place for himself on the screen that can never be filled.

Valentino was one. Since his death, Hollywood has been searching for an actor with the same virile, romantic appeal.

Marie Dressler was another. Since her death, over three years ago, nobody—not even May Robson—has been able to take her place.

Producers have given up looking for a second Lon Chaney. They turned Hollywood inside out to find someone to play the title role in a remake of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," and finally came back to Chaney.

The dead actor's son, Lon Chaney, Jr., is to have the part.

Hiking is my Number One Interest, and No. 1 BLOCK is my Number One Chocolate.



8^p 4^{lb}.
1 4 1/2 lb.

No. 1 BLOCK 'NUT MILK'—one of the four excitingly new No. 1 BLOCK varieties—MacRobertson's famous "Extra Cream" chocolate with delicious toasted nuts. The other No. 1 BLOCK varieties are "Old Gold," "Fruit and Nut," "Extra Cream"—all in the smart new packs.

MacRobertson's
NO. 1 BLOCK CHOCOLATE

THE S-M-O-D-T-N-EST

EVER MADE

SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO



Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

AUSTRALIAN May Robson, seventy-four and still going strong, has been signed by RKO for an important role in the screen story of Nurse Edith Cavell. English Herbert Wilcox is producing the film in Hollywood, with Anna Neagle as star.

May Robson was recently chosen in a poll taken among three hundred Hollywood film critics as the actress giving the best supporting performance of the month. This was for her work in "Kid From Kokomo."

"GONE WITH THE WIND," which has been in production since January, is nearing completion at last. For the past few weeks the company has been working in two units, with two directors, Victor Fleming and Sam Wood, handling separately scenes in which Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable do not appear together.

This is an unusual procedure, but something had to be done to hurry up the picture, which has already cost producer David Selznick nearly three million dollars.

AFTER looking Hollywood over for a suitable home for a family of four—themselves and their two youngsters—Joan Blondell and Dick Powell have bought Fay Wray's house in Beverly Hills.

SIGRID GURIE, who made an auspicious screen beginning in "Marco Polo" and "Algiers," then seemed to be forgotten by Hollywood, has been signed up by Universal.

THEATRE ROYAL

For British Limited Season. Nightly at 8. Matinee Wed and Sat. at 2. J. C. WILLIAMSON'S THEATRES ANNOUNCE Miss Charlotte Greenwood America's First Lady of Comedy in "LEAVING ON LETTY" With her own American cast. PLAYS AT PALMBOY AND THEATRE ROYAL. Matinee Sales at Hilliers (Next Theatre).

2.30 and 8 p.m. **TIVOLI** 2.30 and 8 p.m.

Frank Neil proudly presents the World Famous Oriental Stage and Screen star.

ANNA MAY WONG

in HIGHLIGHTS OF HOLLYWOOD, with Betty Burgess and Sonny Lamont. Androl Bros., Joaquin Garay, Hugo Wilson, Every & Wilcox, Jack Lane, and Alfredo & DeLoren, and the 6 Danwells. Play at Palling's, Nicholson's, Tivoli (360835).

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★★ DARK VICTORY

(Week's Best Release.) Bette Davis, George Brent. (Warners.)

BETTE DAVIS in this tragic drama does the finest work of her career.

You have known Bette as a great actress before. But here, in her first really sympathetic modern role, she is a great personality as well.

"Dark Victory" is a study of a girl—a wilful, rich girl, who lives for hunting, horses and parties, and then finds out that she is doomed to die.

You are with that girl in her terror, her love, her recklessness, her resignation and her courage—and you forget that an actress is playing a role. You are not witnessing Bette Davis—you are living with that girl, Judy Traherne.

"Dark Victory" has other people in its cast—notably Geraldine Fitzgerald, the new Irish actress whose performance as Judy's secretary and friend is memorable. Geraldine has the type of honest appeal which you must appreciate for yourself.

Humphrey Bogart as Judy's trainer; George Brent as her doctor, then her friend and her lover; Ronald Reagan and Cora Witherspoon as her rich, sponging friends, are all fine. And Warner Bros. have given their star the tribute of harmonious direction and production.

But it is Bette Davis who makes "Dark Victory" the poignant drama, and the unforgettable film.—Century; showing.

★★ STAGECOACH

John Wayne, Claire Trevor. (Walter Wanger.)

A JOURNEY of a stagecoach through Apache country of over 50 years ago, with the ever-present threat of Indian attack, makes a red-blooded adventure drama of this film.

But the passengers of the stage coach make it an exceedingly human document as well.

The special quality which this film possesses, and which lifts it right out of the current epic Western vogue, is its careful delineation of character. There are no big stars in the film to overshadow the others. And everybody gives perfect cameo-like performances in their respective parts. Consequently, you get nine superb, varied characterizations, and a very much richer story.

Just as a sample, you have travelling on the stage coach Claire Trevor, a woman of ill repute; John Wayne, an outlaw being returned to prison; John Carradine, a gambler; Thomas Mitchell, an ebullient frontier doctor; George Bancroft, the marshal; and Louise Platt, a matron hurrying to join her soldier husband.

A motley gathering—and out of this epic journey of the stagecoach come humor, pathos, brilliant panoramic studies of the gaunt, arid Arizona desert country, and rare moments of excitement.

The running fight between the stagecoach passengers and the Apaches is thrillingly presented.

Only weakness—a lapse into conventional Western action at the end.—Regent; showing.

★★★ FOUR JUST MEN

Anna Lee, Lydia Isherwood. (A.T.P.)

THERE is genuine excitement in this thriller, which cleverly sets a spy story against picturesque London backgrounds.

And you will be delighted with the humor, which, without destroying your suspense, makes the people and their adventures vividly real.

The "Four Just Men" are patriots, who come across a threatening plot by a foreign power—and trace the plotters from a luxurious Mayfair flat, into an exclusive dress salon, and, finally, into the very Houses of Parliament.

Yes, the plot is based upon that classic Edgar Wallace yarn. But the English company of Associated Talking Pictures has brought it up to date, and introduced topical references to rearmament and Empire defence.

The whole thing is very well done, although the suppression of the identity of "The Four Just Men" by the studio—supposedly because of the present international situation—strikes me as very far-fetched.

In any case, if you know English

Watch Our Film Gradings

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average

No stars—below average.

films, you will know the four actors straight away—and very good they are, too.

Pretty fair-haired Anna Lee appears among the supporting cast as an inquisitive girl reporter who finds romance as well as danger when she stumbles upon the lives of "The Four Just Men." And veteran Athole Stewart makes a splendidly worried police commissioner.—Lyceum; showing.

★ THE SUN NEVER SETS

Doug Fairbanks, jun., Basil Rathbone. (Universal.)

THE British Empire has been glorified before on the screen, but rarely so wholeheartedly as in this exciting, if sensational, adventure melodrama.

Never has the Union Jack been waved so enthusiastically as in this Hollywood film.

Action is divided between London and the South African Gold Coast—but the Gold Coast is the place where the important action takes place.

Basil Rathbone and Doug Fairbanks, jun., play the British brothers, the last of a long line of Empire-builders, who live—and die, if necessary—for their country. Basil is unwavering in his loyalty, but Doug is rebellious against putting patriotism before personal happiness.

They are sent out to investigate the suspicious activities of a mysterious war-mongering scientist (Lionel Atwill), and there, after his brother has been disgraced through Doug's incompetence, the latter learns true service to country.

Rathbone and Fairbanks are adequate in roles which demand no subtlety of characterisation. C. Aubrey Smith, that Grand Old Englishman of the screen, is far more human as Grandfather Randolph, who sends the brothers off proudly to their duty.—State; showing.

★ STREETS OF NEW YORK

Jackie Cooper, Martin Spellman. (Monogram.)

EXCELLENT fare for the family's weekly picture treat. An entertaining and human story of a new-boy's pursuit of mutual trust and kindness in midst of jibing young hoodlans.

Excitement is here, and so is moral uplift. The youngsters will love it, and you will love them to see it. . . . And enjoy yourself thoroughly as well.

Jackie Cooper is fine as the adolescent Jimmy, a newsboy who studies law at nights, but who is handicapped by a racketeering brother, Dick Curtis.

Martin Spellman plays the crippled lad whom Cooper befriends and shelters. Around their lives and the antagonism of a tough gang of young hoodlans a pleasing, sentimental little story is built.

Jackie and Martin divide the acting honors—equally.—Capitol; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★ Confessions of a Nazi Spy. Edward G. Robinson, Paul Lukas in sensationally frank and thrilling spy drama.—Mayfair, 4th week.

★★ Carnet de Bal. Marie Bell, Louis Jouvet in haunting French drama.—Savoy, 3rd week.

★★ Dodge City. Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland in grand epic Western.—Plaza, 3rd week.

★ The Lady's From Kentucky. Ellen Drew, George Raft in fair race-track drama.—Prince Edward, 2nd week.

To Relieve Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises

Persons suffering from catarrhal deafness, or who are growing hard of hearing and have head noises will be glad to know that this distressing affliction can now be successfully treated at home by an internal medicine that in every instance has effected complete relief after other treatments have failed. Sufferers who could scarcely hear have had their hearing restored to such an extent that the tick of a watch was plainly audible seven or eight inches away from either ear. Therefore, if you know of someone who is troubled with head noises or catarrhal deafness, cut out this formula and hand it to them and you may have been the means of saving some poor sufferer perhaps from total deafness. The prescription can be prepared at home and is made as follows:

Secure from your chemist 1 ounce Parment (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it a pint of hot water and a little sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day.

Parment is used in this way not only to reduce by tonic action the inflammation and swelling in the Eustachian Tubes, and thus to equalise the air pressure on the drum, but to correct any excess of secretions in the middle ear, and the results it gives are quick and effective.

Every person who has catarrh in any form, or distressing rumbling, hissing sounds in their ears, should give this recipe a trial.



Sewing, embroidery and crochet cottons that are a joy to use, owing to their resistance and their supple, silky finish. Lasting satisfaction is ensured by reason of their uniform strength, undimmed brilliance and unequalled dyes.

high quality fast colours

can be procured from all art needlework stores.

D.M.C.

STOP RHEUMATISM KIDNEY & BLADDER TROUBLES this way

Keep blood, nerves, joints, muscles free from acids, poisons, deposits, kidney free from germs, and back, joint, limb, head, pain, rheumatism, lethargy and weakness will go. To do this, take Harrison's Pills. London doctor's remedy, best, fastest, safest for young or old, weak or robust. From all Chemists 2/-, 3/-, and 5/- Money back if Pains don't go!

HARRISON'S PILLS
Remove the Cause!

RED 107-589

Two-thousand acre farm run by two girls

Shearing time is busiest—they
cook for 15 hungry men

Two girls in their teens, Mary and Joan Idiens, sisters, of Goolagong, near Cowra, say they have the most interesting job in the world, running a farm of 2000 acres.

Mary is aged nineteen, Joan seventeen. Their farm produces both wool and wheat, and the girls work the seasons round making a living from the earth.

Up each morning at magpie call, Mary and Joan commence their day's work.

"A HARD life, you think?"
Joan says.

"Well, to city girls it may seem to be.

"A rigorous life in the Central West may seem to the city girl poor compensation for the loss of city glamor.

"She might think it a poor substitute for theatres, dances, crowds, surfing, and all those things that make city life attractive and exciting.

"But neither Mary nor I would share her opinion.

"We are never bored on our farm, the work is so interesting. And we're never lonely. There is so much to do."

"So much to do," not "too much to do." That is the keynote of the Idiens sisters.

They enjoy the responsibility imposed on them by their father. He gave them the land, and it is their job to make a success of it.

They have tackled that job with determination and spirit.

When ploughing or wheat harvesting is to be done both girls take a turn at driving the tractor. They ride when sheep have to be mustered. They share the many domestic duties of the farmhouse.

"Well, our day's routine varies with the seasons," said Joan.

"We really do work when shearing time comes around.

"First we must prepare breakfast for about 15 shearing hands. We help with the mustering and potter about the shearing sheds, finding

odd jobs. Shearers work hard and get hungry. They are fastidious about food.

"Midday meal and dinner at night would be full-time jobs for Mary and me, but we still have to find time for all the other things that have to be done daily on a farm.

"We have share farmers on our property running a dairy.

"We don't have to worry about milking or butter-making, but there are always jobs to be done. We both ride horses and they are our personal care, so are the pets, the chickens and the vegetable garden. Some time has to be found for the flowers, cooking, preserving, dress-making, and all the domestic duties.

"Mother helps us with these. The homestead is quite a responsibility. Even when we are not shearing there are three men besides my father and brother to be looked after."

Tennis — dancing

"Do you have to worry about the marketing of your wool and wheat?" Joan was asked.

"No. That's dad's worry. Our worry ends when we have produced things on the farm," she replied.

Both girls looked horrified when it was suggested that on their property they may get lonely.

Joan tossed her blonde head.

"When we are not working we are playing.

"We play tennis at Goolagong and go to dances.

"Sometimes we go to Cowra to the pictures. We take holidays each



TYPICAL SHEEP COUNTRY in the Central West of New South Wales. The Idiens girls shown at right muster their own sheep for shearing on their 2000-acre farm.

year, usually a busman's holiday, to the Agricultural Bureau's conference at Hawkesbury College.

"The Bureau's work interests and helps us. We meet there many good friends who share similar problems. Really, we don't mind having to travel nearly 400 miles to attend conference."

Both Mary and Joan love their life on the land. There is only one thing that would make Mary leave



FEEDING THE SHEARERS is their biggest job. Mary Idiens (left) and Joan Idiens cook for 15 shearers on their farm, which they run themselves.

it—a chance to nurse at a big city hospital.

She is studying with that chance in view. Next year Mary hopes to be at Royal Prince Alfred Hos-

pital; but not Joan. Joan won't desert the land as long as a magpie calls in the morning, a horse whinnies in the stables, and golden ears of wheat remain to be garnered.

2GB announcer says classics ARE popular

"More than one distinguished musician has commented on the development of an appreciation for classical music among Australians," says Mr. John Dease, of Station 2GB.

MR. DEASE spends much of his time in gauging the public taste in music, and from experiments of his own he has found that classical music is most popular, especially among listeners in the industrial suburbs.

Some time ago Mr. Dease began to arrange programmes of popular classics, using arias from grand opera,

orchestral suites of the type of Handel's "Water Music," and Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony."

"I was warned that such music was too highbrow for commercial radio," said Mr. Dease to The Australian Women's Weekly.

"So I asked people over the air what was their opinion of the programmes, and whether they would like them continued."

"On two or three consecutive Saturdays we had many telephone calls expressing emphatic approval of the presentations."

This view was backed up by numbers of letters from listeners, especially those in industrial suburbs, who stated that they were delighted to be given the chance to hear good music.

Tenors popular

"I FIND in my presentation of world-famous tenors that rich operatic airs such as 'Celeste Aida' and 'O Paradiso' always seem to bring telephone calls of appreciation," said Mr. Dease.

"In fact, the only protest I have had concerned second or third-rate singers or music."

"Of course, there always will be really 'highbrow' music. By this I mean terrifying compositions which make lots of sound without melody. I would not consider broadcasting these, and certainly would have no pleasure in hearing them," he added.

Commercial broadcasting has helped greatly in bringing good entertainment to the public, and besides earning approval for its musical programmes Station 2GB has been responsible for two nationwide broadcasts by Richard Crooks, and the personal appearance at the 2GB microphone of Lawrence Tibbett and Tito Schipa.

The programmes arranged by Mr. Dease show a capacity for selection which has given him one of radio's biggest followings.

Constipation Conquered

★ COLOSEPTIC is recommended by dietitians to end constipation because of its unique double action. COLOSEPTIC cleanses the colon of poisonous, clogging waste—then feeds precious, purifying minerals to reinvigorate the blood-stream. The cause of constipation is thus permanently ended. COLOSEPTIC, 2/9 and 5/6, all chemists. Free sample sent on receipt of 3d stamp to Box 3415R, G.P.O., Sydney.

DO YOU KNOW ?

SHARK'S TEETH
FOUND 350 MILLION YEARS OLD!
PROVING THAT TEETH, UNTOUCHED BY DECAY, CAN LAST FOR EVER IS THE DISCOVERY OF A SHARK'S TEETH, 350 MILLION YEARS OLD! KEEP YOUR TEETH SPARKLING - FREE OF DECAY - USE KOLYNOS NIGHT and MORNING.

BARGAIN SPECIAL-1665!
AQUACK DENTIST IN 1665 ADVERTISED HE WOULD
"CLIP YOU AFTER THE GERMAN MANNER, PURGE YOU AFTER THE ENGLISH MANNER, SWEET YOU, AFTER THE TURKISH MANNER."
YOU MAY BE NEATLY BLOODED YOUR TEETH OR STRIPPED PLAIN - THE LOT FOR 6D AND WELCOME!

SUMATRA WOMEN POPULAR IN HAREMS!
JOHN BULWER, FAMOUS TRAVELLER said in 1650, "THE WOMEN OF SUMATRA HAVE TEETH SO WHITE THAT THE HAREMS OF INDIA AFFORD NONE MORE BEAUTIFUL!" TO-DAY, LOVELY WOMEN KEEP THEIR TEETH GLORIOUSLY WHITE WITH KOLYNOS.

DEATH TO DECAY GERMS!
CAUSED BY BACTERIAL MOUTH
GET RID OF BACTERIAL MOUTH WITH KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS ANTISEPTIC BUBBLES FLOAT OUT DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS which cause BACTERIAL MOUTH
- AND LEAVE YOUR TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN - SPARKLING - TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY DENTAL CREAMS TOO - YOU NEED ONLY 1/2 INCH ON A DRY BRUSH!

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM
1/3 AND 2/.



● MRS. ALAN POTTER arriving with Alister Stephen at Prince's—to dine and dance at the Polo Ball.



● BETTINA DOWLEY SMITH says "Yes, I think so," when Tom Cahill, of Narramine, asks "Supper dance?" at Romano's.



● BILL McMAHON and Mrs. Henry Charles Osborne between dances—or should it be chukkas?—at the Polo Ball.



● AT THE Polo Tea at Hopewood House—Tom Bray (Forbes) takes tea with Pat Leary, a Melbourne visitor to Sydney for Dudley Cup.

Miss Midnight's JOTTINGS

Kyeemagh cross-talk . . .

MY dear, of course the Ashtons can't be beaten . . . marvellous horses they've got . . . Wasn't it a simply marvellous party George Falkiner gave at Macleay Regis? . . . Oh, Barbara Davies, Deirdre Dalton, John Allison, Bob Mackay, they were all there . . . Come on Wiragulla; my dear, they haven't struck top form at all yet . . . Yes, wasn't it a crush . . . Bill Bishop said it was like trying to scramble through a sheep pen at home . . . Mick Hooke's got the ball . . . Ruth Wilson tells me she'd love to play polo . . . Don't you just adore Sheelah's new evening frock . . . Says she's mortgaged everything to get it . . . There's the Laidley Dowling dachshund again leading June Williams about . . . My dear, the umpire's blown his whistle . . . I wonder why . . . Yes, I'll go, but I simply haven't a thing to wear . . . I always choose orchids because I like simple flowers . . . Oh, is the match over? Wasn't it just too thrilling!

Orchids 'n'all that . . .

POLO Ball. Yes, of course, I'm there. Everybody is.

So many orchids and luscious fur capes stream down Prince's stairway from 8.30 onwards that I just can't keep up with them. Orchids? Well, it must have been a great day for the florists. Mrs. John Brunton and Mrs. Jim Ashton, jun., both wearing their Court gowns, adorn them with mauve cattileyas.

I get a ringside table so I don't miss anything.

Things begin to brighten when Billie Bishop gets a lucky ticket and wins a case of champagne. Bill says he and the Scone team need something like that as a consolation prize for losing the afternoon's match.

Phyl Mackay's wearing her wedding frock . . . first time since she was married in Calcutta two years ago. Lovely thing of shimmery blue satin.

With their heads together over near the band are the Wiragulla boys, and crooner Charmaine Ross . . . they're teaching her the team's song.

Later, much later, I stumble wearily up the stairs again—homeward bound, with "Wiragulla boys are happy" still ringing in my ears. A grand party.

Concerto furbelows . . .

BEING all for culture, I don my best furs and go to hear Schnabel and Seel co-operate again at the Town Hall. Mr. Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" I thought a bit noisy, but, then, maybe it would have been better to have been in the gallery where the Governor sat than two rows from the front.

Interval. Stop to say "Hello" to Margaret and Mary Waddell, who are taking coffee in the foyer with Anthea Mack.

Deetje Andriesse has the right idea for cold concerts. She tucks her hands in an O.S. fur muff.

Marie Bremner and I sit together, both trying to stifle out sneezes on account of Mr. Schnabel's disapproval. We are more careful than others in the audience.

Catching up . . .

REFLECTION on the Gloom Chasers' cocktail party at Romano's for Moore Park Kindergarten—there was no gloom to chase.

Could be verse . . .

THE secret's out. Charlotte Greenwood has a skeleton in her cupboard . . . She writes verse.

You simply wouldn't have recognised "Letty" (famous now for being leant on) between chukkas at polo the other day. A doleful, drooping figure chewing a pencil.

I asked her what for. She said, "What rhymes with peke?"

I said if it's one of those little tawny pekes, one could wear a rust lambswool coat trimmed with . . . but she broke in, "Don't be silly."

Pat Bishop said simply, "Sheep."

Phyl Mackay said, "Why not a blue cattle dog with a scarf to match?"

And Charlotte said, "I've got it. Now listen. It's called 'Blue Monday' because they always are."

"What a day and what a way
For me to start the week.
The weekly wash included me,
I've also bathed my peke.
To say that Monday's blue or dull
Is nonsense, so to speak,
For what I've done to-day
I'll do again—next Monday week."

Baa Baa black sheep . . .

JEFFREY BLAXLAND draws my attention to lambs gambolling round the ballroom at the Armidale ball. Very proud of them he was. Such realistic lambs of real New England wool . . . all home-made by committee members, Diana See, Pay Molesworth, June Campbell-Smith, Margaret English, Jeff Blaxland.

Then he takes me to the official table and says "Look," pointing at a model animal nodding up and down. But I says: "You can't fool me, it's a goat." But Jeffrey says: "Shhh! Don't tell anybody. They all think it's a lamb. We've christened him black sheep."

It seems there wasn't a lamb in town that nodded its head, so a goat was next best thing. Personally, I think the joke was on Jeffrey, as anybody knows a goat doesn't wear wool.

Keeping it up . . .

STOP to say "all the best" to Alice

Nail and Alf Morgan at the party Alf gives at Prince's to celebrate their engagement. Alice, with sheath frock of black velvet, is wearing his gifts—diamond ring and cascade of white and mauve orchids. Eight in the party . . . Alice and her three sisters, Pat, Margery, and Jean, Gerald Doyle, Mick Hooke, and Harry Weston.

At the week-end I join the throng moving Nail-wards again to celebrate the engagement. Alice's mother gives the party at their Mosman home. The idea was to invite a few friends, but I lose count when more than 100 arrive.

They are talking about . . .

NEW idea for evenings—stockings with diamante-studded heels (and is it an idea for bigger and better ladders?) . . . The Max Hinders coming from Melbourne to make their home in Sydney . . . The miniature Chelsea flower show which the Sydney Day Nurseries' Association will hold in September as a farewell to Lady Gowrie . . . Vena Fuller's bouffant black net evening frock, sprinkled with tiny flowers of red, white, and blue felt . . . The T. A. Fields buying five acres of land at Wahroonga to build super home, complete with stables and swimming-pool.



● NED CAPP, who has come from Quirindi for the Dudley Cup, and Judy Sayers plan a team of vegetable polo players at the Polo Tea.



● CANDID CAMERA shot of Mrs. Dinger Bode, dancing at Prince's with Harry Meeks.



● JESSIE McDONALD and Diana Downes, both from Camden way, snapped at buffet luncheon between matches at Kyeemagh.



● JOHN DOWNES and June Chamberlain at Kyeemagh. Very pleased with the play of the polo team they are barracking.

Real Life Stories

Short and Snappy

BIG BUSINESS

MY greengroceries were brought by a small boy, who gravely produced my penny change, which I returned to him.

The following week my order was brought by two small boys, and there being twopence change, I gave them a penny each.

The next week three little boys came. They had divided the potatoes into two bags to give the third lad something to carry!

When I handed over the exact money their crestfallen faces were too much for me—I rewarded their ingenuity with threepence.

Will there be four next time?

10/6 to D. Poynter, Loch St., Surrey Hills, Vic.

ANGELS UNAWARES

MY husband, two daughters and I were on a camping holiday in the Lake District, and our only means of obtaining fresh supplies was from a delivery van which passed every 10 days.

Returning from a day's shooting in the hills one day, we found that the camp utensils had been used, and on the table a note which read as follows: "Thanks for entertaining angels unaware. Please accept to-day's sausages and bread."

We had had no meat for four days, and our bread was nine days old, so our guests were indeed angels unaware.

We are still wondering who they were.

2/6 to Mrs. D. Garvey, Westport, N.Z.

NEW BED FOR SEED

DURING a long wet spell our cows presented an extraordinary appearance. In every hollow on their backs crops of weeds about an inch high sprang up, and, without affecting the animals, the growths remained until the weather became normal, when they wilted.

The cows had been browsing among weed, which attained a height of 10ft. The seeds were ripe and, in falling, remained on the cows' backs and germinated.

2/6 to Miss Barbara Ball, Terrigal, N.S.W.

NOT A HOLD-UP

LIVING in a small country store, where there wasn't any fixed closing hour, my mother had a visitor late one winter's night.

Dressed in an overcoat, with a cap pulled over his eyes, he hesitated just inside the door, then rushed to the end of the counter, where the till was kept.

Mother stood petrified. But her fear was soon allayed.

The visitor was deaf and dumb, and he quickly found what he wanted from the store—a pencil.

2/6 to Norma Pearce, Olary, S.A.

EQUALLY LOST

WALKING down King Street, Sydney, I asked a man the location of a certain shop.

"Search me, sister," he replied good-humoredly. "I've just arrived from America."

And I must pick him of Sydney's vast population.

2/6 to Miss Beth Haywood, Beresford Rd., Strathfield, N.S.W.

SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life Stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC. Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column.

Full address at top of Page 3.

When a Girl's Fear Saved a Life

Speed Race Thrill

WHILE taking part in motorcycle speedway racing, I adopted the then new idea of using an iron strap, bolted to the right-hand side of the motor bike, and bent over to clamp the right leg to the machine. This helped a rider to keep a firm seat while racing.

The first time I used the strap was at Maitland in a match race against the late Ern Buck and the late Teddy Rees.

I crashed, somersaulting in the air clamped to the machine by the iron strap, and then striking the track. However, I escaped with a shaking.

The following week I was engaged by the Speedway Royal at the



"MY LEFT LEG struck a bump on the track . . . causing the machine to crash."

Sydney Showground to race in a match against Teddy Rees. Before the race a girl friend, who is now my wife, pleaded with me to refrain from using the iron strap, and I acceded to her wish.

It was a rolling start over three laps. Rees went over the starting line half a length in front, but at the first turn I took the lead, racing round the first bend at high speed, and then down past the grandstand and into the next bend still in front with the throttle wide open, and travelling around 60 miles an hour.

Just as I got the machine into a beautiful traction skid, my left leg struck a bump in the track, and it swung into the back wheel, causing the machine to crash, and there I lay on the track, with my left leg tangled between the spokes of the back wheel and the frame of the machine.

The ambulance took me to hospital with a fractured left leg, but had I not heeded my girl friend's fears I must have been more seriously injured, if not killed.

£1/1/- to Roy R. Hindle, Oakhampton, via West Maitland, N.S.W.

Dangerous game

DURING August, 1913, the s.s. Gothic (on which I was travelling with my parents to Australia) was coaling at Durban, and with other small boys I was playing on deck.

The engine-room hatch which had been battered by heavy seas was undergoing repairs, and a tarpaulin had been thrown over the damaged part but not fastened down.

Excited by the game I jumped on the cover, which gave way, and I swung like a pendulum over the engines forty feet below, hanging by one of the short ropes on the end of the tarpaulin, which I had unconsciously grabbed.

The engine immediately below me was working, but the engineers were helpless.

It was not long, however, before I was hauled back to the deck by two of my parents' friends.

2/6 to M. Kershaw, Snowden Ave., Caulfield, Vic.

Too melodramatic

WHILE playing with William Anderson's Dramatic Co. at Her Majesty's Theatre, Perth, in a melodrama called "The Favorite," I missed death by seconds.

During a race scene ten horses had to gallop across the stage, and this night, just after I left my dressing-room, four horses, with their "jockeys," crashed through the stage and fell immediately in front of the door I had just left.

One of the "jockeys" was severely injured and a horse had to be destroyed.

The "hero" of the play was Walter Daigleish, who pluckily insisted on riding over the space through which the horses had fallen.

2/6 to Katie Reis, Gordon St., Manly Vale, Sydney.

Black and blue

WILD yells disturbed my reverie on the verandah of my tropical bungalow.

"Oh, memsahib," my Indian garden boy was calling, "yellow debbil get me." He was in a tree and was surrounded by hornets.

Persuading him to drop to the ground I plastered his face with a blue-bag and led him into the laundry, where an old mirror hung on the wall.

"Juggernaut" looked into the mirror and screamed with fear. "Oh, memsahib! Plenty blue blood," he yelled. "I very ill—I goin' to die!"

2/6 to Mrs. Editha Hill, Eton Private Hotel, Brisbane.

"Rattler-jumping"

DURING the depression I was "on the track," and "jumping the rattler" in search of work.

Boarding a goods train heading north at Townsville, I got into a truck laden with salt, and as there was only a tarpaulin to shade me from the burning sun, I soon developed a terrible thirst.

There was a waterbag on the carriage at the end of the train, and to reach it I had to jump from truck to truck. This was comparatively easy until I reached the carriage, which had a high cabin roof.

However, I had nearly gained the roof when a gust of wind caught me, and I fell—but fortunately landed astride the couplings.

My position was perilous, but I regained the truck, and made my way back along the train. On the way I was given a drink by another "rattler-jumper."

2/6 to J. Wolfe, Eton North, via Mackay, Qld.

Missed crossing

EAST GIPPSLAND—and the river on whose banks we lived was in flood. The small son of a married sister across the water was desperately ill, and after seeing to his removal to hospital with acute appendicitis I set out to return home on horseback.

It was a lonely ride and the night was pitch dark.

To go to the bridge meant a detour of ten miles, so I decided to risk the crossing, although it was dangerous. The pony was new to the district, and as I urged him into the black swirling water, I could feel his heart beating with fear.

After sniffing nervously, he took the plunge and started to swim. Too late, I realised that I had forced him into the river below the crossing. I could not swim and the bitterly cold water was sweeping around my waist, but I let the pony have his head, clung onto the saddle desperately and hoped for the best.

Suddenly my leg touched something solid, and scrambling on to a fallen tree-trunk, I reached the opposite bank, while the gallant little beast struggled up after me. It was a close call all right. Had we entered the river a little lower down we would not have had a chance.

2/6 to Mrs. D. McNece, Glenoraig, Bargo, N.S.W.

Fluke of fate

EMPLOYED at the Mount Lyell copper mine in Queenstown, Tasmania, my mate and I were working on night shift in an overhead stope at the 900ft. level.

At about 2 a.m. we saw a light at the foot of the stope. It was the plat-man.

"Hey, boys," he shouted, "give me a hand to unload some timber!"

Having given the required help, we started back, and just before reaching the stope a low, rumbling noise echoed eerily along the drive, followed by a thunderous crash and the reverberating rattle of shattering slate.

When the uproar died down we walked cautiously to the mouth of the stope. It was completely blocked with debris.

Hundreds of tons of rock and ore had crashed down the stope, where, 15 minutes before, we had been working.

2/6 to M. R. Lloyd, Tambo Cross, Ing. Vic.

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80. "I had that warts soften and fall out if you rub them with 'Vaseline' Jelly night and morning." 5/- to Miss Kennedy of Jervis West.



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PETROLEUM JELLY

"How about me?"

she asked.

"You have the youngsters," he said.

"That's a fallacy, you know it. I love them, I couldn't be separated from them, but—"

"Yet you could be from me . . . ?"

She said, "You don't understand. They need me."

"And I don't?"

"Oh, Tim," she said in despair, "we aren't getting anywhere. I was trying to tell you—Peter and Peg, they can't make up for losing you . . ."

There, she had said it, said the thing she hadn't meant to say, staring at him with horrified, frightened eyes.

He said, "You haven't lost me."

"Tim . . . listen to me . . . Couldn't you hang on a little longer—there will be work, couldn't you risk it to stay, to be with us . . . ?"

"I could," he said, "but I won't. You talk about your profession, Cathy, and what you owe it. Don't you suppose mine means anything to me? This is my chance."

The telephone rang, and Catharine rose. Tim stayed where he was, in the corner of the sofa, his head leaning back, his eyes closed. It didn't seem possible, he thought, that a woman could be as stubborn, as mistaken. She was doing, of course, what she believed right. But it couldn't be right.

He heard her say, "Very well, I'll be right over. . . ."

She came back, hurried, "It's Bert

Mallon," she said, "Eva's very ill—I've got to go out, Tim. . . ."

"Want me to drive you?" he asked. "No, thanks, I don't know how long I'll be. . . ."

"I'll get your car out," he said.

Catharine took her tweed coat from the hall closet, tied a cotton handkerchief over her hair. While Tim got the car around she called one of the nurses nearby whom she liked. Could she come out at once on a case? She could . . . very well, she would pick her up in five minutes.

She had forgotten herself and Tim, her mind immersed in anxiety over Eva.

She went out to the car and to Tim. He took her in his arms and held her a moment. And she said, suddenly, "You see it would always be like this; it has to be."

He stepped back and let her get in and watched her drive off. He stood there quite a while and then went back into the house, alone.

When Catharine reached home it was nearly morning. Eva was all right, would be all right. She had gone into a distraught household; she had left it quite in order.

The nurse was excellent, another would relieve her in the morning. And Eva's troubled eyes had looked up at her from the pillows when she went in. . . .

"I had no business going up into the old attic, and how did I know the stairs were rotted? No one's been up there in years. . . ."

But they were rotted and she had fallen.

Doctor Daniels hadn't been able to come over from Garfield. He was on a case in the hospital and couldn't leave. Catharine had left a message for him and he would come in presently. Meantime, she thought, unless something unforeseen occurs, everything will be all right.

For Eva.
But for herself?

When October came Tim had gone. October was bright with hot yellow sunshine, dark with the quick, early falling of dusk. In the morning when Catharine rose there would be frost, like as not, a diamond spiderweb, spun by chilly fingers across grass and bush. Light frost, while frost, and at night a cold silver moon. Then, suddenly, the black frost and a garden stripped and the brown leaves falling.

For some time after his leaving she could not believe it. She lay, too incredulous for tears, in her own comfortable bed and put out her hand across the space between . . . She spoke, now and then, questioningly, "Tim?" But there was no answer save in her constricted heart.

On the day he left she went to Boston with him, driving down very early. They had that time together. There had been no more arguments, no more discussions. The matter was settled; he must go; she must stay; there was no solution.

They stood together in the echoing station, waiting for the New York train to be made up.

Catharine looked up at him. She had always been glad that he was the taller. She looked at him as if it were the first time or the last. She wished that she could hate him for what he was doing to her, to their lives.

They talked trivialities. She was thinking, with one part of her mind, that if she drove straight home she would make her office hours after all. She wanted to see that hand, Mildred Thorpe's youngster, it hadn't looked very promising the day before . . . she had three appointments as well.

The gates opened, and she forgot Mildred's little girl. Tim bent to kiss her, not a casual kiss, not the careless kiss in public, good-bye and good luck. A short, hard kiss, hurting, demanding . . . without tenderness.

He said, "Well—take care of yourself, Doc. . . ."

She watched him through the gate, a tall man striding quickly, carrying his own luggage, and not looking back. He hadn't called her Doc since the early days, prior to and just after their marriage. He would call her that in tenderness and devotion, taking her hands in his, marvelling that they dared be so skilful and still hold his heart, ruffling her hair and saying, feeling the round shape of her skull, "So much knowledge in one little head, Doc. . . . I can't believe it." Then he would laugh and hold her close, and kiss her.

But now he had spoken in bitterness. It is over, she thought, turned from the gate and made her way to her parked car. She felt faintly ill and dizzy, but not at all like crying.

When she walked in her front door one patient had come and was prepared to wait.

She too, she thought, when her office hours were over and she got the car out to make the calls she should have made that morning. Prepared to wait. But for what? For Tim to return, and wait for jobs, restless and unsettled, and then perhaps the same thing to endure all over again?

Peg had been inquisitive about her father's departure. She had asked, "Where's Daddy going?" and Catharine had explained as best she could. But to Peg there was no future and no past, only the round, glittering present. Daddy had gone away. Well, he would be back . . . he had always come back.

Peter was graver, more alive with questions. He climbed into Tim's lap a day or so before he left and asked solemnly about Indians. Would there be Indians? Would there be fighting?

He said, when Catharine came home:

"I'm the man of the house now."

She caught him to her for a brief moment. She answered, nearer to tears than she had been all day, "Where did you hear that . . . ?"

"My father said so," said Peter.

Catharine had told no one in Seward of Tim's plans until just

before he left. Tim had asked her not to, "for," he said, "there will be enough gossip and gabble as it is. . . . How about a party before I shove off?"

He could have asked nothing harder of her. A party, candles and flowers on the old scratched table. Tim's mildly famous special brew of coffee bubbling in the glass container—and all their friends, chattering, exclaiming, the women crying, "Oh, Cathy, how too awful!" and telling Tim, "But it's wonderful, of course. . . . And the men with their masculine timidity in the face of emotion slapping Tim between the shoulder-blades and drinking another rye and soda to his good health and good luck. . . . To the job," they'd say.

And afterwards when the guests had gone, their hosts in the quiet house; glass rings on the furniture, butts in the ashtrays . . . just themselves there, and nothing to say.

But going home, in their various cars, the departing guests would say a good deal for them.

She knew how it would be before she said, "All right, Tim, let's have a party." She guessed how bad it would be—

Well, the party was over, Tim had gone and life went on as it always did, much the same on the surface. Breakfast and calls and hospital, luncheon and office hours and long evenings.

Now she began to welcome the emergency calls which took her away from the living-room fire and a book. Her friends were good to her; they thought of her. They asked her and the children for Sunday dinners, for early suppers. They asked her alone for dinner, contract, poker, or a movie. She went as often as she could.

Laura Fielding wrote her in reply to her letter. She said, "I know how it is with you, my dear. At least as much as an unmarried woman can know—by guessing. No use my asking you to take a holiday and come to Boston and let me give you a whirl. I'll take a week off later, maybe, and come to see you, if I can." She added, "Doctor Edwards was very much interested in your news. I think that he is still hoping that some day you'll come back to us."

LAURA'S unaltered affection warmed her heart, and to know that Edwards still missed, and believed in, her was a form of consolation.

Tim's wires reached her from along the way, and once he was settled, his letters. He had a room with some good people, he reported, not much of a set-up, but all right. He shared with the family, a widow, her two sons and a daughter. The food was plain and good and the Hawkins' were all right, they did what they could to make him comfortable. A married daughter came now and then and brought her little boy; he reminded him of Peter. He was sending Peter a vest made of real mountain-lion skin.

He was always sending the children something, Indian beadwork, a rabbit's foot, gay postals. He was afraid they would forget him, she thought. And so they would—in two years. . . . Oh, not wholly, but enough to make his reappearance strange to them, a little awkward.

Christmas would have been very bad except for Laura. Doctor Edwards drove her up, following a wire, on Christmas Eve. He would not stay; he was going on to visit friends in New Hampshire. But he came in for an hour and talked to Catharine.

Laura's mother had suddenly decided to go out to Ohio for the holidays, and Laura was free for the week-end. "So I park myself on you," she said.

"You don't know how glad I am," said Cathy.

Laura was a big woman, dark, massive. She had fine black eyes and beautiful prematurely grey hair. She had noble hands and her teeth were very white against her brown skin. She was utterly dependable, a woman who looked life in the face.

Edwards was as Catharine always thought of him, small and slim and nervous. He approved the house, he approved the children. He did not approve of her. He said, "You're too thin. You work too hard."

"I don't work hard enough, Doctor Edwards," she argued.

The little tree blazed with tinsel and colored globes, there was holly at the windows and to-night she would bring out the gifts.

TIM had sent a cheque for the children . . . "hard to get things out here." His present to her lay in her desk drawer, a square box clumsily wrapped in tissue paper and tied with a red ribbon.

"Nice little house," commented Edwards. Laura had gone upstairs to be with the children. She saw them very little but she loved them.

"Yes," said Cathy.

Edwards said, "You aren't happy, Catharine."

She looked at him steadily.

"I miss Tim," she told him. She looked away. He saw the curve of her thick, dark lashes over her lean cheeks. "I don't know if I was right. . . . If I should have gone with him. Two years. You know what that would have meant to me."

There was no need to explain, he nodded. He said, "You'll have to decide yourself whether you were right or wrong. No one can tell you, Catharine; it's your own life."

"I know. . . ."

After a moment he asked, "Is this separation to be permanent?"

No one had ever asked her that; she had not dared ask herself. She had not, Heaven knew, asked Tim.

She answered after a while, "I don't know. Two years, he said. Two years in which to outgrow each other, to get used to missing each other, to find our professions sufficiently absorbing—perhaps. He's to come back when the job is finished. But there may be other jobs. No, I don't know, Doctor Edwards."

"I see." He was silent for a moment. Then he said, swinging his glasses by the black ribbon, "I've been thinking of you, Williams is taking over the practice—when he's my age he'll be ten times better than I ever was. I've my laboratory ready. Remember how we used to discuss it? Well, the time has come. Laura's going to be with me. . . . I need to detach myself, Catharine, to get away from people, emotions and the horror of remembering . . . you think of a case you lost . . . ten years, fifteen years ago, and you say, if I had known then what I know now. So I want to work with people only indirectly. . . . Now I've more money than I need. I want to write, and perhaps lecture. But mostly work. In the almost-dark as we all work. Perhaps I'll gain an inch so that those who come after me may gain two. Perhaps I'll fall. But I will have tried. There is no greater field than research in carcinoma . . . You used to think so . . ."

"I still do," she said slowly.

"You wanted to be a surgeon, poor girl," he said musingly, "and you believed the cards stacked against you. So you're a good general practitioner—and the cards are still stacked, aren't they?"

"I think so," she said after a moment. "Maybe I'm wrong. I resent—well, an attitude. I have a fair practice, fine patients. Sometimes I think I'm getting nowhere fast . . . I wonder . . . Some people need me, believe in me. Shouldn't that be enough?"

"You have always had the scientific mind, Catharine," he said . . . "but your emotions interfere. If you and Tim decide to separate permanently, let me know. There's a place in the laboratory for you and enough money to take care of you and the children adequately. After I go you can carry on. Does it tempt you at all?"

Her eyes brimmed over. She said, "You don't know how much . . . but—"

"Oh," he said quietly, and the firelight flickered on the shining glasses, "I know—Tim . . ."

"Tim," she agreed.

Please turn to Page 40

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Double Life

Continued from Page 38

"It wouldn't do," he told her, "if he were still in the picture. You would have a divided mind . . . being a woman."

"Don't men, ever—?"

"Of course," he agreed, "but it's more difficult for women. You would tear yourself in two. And this sort of work doesn't punch a time clock. Not that yours does. But I think this would be worse . . ."

He rose, looked at his watch. "I'll have to get along," he told her. "It may storm." He held out his hand and she put her own in it and he held it fast and looked at her. He said, "You're still the prettiest, and plainest woman I ever knew, Catharine . . . and still leading with your chin."

He was laughing when Laura came down the stairs, Peg under one arm and Peter under the other. Edwards went to tweak their ears, smile at them. Then he spoke to Laura briefly. "I'll call for you," he said. "Good-bye, Laura . . ."

When the door had closed Laura set the children on their feet. She said, "There goes a man . . ."

After the children were in bed, Laura and Catharine put the last touches to the tree, and put out the rest of the presents beneath it. Then they sat down by the fire, and talked.

Once Laura said, thoughtfully: "You couldn't have done otherwise . . ."

"I may lose him," said Catharine, dry-tipped, "perhaps I have."

Laura said, after a moment, "I can't say yes or no to that, Cathy. I've never loved but one man. I couldn't lose him, I've never had him."

Catharine held her breath. Laura had never spoken to her openly before of her long devotion to Gary Edwards. Why is he so blind, thought Catharine angrily, why doesn't he see what's right under his eyes, the most wonderful wife, the most complete human being I've ever known . . .

Laura asked presently: "Are you considering coming to Boston?"

Doctor Edwards talked it over with me.

"How could I consider it?" asked Catharine, astonished. "He only just spoke of it. Besides, the whole thing depended on whether or not Tim and I decided to—call it a day."

"He wants you to come," said Laura. She was not thinking of Tim Gregory. After a minute she added, "He has always liked you, more than liked you—" she broke off and looked at her friend.

Catharine's cheeks, to her utter horror, began to burn. She said, violently, "But that's crazy, Laura. It's out of the question."

"No it isn't," said Laura, and smiled at her. "All the time you knew him, in school, in the hospital and in his office, didn't you realise that he was attracted to you? But of course not. There was his wife, whom he loved, and later Tim who loved you. And he wouldn't let himself know he was attracted, not while Mrs. Edwards lived. But now—"

Catharine said, "I think you're out of your mind!"

"If you leave Tim," said Laura, "if you come to Boston . . . well, you understand each other, you two. And you could work together."

Catharine jumped up. She said, half angrily, "I suppose you're leaving yourself out of the picture as usual . . ."

"Me?" said Laura and laughed. "I'm no martyr. I don't resent anything, Cathy. I have no right to resentment . . . I'm Gary Edwards' right hand. He wouldn't want it cut off. It won't be cut off until he no longer has any use for it. As for anything further . . . Don't be stupid, my dear, you have known us long enough, seen us together; I wouldn't do, not at all. You would, I think. You see, you can be a man's right hand, Cathy, but not the half of his heart."

"Laura . . ." began Catharine, when the clock on the stairs chimed, suddenly, a mellow deep note. Twelve long reverberating strokes. Midnight. Catharine jumped to her feet, pulled Laura to hers and kissed her. "Merry Christmas," she said, and the tears were bright on her cheeks.

She went over to turn on the radio, and just as the music came thundering into the room the telephone rang sharply. She ran to answer it as Laura moved the dial and softened the tone . . .

"Long distance," said the metallic voice, "Colorado calling Mrs. Timothy Gregory."

Not Doctor Catharine Gregory. Mrs. Timothy Gregory . . .

"Here," said Catharine unsteadily, "I am Mrs. Gregory."

"Ready with Mrs. Gregory," said the voice and presently Tim spoke. He said, "I hope I timed it right. Merry Christmas, Cathy."

"Oh, Tim . . . Merry Christmas," she said, choked . . . "How perfectly wonderful to hear your voice . . . I thought of it but I wasn't sure how to reach you."

"Right," he said, "the Hawkins phone is a party affair. One of those things. I'm at a neighbor's house. I've mentioned them in my letters, Mrs. Thomas and her daughter Harriet. They've taken pity on me, Cathy. How are you and the kids?"

"We're fine, I wish they were up. They—they miss you, Tim."

"I miss them . . . have you opened my present yet?"

"No, I was going to wait—"

"Open it now," he said . . .

"Laura's here, she'll get it . . ."

She turned from the telephone and spoke to her friend . . . "Over there, the square package, on the table by the tree."

Laura brought it to her and Tim was saying, "Laura there? That's fine. I hope you have a good day . . . got it open . . .?"

Laura, standing by the telephone, had ripped off the ribbon, ripped off the cover. The box was open. An old Indian trade bracelet, hand beaten silver and turquoise . . . Catharine took it in her free hand; it was very heavy. She said, half crying, "It's beautiful, Tim . . . beautiful."

"Yours came, I haven't opened it, either. Wait. I want you to meet Harriet."

THERE were whispers at the other end, laughter, exultation. Catharine thought wildly—Harriet? Oh, the daughter of the elderly woman next door. What had Tim written about her? Thirty, divorced, good fun. Now a new voice spoke to her, rich and quiet with a thread of laughter through it. "This is Harriet Diaz, Mrs. Gregory, Merry Christmas . . ."

"Merry Christmas," said Catharine mechanically.

Harriet Diaz said serenely, "We'll try to keep him from being too lonely."

Tim spoke again. He said, "My love to Laura, and the kids, kiss 'em all round for me. Merry Christmas, darling . . ."

The wire was dead save for a buzzing. Catharine replaced the receiver and swung around to stare at Laura. And Laura asked, "What's it all about?"

"He's with some people," said Catharine, "next door . . . a woman and her daughter. The daughter spoke to me . . ."

Suddenly she was crying, her hands caught over her eyes and the bracelet fell heavily to the floor and lay there. Laura came and stood by her and put her hand on her shoulder. She did not speak.

Later in January an epidemic of intestinal influenza swept Seward, and Catharine, in common with her colleagues, was very busy. The majority of her patients had a mild form of the disease, but one, a newcomer to the section, was exceedingly ill. She was a young married woman, an acquaintance of Eva Mallon, who had moved from Portland shortly before Christmas. Catharine had seen her twice, at the office, on minor matters, but on this occasion she became ill very suddenly and her anxious young husband called Catharine shortly after midnight. "Please come as soon as you can, Doctor Gregory," he implored her. "I know it's a terrible night; I wouldn't get you out if I didn't think it an emergency. I'd come to get you, but there's no one in the house but the maid—she's just a kid really, so scared she's of no real use."

"I'll be there as soon as possible," Catharine assured him.

She dressed, woke Nannie to tell her she must go and did not know when she would return. There had been a heavy fall of snow for several days, and while the path to the garage had been shovelled the drifts were high on either side. The garage doors were partly frozen, and it took some time to start the car; apparently the fire had gone out late in the evening.

The Gibsons lived on a hilltop overlooking Seward. To drive there took perhaps twenty minutes, but to-night it took Catharine twice that time, for where the streets were cleared of snow there was ice,



SPRING FANTASY

JOAN BENNETT, Paramount player, places her "mad" little hat well over her eyes. Bright pink tones peep over the edge, while a coarse mesh veil is worn cap fashion over the hair.

and where the snow remained in the country roads it had frozen into treacherous ruts. The night was black and savagely cold. Ice formed on the windshield and the wipers would not work.

Reaching the Gibson house at last, she sat still for a second to get her breath. She had been too angry to be really frightened . . .

Angry at the elements, at the loss of time, at the effort her good little car had been forced to make. Slithering to a stop she thought . . . If the girl isn't really ill!

But she was. Gibson met her at the door, distracted, his hair on end, his eyes red with sleeplessness and anxiety. He panted as if he had been running. He said, "She's awfully sick, Doctor."

Catharine went upstairs into the front bedroom. Little Mrs. Gibson looked small and forlorn in the big bed; she also looked desperately ill.

She was able to smile, and answer the few questions Catharine asked her. She made a feeble motion of her hand towards her husband . . . "I'd like to tell you something," she whispered, "alone . . ."

Catharine sent him on an improvised errand and Mrs. Gibson said, weakly:

"I have a secret from my husband. I'm hoping we're to have a baby. We have wanted a child so very badly, and I wanted to be certain before I told him that our hopes were to be fulfilled. Now I'm afraid—afraid that this illness may mean the end of our hopes. Harry thinks I have appendicitis—please God it isn't. I don't want an operation just now—it might mean the end of everything."

Catharine, taking the girl's temperature, thought, if she comes through this . . . She said aloud, quietly, "I don't believe it's your appendix, Mrs. Gibson."

"I THINK you've picked up the intestinal flu germ that's been on the rampage here . . ."

She took a blood count and found it very high. Reporting to Gibson she told him that . . . "Because it is so high," she said, "I believe it is caused by flu infection." He looked doubtful, and she explained patiently that "normally, it would be between six and eight thousand. In an appendix it runs between eleven and fourteen. This is higher."

Gibson looked frightened, and she added quickly, "If you prefer to have another opinion, Mr. Gibson, I'd be more than glad to call anyone you wish."

"We don't know anyone else," he said. He was haggard, his voice broke like an adolescent boy's. "It isn't that I don't trust you, Doctor," he told her, "but I'm so worried."

He didn't look much more than a boy after all, and wasn't. Catharine was sorry for him. She said at once, "I understand perfectly, and will call Doctor Winthrop . . . he's very fine, and," she added, "we will wait nurses . . ."

"Anything," he said, "anything at all."

No nurses would be available until morning, Catharine learned. She said, turning from the telephone, "Don't worry . . . I'll stay with her," and not waiting for his protestations of gratitude called Winthrop.

It took some time to arouse him. When he answered he was testy but concerned. He said, "I'd come of course, Doctor, weather or no weather, but I've a bad knee. I suggest Anderson. He's a good man."

Anderson, thought Catharine. She shrugged, called his number, watching young Gibson pace the floor. And Anderson was there. He had he told her just come in. He would come out, of course, if she wished him to. She was sure it was imperative? Very well, what was the address?

It seemed a very long time before Anderson came. When he did he irritated Catharine by looking as fresh and immaculate as if he had not been up all night and had not driven through the storm.

Catharine told him the result of the blood count. He shook his head impatiently. "Appendix, of course," he said, "you didn't need me to tell you that . . ." and went into the room to examine the patient.

Catharine waited, standing aside. When he was finished, he had washed his hands and emerged from the bathroom, she drew him into the hall. She said, "Sorry, but I don't agree, Warren. The count's too high . . . over sixteen thousand. Also I've seen a lot of this type of flu; this is the way it acts."

He said, shrugging, "Nonsense . . . and there's a definite tenderness in the region of the appendix—"

Their glances met and crossed like drawn swords, standing there in the dim lighted hall, the quiet of the house around them like a cloak. Catharine drew a deep breath and said, with finality:

"If that's how you feel, we'll ask Doctor Kelly to come in on this."

He was angry. Color burned slowly up to his cheeks. He asked, "You're taking a chance, aren't you, Cathy? It may be maddening before Kelly gets here . . ."

"All right," she said. "I'll talk it."

They went downstairs without speaking, to talk to Gibson. Anderson with a tolerant half-smile permitted Catharine to do the explaining, saying, "Of course as this is Doctor Gregory's case, Mr. Gibson . . ."

Catharine said slowly, "Doctor Anderson and I disagree on diagnosis so I must ask for a third opinion. Mr. Gibson?" She explained, gravely, quietly, and the young man's amazed eyes went from one to the other from Catharine's dark, still face to Anderson's . . . Anderson was smiling, saying very little. He had an air of complete confidence. He was entirely masculine. Catharine thought, I'm beaten before I've begun. I suppose she said quickly, breaking in on Gibson's question:

"I am willing to stake my professional reputation on my diagnosis. Mr. Gibson. And should Doctor Anderson prove me wrong, Doctor Kelly is in any case the man I would recommend for the operation."

"Well, call him then!" cried Gibson, his nerves snapping. "Do something, can't you; don't just sit around and talk . . .!"

"Of course, old man," said Anderson soothingly.

To be concluded

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If you MUST worry, worry about other people!

Psychologist says too much leisure is often
to blame for vague fears—"jittery" nerves

If you have vague fears and worries which keep your nerves on edge, meet more people socially, play bridge, take up strenuous games. If you have to worry, worry about other people . . .

That is the advice of Dr. Henry C. Link, director of New York's "psychological service centre," in a book which he has called "The Rediscovery of Man."

HE recommends bridge because "you do not need to be a brilliant or steady conversationalist." The best strenuous games to play, he contends, are those that lead to shouting.

He even suggests an occasional outburst of rage because anger "primes the body for a constructive decision and fear-destroying action."

Dr. Link should know what he is writing about. He directs several hundred psychologists in the United States in nation-wide studies of social trends and advises thousands of people on educational, vocational and personal problems.

When women had larger families, he declares, they did not have time to worry about many of the small things which set their nerves on edge to-day.

He quotes the case of a mother of six children who was troubled, as a young woman, with many fears, one of which was the fear of insanity.

"After my marriage and the birth of our first child," she said, "these fears still persisted. However, we soon had another child, and ended up by having six. We never had much money, and I had to do all my own work with practically no help."

"Whenever I started to worry about myself, the baby would cry and I would have to run and look after him. Or the children would quarrel and I would have to straighten them out."

"My fears were being continually interrupted by worries about my family, most of which were fears into which I had to put my back. Gradually my fears about myself disappeared and now I look back on them with amusement."

Then there was a woman who suddenly lost her only child, a daughter of 15. For a year she grieved and grew increasingly melancholy. The husband had his business to keep him going in the right habits.

"Finally the mother adopted two babies. Now she worries on her feet instead of in an easy chair. Her energies, instead of piling up and creating tensions, now chase her about in bursts of happiness or irritation. She has built up habits which consume bodily energy instead of habits which compel this same energy to consume the mind."

"Her worries are ones she would rather keep than have removed. She still thinks of her lost child, but these images are a treasured memory rather than a monstrous master."

Effect on personality

THE moral of this may not be to have six children, but it is incontrovertibly true that smaller families and increased leisure of our time are conducive to the generation of fears and warped personalities.

"People who enjoy this leisure can overcome its dangerous possibilities only by voluntarily involving themselves in community activities which will add to their worries about other people."

"I used to smile, with the intellectual cynicism common to our age, at the ladies' auxiliary gossiping over their sewing for charity. Now I pay them tribute."

"Many fears are literally cultivated by excessive thinking, self-analysis or the analysis of others, and a host of other easy and pleasant pursuits. The person who habitually



analyses and questions the motives of his friends becomes increasingly afraid of people.

"Employees often analyse the acts of their employers to an extent which hastens the day when fear will make them incompetent employees. The person who studies and talks about all physical symptoms may end up as a chronic hypochondriac."

"From such habits of intellectual self-gratification, substituted for a strenuous and sometimes painful programme of action, grow many of the more devastating fears."

Dr. Link describes remarkable surgical operations on the brain, which support the view that the intellect and the imagination often become the chief enemies of personality and that thinking and analysis practised at the expense of energy-consuming action are the great source of fears.

A pioneer of this form of surgery was a Portuguese doctor, Egas Moniz.

"He deliberately destroyed large segments of the brain tissue in the higher brain centres, with successful results. Miraculous improvements in personality were effected."

"Similar operations have been carried out in America. The brain tissue destroyed was always in the



MEETING AS MANY PEOPLE as possible socially, such as when playing bridge, is advocated by Dr. Link as a means of banishing nerve strain.

frontal lobes, the seat of reason and imagination.

"A woman who had been confined to bed with day and night nurses for a year, with extreme fears of all kinds, soon after this operation was able to take care of her own household, drive a car, and entertain people."

"Psychic surgery," Dr. Link says, "proves that certain people would be better off with less brains—that in their quest for happiness many people should use their heads less and their feet more."

"Captain of soul"

HOW man can be the "captain of his soul"—that is the theme of Dr. Link's book.

For several hundreds of years, he says, science and education have been perfecting man's brain and improving his intellectual powers, but his personality has been lost sight of.

"Every science and near science has added support to the conclusion that man is the victim of circumstance; that he is a small cog in a big machine; that he is a predetermined machine which can be kept running only by this tinkering and that, in short, that he is anything but the master of his fate or the captain of his soul."

The individual, man is led

to believe, is a victim of forces beyond his control; his make-up and abilities are determined by heredity, or by accident, or by circumstance; his happiness is dependent upon conditions outside himself; there is less and less he can do about these matters. Indeed, the more he learns about the world, the more numerous the forces of which he finds himself a victim, and the more numerous his excuses for dependence or despair.

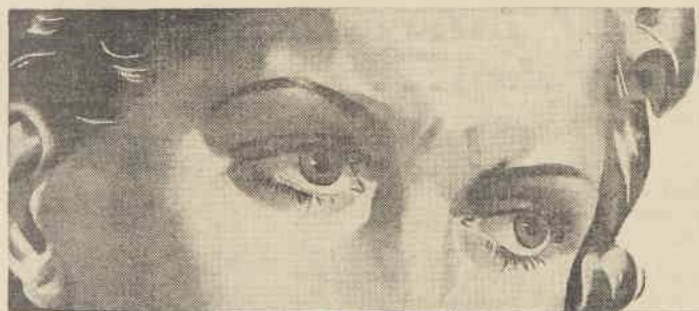
"But this definition of man, psychologists are finding, is not only horribly degrading, but fundamentally untrue."

"Step by step, psychological studies are exposing the false ideas which man has developed both about himself and his world."

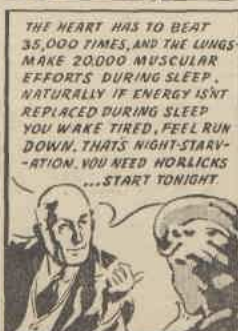
"Man is now revealed as being far greater than either the theories or the machines he has created. He is revealed as still the potential creator rather than the victim of his creations."

"He is a creature of free will and untold possibilities, not the slave of environment or circumstances. His capabilities are limited not so much by heredity and poverty as by his own vision of himself."

"The Rediscovery of Man," by Henry C. Link, Ph.D. (Macmillan). Our copy from Angus and Robertson.



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Home and Michael

Continued from Page 17

"It's nice to dream," said Aunt Chris, watching her with a wise smile.

"So there were men—and none of them could hold you?"

Nan shook her head. She thought for a moment bitterly of Cecil Blackmer. She had been Blackmer's secretary for years, and she had made an idol of him. So young, she thought—I was so young. She thought him strong and fine, and not as the rest of men—until that time—"Miami Week-end," she called it, and laughed mirthlessly, thinking of it as the title for a play, a book—"Miami Week-end," and all the clay showing through the pitiful wretched tinsel that she had thought was Blackmer's suit of shining mail. Business, he had said; he needed his efficient secretary, and she had gone with him, but the place he took her to was a villa above the sea, where, she knew with a sickening disappointment, many other girls had gone with him.

He had let her go. He had shrugged and laughed cynically at the wild things she said. "Why should you have thought me different from other men? Or a cut above the crowd?"

Perhaps that had been the climax of her disillusionment; she did not know. She left Blackmer after that, but the splendid god she had made of him had dwindled to an ugly, dwarflike thing that mocked and jeered at her.

Aunt Chris did not try to make her talk. Youth has its battles, its problems, in which age cannot share. With her flying fingers, she studied the chiselled, piquant loveliness of Nan's profile.

The housekeeper, Hannah Blair, served supper on a little table in front of the fire, and Nan chatted gaily with Aunt Chris, told her of the wonders of New York, of the shops, the hotels, the teeming, rushing streets, the ceaseless roar of the city.

"And here it's so still, so utterly peaceful," said Nan. "Here you can breathe, you can think—"

Supper over, moved by a deep restlessness, Nan put on her hat and coat and went out.

There were few people on the streets to-night. The air was crisp with frost, a full moon sailed over the housetops.

She smiled as she noted the direction in which her feet were taking her—down to the river, a frozen plain of white now, dazzling under the moon. It was right, in a way, that she should go down to the river. She had gone there her last night in Somerton, she should visit it again on the first night of her return.

But it was June then, warm and soft with starlight, and the water laughed and gurgled with little voices against the grassy shore. Yes, it was right here, where this great old elm, skeleton-like and bare now, stretched far out over the water, on a bench built around the trunk, that she and Michael had sat that night, as on many other nights. There was a heart carved in the bark of the elm, with her initials and his. Still there—yes.

He was sitting in the velvety shadow of the tree trunk, so that she did not see him or guess at his presence there until he spoke. He said, in his bantering, mocking way, but there was only the ghost of former laughter in his voice—"So the murderer returns to the scene of his crime!" And he got up and stood, looking down at her.

"I—" Nan swallowed hard. She was unnerved, confused. She felt a wild impulse to run away. She had never dreamed—"Lari!" the little voice in her heart said, "you hoped!" "I've just been wandering about, Michael. Everything is the same, isn't it?"

"If only—if only everything were the same," he said with bitterness she had never before known in him. "Miracles don't happen, Nan. You can't take five years—five of the best, Nan—out of life, and expect things to be the same. Why did you leave me? And if you won't answer that, why did you come back?"

"I DON'T have to answer you." The old, swift temper flashed out. "What right have you to question me?"

"None." He looked away from her. "I'm sorry. I dare say you've forgotten a lot of things—a lot of silly, schoolboy-and-girl things that were meaningless, anyway. You're grown-up. We've both grown-up."

She wanted to say, to cry out, "No! No! Let's not be grown-up. Let's be as we were that night. Say to me what you said then, and I'll be different now."

But she couldn't say those things. Instead, she said cruelly, "I suppose you are engaged to Laurie Hewes."

"Yes."

"I want to congratulate you, then. I want you to be happy. I know—"

She took a grip, a viciously hard grip on herself. She was being mandible. She was talking too much. "I think I'll be going back now."

He fell in step by her side, and for a little while they walked in silence. "You never married, Nan. I'll bet, though, you've been in love."

"Oh, yes, I—I've had my moments." She hid the defiance she felt. She spoke casually, not knowing that he winced at every word. Some perverse devil, anyway, made her want to hurt and punish him.

"The old town is still like a tomb, isn't it—a big tomb?"

"You never did like it, Nan. I must seem even funnier to you now, after—after being in New York so long. I often wondered about you, but you never wrote to me. Anyway, you told me it was no use our writing to each other, or even thinking of each other. I suppose you were right at that."

She wished, remembering those reckless, cruel words, that her cruel tongue might have been bitten out before she said them. But she had certainly said them, and Michael had a great memory. He never forgot. She couldn't tell him that he had often been in her thoughts. She couldn't tell him that it was the thought of him that had brought

What's the ANSWER?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

- From what are each of these drinks made—
Cider—perry—mead—brandy.
- If you drop a pinch of tea into the fire and it burns with a blue flame, this will show you that—
The tea is damp—the tea is good—the tea is bad.
- What Australian actor now a famous Hollywood star once prospected for gold in New Guinea?
- Norfolk Island is under the control of—
Commonwealth—New South Wales—Queensland, New Zealand.
- A davenport is a—
Kind of writing table—a slouch hat—a measure of wine—a leather purse.
- Whom did the woman air pilot, Amy Johnson, marry?
- Can you supply the missing names here?
(a) Roses are blooming in—(b) Pale hands I loved beside the—
(c) It's a long way to the plains of—
(d) I wish I were a cassowary on
- What color is an Australian 5d stamp?
Blue—red—orange—violet—green.
- In Australia we call a small stream a creek. What do they call it in England?
- Which of these is not a herb—
Basil—marjoram—celeriac—chervil

Answers on Page 46

her back—that and the memory of a dream that was fadeless, but that still eluded capture.

She left Michael with a brief good-night, but she thought as she turned and left him standing there, somehow forlorn and very silent, under the dim street lamp, of that last time they had said good-bye, of how suddenly, madly, he had snatched her to him, hurting her, crushing her with the strength of his arms, and kissing her; of how he had said, "You're doing a wrong and cruel thing to me, Nan, for I love you." And almost she had weakened then in the dizzy wonder of his love; but she had left him and gone away.

And now it was only good-night it would never be anything more.

She felt that more surely when she went into the house. Aunt Chris had gone to bed, but the light burned in the living-room, and Nan went there to sit a while by the fire. In the door she stopped dead, stared incredulously at the girl who leaned with unstudied languor against the mantel—a blonde girl in a knitted grey beret and a coat of platinum broadtail, with a huge fox collar. The coat was open. Laurie's hands rested on her lovely, slender hips. She looked at Nan with a cool, dissecting stare, a mocking devil's limp of a smile curving her wide red mouth. She was lovely, Nan admitted, lovely and hard and rapier-like.

"Starting in early," she said in a husky contralto. "I happened to be watching from the front window. Your housekeeper told me to make myself at home until you came. She used to work for us."

Nan frowned. Laurie Hewes had never been a friend of hers. Laurie had never gone to the public schools. Nan had met her at a dance, a party or two, and she had ignored Nan's existence.

"I think I know what you mean—" Nan took a stranglehold on her temper, which could be very, very wicked. "But you surely didn't come here just to—"

Laurie nodded very deliberately. "Right, first time. I came here just to tell you, 'Hands off.' You may have had him first, but you let him go. Now you needn't think you can come back and start any funny business."

"You're being rude," said Nan evenly. "And stupid."

"All right," flashed Laurie, and there was a glitter in those eyes that could be so soft when they saw Michael. "Tell me, then—what did you come back to Somerton for?"

Nan shrugged. "What is this—the Third Degree? I don't know why I bother to listen to you. I hardly know you, and your visit here is quite uncalled for, and not too welcome."

"I'm not sensitive. You see, I happen to know that you and Mike were like that about each other. It was probably calf love, but he's still a kid. Then you were with him on the train this afternoon, and afterwards he was different. I don't like him to be different. Then he's with you again this evening. I just thought I'd tell you—though I imagine you know already—that we're engaged. I know you'll leave him alone."

"Suppose," said Nan, and there was a faint twitching of her delicate nostrils that was a danger signal, "I don't choose to leave him alone?"

"He thinks a lot about you," drawled the blonde Laurie, shifting an elbow to the mantel. "Has a high opinion of you, sort of idealizes you, and all that sort of thing."

"Well?"

"Well, suppose he hears all about Cecil Blackmer and the week-end in Miami?"

"There's nothing—nothing that he can't hear. Or anyone else. You think you have something, but you haven't—not a thing."

"The burden of proof in a case like that—"

"You'd better go," said Nan softly. "Quick!" Fire met eye at their glances clashed furiously. Laurie Hewes laughed soundlessly, and shrugged her coat up on her shoulders. Nan did not move, but her eyes never left that lovely, petulant face.

"So we know where we stand, Miss Aldrich. I thought it just as well to have things straight from the start, so that there will be no danger of confusion later. I think I've made myself clear." She stood in the door and looked insolently at Nan.

"Quite clear," said Nan. "Transparent, in fact. You've managed to acquire a pretty nasty mind. I don't envy you—and I feel sorry for Michael."

"Leave him out of it, I've told you. Good-night."

Nan heard the street door close. She walked over to the fire, and sat down wearily on the fender-bench. A lovely, quiet homecoming, she reflected with a wry smile. And what a small world it was! Yes, they would make something pretty sensational out of the Miami week-end—they would make the worst of it, and no one would believe anything she might say in her defence.

Please turn to Page 46

Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with his servant, **LOTHAR:** Has become the victim of a plot devised by **NICK BLOZZ:** An international champion athlete, who hates him. When Mandrake answers a bogus telephone call to the country, Blozz plants ten thousand dollars' worth of bonds behind a mirror in Mandrake's home. The bonds belong to the wealthy father of

BETTY: The girl Blozz wants to marry. Betty's father discovers the robbery, and when the police question Mandrake they refuse to believe his alibi about a telephone call to the country. The bonds are found, and on the Inspector insisting on arresting Mandrake he gestures and the bonds disappear into thin air. **NOW READ ON.**

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF BONDS IN MY HAND-- AND THEY DISAPPEARED! WHY-- THEY WERE THE EVIDENCE! WHERE'D THEY GO?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THEM, INSPECTOR. I'M INNOCENT OF THIS CHARGE-- AND I'M GOING TO CLEAR MYSELF!

YES? PUT OUT YOUR HANDS, YOU'RE GOING TO THE COOLER!

YOU DON'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND, I'VE BEEN FRAMED! I CAN'T CLEAR MYSELF IN PRISON!

NO MORE OF YOUR CHEEK--HEY!

A HYPNOTIC GESTURE--AND MANDRAKE SUDDENLY BECOMES INVISIBLE!

DON'T KNOW WHERE HE WENT--BUT HE CAN'T BE FAR! GEORGE-- SEARCH THE GROUNDS! WE'LL GET HIM!

IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE THAT --MANDRAKE-- STOLE FATHER'S-- BONDS. IF HE NEEDED MONEY-- WHY DIDN'T HE --OH-- WHAT'S THE USE--

BETTY--

HUH--?

HERE ARE THE BONDS, GIVE THEM TO YOUR FATHER.

BUT--BUT--THEY'RE FLOATING IN AIR! MANDRAKE-- WHERE ARE YOU?

DON'T BE AFRAID, BETTY. I'M STANDING RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU.

IT'S SORT OF SCARY TALKING TO A PERSON YOU CAN'T SEE-- EVEN IF IT IS YOU, MANDRAKE.

IS THIS BETTER?

--er-- A LITTLE.

I DIDN'T STEAL YOUR FATHER'S BONDS. I'VE NEVER SEEN THEM BEFORE. I WAS AS SURPRISED AS YOU WERE WHEN THE INSPECTOR FOUND THEM IN MY HOUSE! SOMEONE PUT THEM THERE--

WHO?

I'VE AN IDEA. I'LL KNOW SOON. GOODBYE UNTIL THEN, BETTY.

MANDRAKE'S HEAD BECOMES VISIBLE--

HE'S GOT NO ALIBI AND THEY FOUND THE STUFF IN HIS HOUSE. NOW-- MY WAY'S CLEAR TO BETTY!

AND YOU WANTED TO KEEP THOSE MEASLY BONDS. WHY, BETTY'S OLD MAN'LL SETTLE A COOL MILLION ON ME WHEN WE'RE MARRIED.

I'LL HAND IT TO YOU, BLOZZ. YOU'RE A WIZARD!

DID SOMEONE JUST COME THROUGH THAT DOOR?

DON'T TELL ME THIS JOB'S GIVEN YOU THE JUMPS!

A CIGARETTE-- APPARENTLY FLOATING IN MID-AIR, TOUCHES BLOZZ'S MATCH!

WHAT--THE!

THERE'S-- SOMETHING --IN THIS ROOM!

BLOZZ-- LOOK-- THAT CHAIR --GOING RIGHT UP INTO THE AIR!

AND THAT CANOE PADDLE --STARTING TO FLOAT--!

OUCH!

TRIED TO MAKE A CROOK OUT OF ME, DID YOU, BLOZZ?

MANDRAKE!

TO BE CONTINUED

Home and Michael

Continued from Page 44



PROTECT YOUR LOVELY
HANDS, MADAME

Let **HELENA RUBINSTEIN**
Hand Preparations
make and keep them soft, velvety
and beautiful

GRECIAN ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM
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and hollows. Unequalled for ageing,
shrivelled hands ... 6/6

HERBAL HAND BALM ... use immediately
after washing. Softens,
whitens and perfumes ... 4/6

For gooseflesh on arms and elbows,
wash nightly with **BEAUTY
GRAINS** ... 3/-

Consultations are without obligation.
Write for "Beauty for You."

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Myer's, Melbourne-Farmer's, Sydney-Myer's, Adelaide
1939.

**STAINS ON
FALSE TEETH
GONE!**

"My false teeth were stained
black; after using Steradent four
or five times, plates are natural
colour, teeth pearly white."
Mrs. A.G. New Southgate, N.12.



It is easy to use
"Steradent". Fill
the cap of the tin
with "Steradent"
and pour the powder
into a glass
containing sufficient
warm water
(not hot) to cover
the dentures. Stir
well. Put in your dentures and leave them
while you dress, or overnight. Take them
out and rinse thoroughly under the tap.
Then your teeth and plates are clean—
clean where the brush can't reach. Dull
teeth gleam white again. Plates regain
their natural colour. "Steradent" is guaranteed
harmless to dental materials. Sold by
all chemists. Price 2/6. Double size 3/6.

You are safe with "Steradent". It is highly
recommended by the Dental profession.

RECKITT'S (OVER SEAS) LTD.

Pharmaceutical Dept., Sydney.

Steradent
cleans and sterilizes false teeth

**KIDNEYS
CAUSE OF
MANY BACKACHES**

Flush Out 10 Miles of Kidney Tubes.
It is surprising how quickly many sufferers
relieve nagging backache once they discover
that the real cause of their trouble may be
clogged kidneys.

Medical authorities agree that your kidneys
contain 10 miles of tiny tubes or filters
which strain the waste and acids from
the blood. A healthy person should pass
3 pints a day and get rid of more than 3
pounds of waste matter.

If your kidneys don't work well, this waste
stays in the body and may become poisonous,
causing nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of
pep and energy, getting up at night, limbo,
swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the
eyes, rheumatic pains and dizziness. It may
lay you up for many months.

Don't wait! Ask your chemist for **DOAN'S
BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS**... used suc-
cessfully the world over by millions of
people suffering with backache and other
kidney disorders. They give quick relief
and will help flush out the 10 miles of kidney
tubes. So, be sure you get **DOAN'S BACK-
ACHE KIDNEY PILLS**.

Michael. That thought gladdened her, and made her miserable all at once. She was glad to know that Michael idealised her, that to him she was the same Nan Aldrich, straight as a die. Laurie Hewes had been kind to tell her that. But if Michael had such faith in her—she knew how she had felt when she found out that Cecil Blackmer was merely a cheap Don Juan in Sir Galahad's borrowed armor. It would not do Michael any good to be persuaded that his faith had been misplaced. And Laurie could persuade him.

"The obvious thing to do, I suppose," Nan contemplated the cigarette she had lighted, "is not to unpack my trunks; just take a train to-morrow, and go back to New York." Her chin came up, small and stubborn. "And admit myself beaten, and let her laugh at me, and as good as confess that there is something in that Miami business. No, I'm staying. I'll see it through. I know I won't find what I hoped to find—I won't ever find young Mike Deering again, or I won't ever be young Nan Aldrich—that was a silly dream at best, but it was sweet."

She flung her cigarette among the dying embers, and went upstairs, past the chamber where Aunt Chris breathed so softly in sleep, and into the room that had been hers long ago.

Nan awoke from a dream of Times Square at noon-hour, a crowded, nervous dream. Into the age-old quiet of the little room in the Aldrich house on Beech Street,

She got out of bed, slipped a black and green gown over her pyjamas, and went to the window to look out. How quickly habit reasserted itself. She had always gone to the window to see what the day was like, to shout "Hurrah!" if the sun shone gaily, to say "Bother!" if it rained or was dull and dark.

Snow had fallen during the night, and everything was clean and white and glistening under the bright sun. Children played with their sleds; across the street old Mr. Bieder's shovel scraped ringingly on the concrete as he cleared his walk. A crowd of young people in gay blue and red mackinaw suits, with long skis on their shoulders, went laughing past the house, going up to Summit Mountain, to glide down the long trails among the cathedral spires of the cedars and the towering, lordly pines. That was fun. Nan wondered if her own skis were still out in the garage. She smiled at herself, chidingly. Always trying to recapture the old joys. How sweet they must have been—how wondrous sweet.

She was thinking of nights high up on the mountain, when the wind roared around Summit Lodge, the little log-cabin where the skiers rested; when the fire in the grey granite hearth leaped and bellowed up the chimney, and the pungent incense of the wood-smoke filled her nostrils—when Michael was there and the other friends she knew—but she remembered only Michael now.

Downstairs the telephone rang, and presently Hannah Blair's sharp voice came up to Nan: "You're wanted to the phone, Miss Nan."

Surprised, Nan went downstairs. It was a girl's voice, and, strangely, she instantly recalled its owner, Virginia Crouse—and remembered that Virginia had always been one of the crowd who went to Summit Lodge.

"I just heard you were back, Nan. We're all glad to have you. Remember the days we used to go ski-ing—days just like this!"

"I was thinking of them, Virginia."

"Would you like to go this afternoon—up to the Summit? We'll leave about half-past two. It will be fun. It's always fun."

"I'd love it," Nan heard herself saying, and Virginia said, "Right—oh!" And that was all.

Nan turned slowly away from the phone and saw Aunt Chris looking at her knowingly from the big chair by the hearth. "Good morning, child." The old lady was bright as the morning sunlight, bright and brittle. "Going up to the Summit?"

Nan strolled into the room, running her fingers through her rick hair. "I've committed myself, Aunt

Chris. I suppose it will be fun. Last winter I..." She smiled as at something that was unreal... "I used to go to Quebec, to the Chateau Frontenac, and sometimes to the Seignurie Club at Lucerne in Quebec. The wheel revolves and here I am back in Somerton, and trekking up to Summit with the old crowd. But it won't be the same."

Aunt Chris tapped with her fingers on the arm of her chair. "It may be better. You're older now, Nan, and wiser, and there are depths to you that you didn't know then. Was it much of a shock to you to find out that Michael Deering is going to marry the Hewes girl?"

"How do you know I even found out?"

Aunt Chris smiled like a venerable tabby. "When you're very old you seem to know things without even being told them. Anyway, Hannah Blair told me Laurie Hewes was here to see you last night. Did she have a pleasant visit?"

Nan smiled. "It was a business call, Aunt Chris; the social aspects were neglected. I fear. She merely came to admonish me—to tell me, very emphatically and very concisely, that Michael was her man, private property, and that I must adopt a policy of 'Hands Off.'" She stared at the fire. "I gave up all claim to Michael years ago. I have no right to come back here now and... well, it isn't that way, anyhow. His life was his own, as mine was."

"You seem to be doing a lot of explaining," twinkled Aunt Chris. "Like the lawyer for the defence. Whom are you defending, dear... yourself or Micky Deering?"

Nan laughed. "I don't know. But somehow there seems to be a lot that needs explaining, if not defending. As for Michael—he belongs to her, he's nothing to me, and that's that."

"Of course. There would be no chance of Michael's being among the crowd that goes up to Summit Lodge this afternoon?"

Nan looked at her aunt, but the old lady's head was bent over her eternal knitting, she sat there like one of the Three Fates, and Nan couldn't tell whether or not she was smiling.

"How should I know?" she said airily. "And even if he is... what of it?"

"Oh, nothing," Aunt Chris tied a knot with a swift movement of her fingers. "Nothing at all."

THE ski-trail wound for miles around the mountain, dipping down into boulder-strewn hollows, soaring up among the towering evergreens, losing itself and the laughing crowd who followed it in the deep, ancient quiet of the dark woods. None was gayer that day than Nan Aldrich. As of old, the men, most of whom she remembered, and some that were new, flocked about the trim, gallant girl in the breeches of Bedford cord, the scarlet mackinaw and beret of habitant-blue, in whose eyes was the sparkle of the wine of life, in whose laughter was something young and fine that awakened a swift answer in the hearts of those who met her.

But Michael wasn't there. There were ten in the party that trekked slowly up the mountain, and they were all kind and she knew, with a happy thrill, that she was still one of them, that five years of absence hadn't made an alien of her.

Then there were the hours in the lodge—the blazing fire, the sandwiches, the smokes, the gay talk and running laughter. And here she felt a little that she had become a stranger. They talked of so many things that had happened in Somerton during her five years of absence.

"Mike Deering and Laurie are being married next month." It was a younger girl who spoke, Jean Crichton, who had been what Nan considered an infant five years ago. "It's going to be a pretty posh wedding too. I'm a bridesmaid."

"You and Mike used to be like that, Nan," said Virginia, a tall red-head, with a heart of gold. "That was the hottest affair in the annals of Somerton High—Follow

the dreams of youth, dear children, and they shall bring you a golden crown." Funny how deadly serious those boy-and-girl affairs are at the time. I remember Andy Blake and I were all set to elope, but his dad's car ran out of gas, and when we'd bought five gallons we didn't have enough money left to get married. Alas! Andy's a mail-flier now, striving to forget me among the clouds and storms of the Rockies. He looked like Clark Gable, from the ears up."

They laughed. They forgot about Nan and Michael, of that strangely tender love that had held the boy and girl joyously together and made them miserable when they were apart. A boy and girl affair, perhaps it was just that. Something to laugh at now, as Virginia laughed at her love for Andy Blake; certainly nothing to make Nan become suddenly quiet and lost in her thoughts. But so she was, and the laughter had no charm for her, and they all seemed to have become strangers. She got up, slipped out of the lodge and got her skis from the forest of them on the verandah, and she set out, a brave, lonely figure, against the white vastness, and journeyed towards where the sky was crimson.

ON and on went Nan, ski-ing lightly as a bird down steep slopes, her skis making a swift symmetric herring-bone pattern on the laborious climb up the hills.

The winter dark comes fast and treacherous. Nan turned back towards the lodge, shot down a steep incline at terrible speed. There was a spot where the snow had drifted off the icy crust; she skidded, fought madly with her body and with the stout poles to keep her balance—then fell, sliding, sprawling, into a tangle of frozen alders by an ice-bound torrent. She lay there. A flame darted with swift agony in her right ankle. "Maybe I cracked it," she gasped, still breathless from the fall. She tried to get up, the pain stopped her. She unharnessed her skis, unloosed the lacing of the heavy spool-heeled boot. She called again. Was that an answering call, far, far off?

"Help! Help!"

Yes, there was an answer, "Coming!" And only in time. It had begun to snow again.

"Where are you?"

"Here. Down here by the brook. Is that...?" Nan trembled, not with pain or fear or cold. Then he was kneeling beside her, holding her for a moment in his arms, his dark eyes looking with concern and with delight into hers—Michael.

"Oh, I'm so glad you came. I've hurt my ankle. I can't walk..."

"I used to carry you once, Nan." He smiled his slow grave smile. "I never thought I would again. The crust is hard enough to hold us. I'll leave my skis here with yours."

Lightly, easily, gently, he picked her up in his arms and stood for a moment, looking down into her face. Then he started down the mountain with his lovely burden.

It was dark when they reached the Lodge, dark and snowing a blizzard, blinding, impenetrable. He kicked open the door, carried her in and laid her gently down on one of the cushioned settees by the hearth. He threw wood on the banked embers. The cabin was warm, comfortable, away from all the world, an oasis in the desert of storm and night.

Michael went to the kitchen and returned with a basin of hot water, with arnica and cloths. He removed her ski-boot, and bathed and doctored the swollen ankle.

The answer is—

- 1—Apples, pears, honey, grapes.
- 2—The tea is good. The better the tea the bluer the flame.
- 3—Errol Flynn.
- 4—The Commonwealth.
- 5—A kind of writing table.
- 6—James Mollison.
- 7—(a) Picardy, (b) Shaitmar, (c) Tipperary, (d) Timbuctoo.
- 8—Maue (changed from brown last December).
- 9—Brook.
- 10—Celeries is a vegetable.

Questions on Page 44.

Lyric of Life

The Waning Sun

Against long years the sun
climbs down;
Life's sun, that cradled
once in clouds of rose,
Shone on the hopes of early
youth,
The dewy dawn serene in
young repose.

The sun that found the noon
of life
Strong, self-assured, ambi-
tiously complete,
And, while it warmed our
very hearts,
Yet threw no warning
shadow at our feet.

But now we watch the
shadow grow;
The day creeps on through
hours of waning light,
And through the afternoon
we know
The sun climbs down to
gloomy depths of night.

—P. Duncan-Brown.

"Better?" He glanced up quickly and surprised the longing, the hunger, in her eyes. He looked quickly away, and she knew he was afraid to trust her love because once it had so cruelly hurt him. There could be nothing between him and her any more. What had been was dead, and dead loves do not spring to life so quickly.

"It's much better now, Michael. Thank you. I suppose we'd better start out right away..."

Still he did not look at her. He said, in a voice that wasn't quite his own, stiffly. "We can't go down the mountain to-night in that storm. We'd be lost before we were ten feet from the Lodge."

"You mean we—we have to spend the night here?"

"Yes. Why not? You—you're not afraid?"

"I don't mind," she said. "It will be fun. But I'm sorry to have let you in for this."

"Sorry. Don't be sorry for me, Nan." He fished in his rucksack that he had flung on a bench. "There's some brandy and some sandwiches. I was out on my own to-day. Laurie is in New York. She goes there often. Strange the way I happened to come upon you..."

"A good thing you did." They talked on like that casually, inconsequently. They had to, desperately; for each dreaded and postponed as long as possible the time when talk would fall flat, when their eyes would seek each other, and perhaps speak to each other in the old, remembered way.

"You had better try to sleep, Nan," he said gruffly. "The storm will probably blow over before morning. There's nothing to worry about."

"No," she said. "Nothing."

He brought another blanket from the store in the cupboard and spread it lightly over her. Then his eyes met hers and she could not tear her gaze away, nor could he. It was Michael and Nan again, and love was young. He dropped to his knees and gathered her into his arms, her hand upon his shoulder, her hair soft against his cheek. He kissed her white brow, her eyes closed in the wonder of it, her lips—and there was the pent-up longing of years in that kiss.

"Nan!" he whispered. "Why did you ever leave me? Why did you come back to torment me?"

"Don't!" she said, and pushed him away. "It's all too late now, I guess. So what does it matter?"

"Yes." He stood up. "Too late. And perhaps, anyway, it might be the same again. I gave you my love, all my love, once, Nan, and you didn't take it. You went away to seek a greater one..."

He turned away. Almost satagely he threw wood on the fire and stood the spark-screen in front of it. "Good night," he said shortly and flung himself onto a sofa in the shadows at the far side of the hearth. And he spoke no more that night.

Please turn to Page 48



Is the HOUSEWORK getting you down?

"I felt I wanted to scream. My nerves were at breaking point," writes Mrs. C. H. F. of Nunurkah, Victoria. "I couldn't eat or sleep, and my housework was getting on top of me. As soon as I started taking Phosphorated Iron my appetite began to come back, I slept like a child, and felt new life."

Here's a test worth trying—which physicians find often increases the strength, vitality and endurance of weak nervous, run down men and women 100 per cent!—the famous

"8 day" Wonder Test

First see how far you can walk, or how long you can work before feeling tired, aching and nervous. Next, take two tablets of Phosphorated Iron with each meal for 8 days. Then test your energy and staying power again, and see for yourself how much you have gained.

Phosphorated Iron is a scientific concentration of organic elements in handy tablets, which seem to send an enriched supply of iron-laden blood right to the starved nerve cells. Note the way you brighten up, and get back to the old time restful, relaxed, sleep at night. Why not go round to your chemist—to-day—and get a 50-tablet flask of Phosphorated Iron tablets.

The Case of MR. JOHN B.



W.W. 29/7/39

BANISH CONSTIPATION

NYAL FIGSEN ends constipation in a NATURAL way because it is a combination of three of Nature's own laxatives—Figs, Gums and Castor. Figsen is a pleasant-tasting tablet. You show it up, secure normal bowel action promptly and gently with Figsen—equally good for adults and children. Sold everywhere. 1/3 tin.

NYAL FIGSEN FOR CONSTIPATION

The Australian Women's Weekly NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be returned at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

What Women are Doing



Author Travels by Caravan

IN her caravan, which she has called The Quest, Mrs. J. Hamlyn Harris, of Brisbane, travels around Queensland in search of material for poems and short stories.

She recently completed a book, "Highways and Byways of Queensland," containing poem descriptions of life on the land.

Her comfortably-fitted caravan was bought originally to take her family on holidays, and she then went on an extensive tour with her son while he was inspecting properties.

As well as poems, Mrs. Hamlyn Harris has written ballet music and scripts for pageants. Country scenes have inspired many of her ideas for music.

Possessing a remarkable memory, she memorized recently 280 pages of a first-aid book provided by the Lyceum Club.

Mrs. Hamlyn Harris with the caravan in which she tours Queensland.

Teaches herself to play ancient zither

MOST people have heard of the zither, the ancient harp-like instrument, but few nowadays learn to play it.

Miss Eva Holland, a charming Irish woman who is visiting Australia and New Zealand, found one recently in a Dunedin antique shop.

She says that it closely resembles an Irish harp.

As she could not find a teacher, Miss Holland taught herself by ear. She does not use the customary bone plectrum, but plays with a long feather and the fingers of her left hand.

Her favorite feather is a red-and-blue one from the tail feathers of an Australian macaw owned by Mrs. Hould, aunt of Ra Hould, the New Zealand boy who is acting in pictures in Hollywood.

As a background to humorous Irish sketches, Miss Holland composes her own zither accompaniments.

Helped establish rest home for nurses

FIFTEEN years ago Miss Cathfield, O.B.E., of Brisbane, saw the need for a rest home for nurses forced by age or ill-health to give up their work.

With other volunteer helpers she established a home in Bowen Hills. All work connected with it is voluntary, and Miss Cathfield is president of the committee which finds the necessary income for maintenance.

The oldest member of the little community of eighteen guests is 78 and the youngest just over 30.

When the home was first opened, the accommodation was soon fully taxed. In 1930 four new rooms, a bathroom and a kitchen were added, and in 1934 further extensions doubled the accommodation.

Golf handicap is lowest in Australia

SINCE her schooldays at Melbourne Church of England Girls' Grammar School, Miss Joan Lewis has been a leading sportswoman. Today she has the lowest golf handicap of any woman in Australia, and is the Victorian champion.

While returning to Melbourne from the Australian championships in 1938 she won the Canberra Cup, which is competed for by players throughout the southern districts of New South Wales.

Before she began to play championship golf Miss Lewis was an interstate baseball player, and was keenly interested in tennis, but squash is now her favorite summer game.

When she was at school this versatile sportswoman was a member of the hockey and athletic teams, and represented the school in interschool swimming contests.

Of medium height, with fair hair and blue eyes, Miss Lewis, who is the daughter of Dr. Lewis, of Albert Park, is one of the most popular women golfers in Australia.

English welfare worker touring Australia

ON a leisurely world tour, Miss Monica M. Ewart, of England, is at present visiting Australia.

Her main interest is social welfare work. For many years she has been doing valuable work in the Victoria Docks area in London, and also at the Canning Town Women's Settlement in the same district, where she has helped with the holiday camps, women's meetings, and the administration of gifts to the settlements.

The great value of the settlement work is that it trains women to become useful citizens, and assists them when they are unemployed.

Their health is benefited by suitable recreation and holidays in the country.

Since she left England Miss Ewart has visited India, Japan, and Singapore. In Singapore she joined a St. John Ambulance Division, and trained as an air raid precautions instructor.

A member of the Overseas League, and of the Y.W.C.A., she intends to study the activities of both organisations in Australia, as well as general social service work.



Miss M. Ewart

Appointed to assist at Children's Court

JUST appointed as Children's Court probationary officer to assist the stipendiary magistrate, Mrs. Tregellis Smith, of Melbourne, has been interested in children's welfare work for many years.

She has assisted at the psychiatric clinic at the Royal Melbourne Hospital, and now she will help to re-organise the children's courts and attend to problem cases.

Lack of parental education is the cause of most juvenile delinquency, Mrs. Smith believes. Many delinquents, she says, are children who have been deprived of normal development, because of economic conditions or lack of parental training.

There would be more sympathetic understanding between parents and children, she states, if parents, especially fathers, were educated through community centres or through church work.

Mrs. Smith strongly urges the provision of more recreational facilities in industrial suburbs for young people, such as boys' clubs, community singing and craft work.

She advocates the need for more voluntary help for community welfare work, especially during week-ends, when young people have leisure hours.

Paints scenery and costumes for Conservatorium

DESIGNING stage sets is the hobby of Miss Guenda Bainton, of Sydney. For several months each year she works at the Conservatorium of Music, designing a and painting scenery and costumes for various performances.

Her most recent work was the scenery for "Elijah," which was performed by the Sydney Philharmonic Society, and she also designed the costumes and supervised the stage lighting.

Miss Bainton studied all branches of the work in London. She was a pupil of the famous designer, Eric Wood, and then had practical experience with several well-known English repertory companies.

Her enthusiasm for her hobby is so keen that she works each afternoon and evening in a tiny studio under the stage of the Conservatorium.

For the production of "Elijah" the main back cloth was approximately 30 feet square, and she worked on it from a small original model.

Miss Bainton believes that simple settings are the most effective, with changes after each act instead of frequent scenes.

She has arranged all the shows at the Conservatorium for the last five years.



Miss G. Bainton

Designs for jewellery inspired by fossils

FOR some time Miss Varena Nottage, of Adelaide, has had a most unusual job at the Adelaide Museum.

She has been making drawings of shells which are estimated to be twenty million years old.

Miss Nottage was a student of dress designing at the South Australian School of Arts, when she was offered the work of drawing copies of minute specimens of chitons (a special type of fossil from Hamilton, Victoria).

She examines the fossils under a microscope and then traces their delicately-formed patterns on paper.

Chitons are exceedingly rare, and until now only 20 specimens are recorded in Australia. When Miss Nottage completes her work 53 more will have been added.

These 53 were obtained from masses of sand sent in four 10-gallon tins some time ago to Czechoslovakia to be sifted and sorted by Dr. Sulc, an eminent authority.

One of the chitons is to be named Varena, to commemorate the work of Miss Nottage.

The work on the fossils, which is only temporary, has given Miss Nottage a novel idea.

It occurred to her that some of the shapes of the shells would be perfect for clips, brooches, pendants or earrings, as well as for patterns on silks and cottons, and she is making special impressions of the drawings for manufacturing purposes.

If You Are...



...A CAREER GIRL gaily designing to-morrow's styles to-day...



...A HOME BODY happy at the thought of hubby's new success...

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See Glazo's new shades—RUMBA (fuchsia rose), EMBREE (sultan rose), TARA (orchid rose)—and other becoming colours to-day!



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FIRST AID for SCALDS



SCALDS happen unexpectedly and they require immediate treatment, otherwise the pain is much intensified and eventual healing delayed. Keep a tin of Rexona Ointment handy. Its rare medicaments take out instantly the stinging heat, soothe the raw and tender skin, and restore the damaged tissue.

TREATMENT. Do not wet the scald. Smear the ointment on the injured part and bandage lightly. Renew the bandages frequently to prevent sticking to the injured skin.

BUY REXONA AT YOUR CHEMIST'S OR STORE NOW!

Home and Michael

Continued from Page 46

NAN awoke from fitful dozing and saw Michael opening the door, and outside she heard the jingle of bells. She sat up, running her fingers through her hair. Michael spoke to the rescuers and came back to her. He smiled bleakly. "I suppose you had a wretched night, Nan. There's a sleigh there now to take us down to town." He picked her up in his arms, not heeding her protest that she could walk, carried her to the sleigh, and tucked her warmly in under the buffaloes. Herman Snider, from the livery-stable, and Virginia Crouse's brother, Cary, looked curiously from Michael to Nan, but said little beyond that it was a bad storm, and that the ski-ing party had believed that Nan had gone home ahead of them. But Nan knew Somerton and guessed quite rightly that telephone-lines would soon be buzzing.

It wouldn't matter that she'd hurt her ankle; it wouldn't matter if she'd broken her neck. The fact was that she had spent the night up there alone with Michael, that they'd been sweethearts once—well there was only one way to interpret these facts—in Somerton.

Aunt Chris looked at her gravely when Michael carried her in and set her down on the sofa beside the old lady's chair.

"Nan twisted her ankle, Miss Aldrich," he said. "She would have been on the mountain all night if I hadn't found her and taken her to the lodge."

"You were always good to Nan,"

said the old lady slyly. "It was a lucky thing you came along."

Michael said good-bye, and went away. Aunt Chris went on with her knitting.

Nan went to bed. The doctor came and looked at her ankle. It was a sprain. It would be right soon. It was old Dr. Comerford. Even he knew all about what had happened. "Not much fun spending the night up on the mountain, eh? Still, young folks don't mind things so much. Might have lost your fool life."

"Perhaps," thought Nan, "it wouldn't make much difference." Tongues were wagging in Somerton. By telephone, by direct chit-chat, by every conceivable means, the story went the rounds and grew and was embellished with each telling. It got to the Hewes' home bright and early. It was there to greet Laurie when she came back from New York, and Michael came shortly after.

She was wise enough to smother the fire of her anger. It gave place to a cold, deadly rage. She didn't even tell Michael she knew about it. She let him stammer and stumble through the story. And she had to accept it as he gave it. She had to marry Michael. One can't live by blue blood alone, and the Deering fortune was about the only thing that would keep Stephen Hewes' wretched business out of bankruptcy.

"I'm sorry it had to happen, Micky," she said sweetly. "You know how people talk in this town."

"What do we care?" he said with slow anger. "Let them talk. There's nothing to talk about."

"But they make up things to talk about. Oh, I don't care." She put her hands on his shoulders and lifted her lips to his kiss. He thought miserably of Nan's kiss. But this girl, this blonde, lovely, clinging thing, whose beauty left him somehow cold, was his. He was pledged to her, bound to her forever, and he felt, in the possessive clasp of her arms, that she would never let him go.

She wouldn't. She would even fight harder to hold him, and she fought with the subtle poison of slander, to which there is no antidote. Stories about Nan Aldrich came to Somerton—wild tales of her life in the city; the story, utterly untrue, of the Miami week-end. It became known that this rich man, Cecil Blackmer, had finally tired of her and cast her off. Discarded, she had come back to Somerton, hoping to get Michael Deering to marry her.

Nan, able to come downstairs after a week of resting, heard Hannah Blair pouring out the whole wretched tale to Aunt Chris. Nan's face grew hot. She wanted to hurt somebody, to destroy, but she knew she was powerless. Still, she came into the living-room and faced Aunt Chris and the frightened housekeeper. Her eyes blazed and the spots of crimson that burned in the pallor of her cheeks were like twin lights of danger.

"Those are the dirtiest lies that were ever thought up," she said evenly. "They would only breed and thrive in minds that are vile and ugly. You probably know no better, Hannah, than to believe what you hear. You shouldn't. You, Aunt Chris."

"Well?" The old lady grinned impishly at her. "I didn't say I believed them. But I told you what Somerton was. Everybody believes the worst, dearie; that's the way they're made."

The stories came last to Michael Deering. He was not the man to listen to gossip, and no one dared to tell him directly, but a word here, and a whisper there soon did the trick.

He went to Nan's house and found her there alone, while Aunt Chris was having her afternoon nap. Nan saw the wild look in his dark eyes, the terrible grimace about his mouth. She did not know what to expect, but she faced him bravely.

"What is it, Michael?"

"It's hell and putrefaction and corruption, Nan. It's the ghastliest thing I ever heard of. But you've heard?"

"Something of it. They have me down for all the well-known sins and a few obsolete and newly invented ones. I—I came back here to—to enquire you."

"Nan!" He put his hands on her shoulders and his eyes frightened her. "I don't believe a single word of any of it... not one word!"

She looked at him and her eyes misted, flooded for a moment. Then she shook her head, cleared the tears away.

"Thank you, Michael," she said softly. "I don't mind it at all now, I'm sorry it ever had to happen."

"You—you didn't come back here to..."

"To recapture you? No, Michael," she hed bravely. "Of course not. I—I'm engaged to Alan Kenway in New York."

"Oh!" She saw something come into his eyes and then die away. "I—I didn't know, Luck, Nan. I—well, I'm marrying Laurie, you know. She's a pretty decent girl. She stuck up for you, wouldn't say anything but good about you."

Nan gasped, but he didn't notice. Clever, clever Laurie—started all the stories, then defended her in front of Michael. "Well, good-bye, Mike. I'd like you to—to meet Alan when he comes."

"Sure," said Michael. "Like it fine." He went out awkwardly, all his fury forgotten in the shock of learning that Nan was engaged. Alan Kenway got a wire that said, "It was only illusion. Come, Nan." He was in Somerton the next day. He was in the Aldrich living-room giving the old lady



Slim and sophisticated

ISOBEL'S pale pink georgette dance frock highlighted with a silk bolero, braided and polka-dotted in matching pink.



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looks as sharp and twinkling as those she gave him. His arm was about Nan's shoulders. He was very happy, so happy that he could hardly credit it.

"I really didn't think your disillusionment would come so fast, my dear. But I'm glad it came." He looked at her with those bright, diamond-hard blue eyes of his. And he frowned. "Who was the man, Aunt Chris?"

"Michael Deering—Nan's school-girl crush," smiled the old lady.

"All over now?"

Aunt Chris looked at Nan. "All over," Nan said.

"HMM!" Alan smoothed his straw-blond hair and stretched his long legs out to the fire. "I want to hear about you. You run upstairs and get ready to go for a walk, Nan, and Aunt Chris can tell me the story."

Nan went reluctantly. She loved Aunt Chris, but never knew quite what to make of her, and certainly had no idea how the old lady would tell the story to Alan. Alan was sharp. He wrote good plays. He had to know people to write good plays; he had to be able to read deep into their hearts.

He listened intently to Aunt Chris' recital. He did not put in a word. At the end, he said quite calmly, "So it's like this then: Nan loves this Michael and he adores her, but he's engaged to a girl whom he can't very well throw over. Nan is too big to take him away from this girl, and he's too—er—chivalrous to want to hurt his fiancée. I'm just the man Nan plans to marry—to sort of settle the matter."

"You're a remarkably clever young man," said Aunt Chris, for once shaken out of her perennial poise. "Why, I never said anything like what you've made out of the story!"

"It's not what you said," he smiled. "It's what the sharp ears hear. Well, I wish I could do something—and yet I don't. I love Nan. I want her enough to take her even on these terms, and trust that my love will awaken love in her. Anyway, it's all I can do."

Nan came and stood in the door. She looked a bit pale and weary, her eyes too large, too bright.

"Well," she said, "do you know all about it now?"

"All of it."

"How would you like to go call on Michael then? I promised him he'd meet you."

"I'd like it," said Alan gravely.

"Though I hate to see strong men suffer."

He was glad, Alan—triumphantly glad. He adored Nan. There were times when he had doubted that he would ever have her; the power that drew her back to Somerton had frightened him, though he had pretended to laugh at it. Now

he had her—had her in swift surrender. Nothing could take her from him now—nothing.

So he believed, and walked gaily at her side, tall and handsome, and quite unconscious of the looks that came his way. So he believed until he went with Nan into the Somerton bank, and into Michael Deering's office. There he saw Laurie Hewes, sitting carelessly, arrogantly on Michael's desk. He met her face to face, and there was stark, driven terror in her eyes, and in his something that was more than contempt. There was incredulity, amazement that could not find words.

Nan and Michael looked from him to Laurie. "What is it, Alan? What's the trouble?" Nan touched his sleeve.

"Trouble." He seemed to awaken. "Oh, why, nothing. Will you present me?"

"You needn't present me!" Laurie's voice was shrill. "I don't want to stay. It's all a trick, a put-up job. She's brought this man here to tell lies about me. I—I..." She jumped up. She snatched Michael's ring from her finger and flung it on the desk and brushed past Alan and Nan.

Alan looked at Michael. "I'm sorry," he said. "Are you? I won't go into the story. It's not nice. I've seen that girl in New York. She stays at the apartment across the hall from mine. It was rented recently by a man named Cecil Blackmer. He asked me in one night—to a party—I didn't stay." He grinned bravely. "I don't like crashing other people's parties as a matter of fact. I'll stroll along, if you..."

Michael's hand met his, and Michael's eyes were wise, as one man's eyes are wise to see stark misery in another's.

"Good luck," said Michael.

"And to you." He went out. Nan stood there, nervous, glad, frightened, unable to believe—Michael came to her, picked her up in his arms and looked down at her as if she were a very small child who had wandered away and been naughty, and now was back to be forgiven. "Nan," he whispered. "I love you, Nan. I've always, always loved you." His arms tightened about her, his lips found hers, her eyes closed and she seemed to drift away into a dream, a long, unbroken, wondrous dream from which there would be no awakening.

(Copyright)

"Broken Figure" Competition closed July 8 Major Winners

1st—£100. Mrs. E. J. Jardine, 19 Bush Street, Meadowbank, N.E.W.
2nd—£25. Mr. H. R. Godfrey, 1 Bannock Road, Surrey Hills E38, Vic.
3rd—£10. Mr. H. McDermott, 25 Bannock Street, Moore Park, N.E.W.

ETIQUETTE

More about invitations...

Invitations to official and other big formal functions are usually printed in full. The hand-written invitation, in various forms, has its place in private entertaining.

Occasions when invitations are partly printed, hand-written on cards, written in the form of notes or on visiting cards, or merely telephoned, are described by Mrs. Massey Lyon in this instalment of "Etiquette," which is being published by The Australian Women's Weekly in serial form.

By MRS. MASSEY LYON
Published by Special Arrangement.

ANSWERS to invitations should always be sent promptly, especially if they are to dinners, because indecision puts the hostess in the predicament of not knowing until it may be too late to fill places, whether guests are accepting or not.

Receptions of various kinds have different grades of cards.

The most ceremonious are on the same lines as that suggested last week for dinner, but with the necessary altered wording. These are rarely used by private hostesses, but are often used for invitations sent by public or private organisations.

With them, if any special point is given to the party, or it is arranged in anyone's honor, this is stated in type at the top.

For example:

To have the Honor of Meeting
H.H.H. The Duke of Kent
The Chairman and Governors
of the
So-and-so Hospital
request the pleasure of the
company of
Mr. and Mrs. Bythecoy
at an Afternoon Reception
on July 29
Smithtown Hospital. R.S.V.P.
4.30 to 6.30 The Secretary.

There is no reason why a similar printed invitation should not be

over to the right, speaks for itself, and is the most usual invitation for dances of all kinds.

"Music" appears sometimes with the intimation that an important musical star may be appearing at the party.

"At home" cards

NEXT to these fully-printed cards come others in which only "Mrs. Bythecoy, AT HOME, Green Street, Mayfair," is printed, the rest being filled in by hand.

Hostesses who entertain a good deal generally have these cards printed in large numbers, as they can be used for all manner of parties from a small tea dance to a big garden party.

Then we come to the cards on which only the words AT HOME are printed, and which can be bought from any good stationer.

Everything else has to be filled in by hand.

It is correct to fill in such cards with the words used for fully-printed invitations, the name of the guest being written at the top, beginning at the left.

All such invitations are answered in the third person.

For dinners, invitations are generally written, unless they are to be very big ceremonious affairs.

Cards are procurable part-printed on which

request the pleasure of

Company at Dinner.

is sometimes used as a compromise. It all depends upon the number of guests to be asked.

A letter, like every other communication of a similar nature, would make use of the colloquial form of title. Almost always printed stationery is used.

If not, the address should be written at the bottom of the paper, and the date should come below it. For example:

Dear Lady Widescrees,
It would give us much pleasure
if you and Sir John could dine with
us on July 25 at 8 p.m.
Yours sincerely,
Betty Bythecoy.

Green Street,
Mayfair,
July 4, 1939.

The date shows that the invitation is given three weeks in advance. This is usual for formal dinners, and this type of note would be used in the case of young or non-official people, who would not be giving the important functions that call for printed or semi-printed cards.

For "quiet" dinners

IN the case of a "quiet" dinner, a shorter time is allowed. But, as a rule, ten days is the shortest period when the invitation concerns a dinner party.

Apart from dinner parties, written invitations are usually for informal gatherings. The labor involved in writing notes for afternoon or evening parties would be too great.

Invitations to informal gatherings, therefore, follow the ordinary rules of ordinary correspondence.

When such parties are given, however, it is quite usual nowadays to make use of the visiting card, writing at the top of it the name of the guest or guests, then, underneath the hostess's name "At Home" and the time.

Thus:
Lady and Miss Knight.
Mrs. Bythecoy.
At Home
Monday, July 14.
Green Street. 6-7 p.m.
Mayfair.



INVITATIONS to a private dinner party are generally written by hand.

sent by private people, but it is more usual to find:

Mrs. Bythecoy
AT HOME
Monday, July 24.
10 p.m.
Green Street, Decorations.
Mayfair. R.S.V.P.

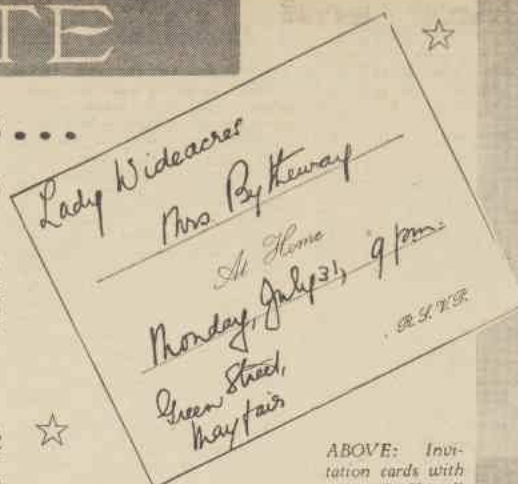
If the party has any special significance it would have words such as "To Meet the Prime Minister," or "To Meet Delegates to the So-and-so Conference," at the top, in the middle.

All the cards would be printed in the same way, and the name of the guest written in on top, beginning in the left-hand corner.

Replies to such invitations are precisely the same as those explained in previous chapters, except that there is no need to mention time if the entertainment is not to be a dinner.

These cards, like others, can indicate also the precise nature of the party.

"Dancing" printed in the left-hand corner, when the address goes



This method of invitation is used for bridge parties, unless on a very important scale the word "Bridge" on the bottom corner making the nature of the afternoon clear. Similarly, "Dancing" can be written for informal afternoon or after-dinner dances.

And, last of all, we have the telephone invitation. Any number of pleasant little gatherings are summoned in this way, usually at short notice. A longer invitation calls for more formal methods.

If a message is left—"Will Mrs. Bythecoy come and play bridge with Lady Somebody at 4 o'clock on Thursday?"—while one is out, the answer should be telephoned back as soon as possible.

But the telephone should not be used to reply to any other form of invitation—unless, of course, it is requested that it should be.

What has been said about dinner parties applies also to luncheon parties, except that they are more informal; a week or ten days beforehand is the usual time to send

ABOVE: Invitation cards with only "At Home" printed on them can be bought from stationers. The rest of the invitation, with the guest's name written at the top, is filled in by hand.

AT RIGHT: Invitations by telephone convey that the entertainment—luncheon, afternoon tea, or bridge—will be an informal one.

an invitation. For this, a simple hand-written note is customary. For a big semi-public affair, of course, a card would be printed.

For a small informal lunch party

invitations can be made by telephone.

NEXT WEEK: How to make a success of a dinner party.



THE BOY STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK AND FELT SO HOT AND DIRTY



WE'RE SINKING! MAN THE LIFEBOATS, MEN! BE QUICK!" CRIED CAPTAIN BERTIE.



DON'T DARE GO BACK... WE CANNOT WAIT." THE ANGRY CAPTAIN ROARED.



"BUT CAP! OUR HANDS ARE FILTHY BLACK—AND SOLVOL'S STILL ABOARD!"



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25-27, 19

"THERE is a flat key. With your indulgence, I shall therefore omit the first number on my programme, which depends on that particular note as a climax." He smiled again. "One learns to make changes at a moment's notice." Several people looked over their shoulders at Brooke. Programmes rustled. Brooke stared, tight-lipped, at the red velvet curtains. Bill pinched me. "Why, Larry knew very well—"

"Hush," I whispered. Larry was singing. Perhaps I can tell you how good he was when I say that Bill, who doesn't know one tune from another, sat there with his mouth open and never once creaked around in his seat the way men do when they're bored.

When he had finished, and taken the last bow, everybody swarmed up. Alston passed us without speaking. Bill and I went back to where Brooke was gathering up the scattered programmes. Bill said: "Well, he seems to have talent."

Brooke nodded. "But it was his own fault about that blue key," Bill went on. "Too bad, though, he had to change his number."

"Especially when the one he sub-

stituted," said Brooke, "had the same note as a climax."

They came out then, and we all went home. Mother had stayed home to fix supper for father when he got back.

I said: "You must come to hear Larry sing to-morrow night. Honestly, he's a genius."

"I told you," mother said. "Houdini and Laurie came from small towns. Did you get them back on time? Larry and Alston?"

The next day Alston and Larry were gone all day. Brooke closed his office and took over what Alston had been supposed to do, and a million other things beside.

I spent the day collecting silver and brass. Brooke and I went over to Alston's at six-thirty. Larry and Alston, just back, were in the sun porch sipping long cool drinks. They'd been swimming. Brooke and I were hot and rumpled. Brooke had a white line under his mouth.

"Alston, did you phone about the demitasse before you left?" began Brooke.

"Oh, Brooke, can't you stop fuss-

ing over details?" she said. "What in the world does it matter?"

Larry crushed the ice in his glass and yawned. "Brooke likes to be occupied," he said. "Have a drink and relax."

"Larry," I said quickly, "come out and help me mix one." I took his arm and pulled him out to the kitchen. Through the swinging door I could hear Brooke talking in a stifled voice, and Alston talking back. I waited as long as I could hold Larry, then we started back.

Brooke was saying, "So nothing I do is important to you?" and Alston answered, "No."

Brooke flung past us, and was gone. Larry said lightly: "Is the executive mind troubled again?"

Alston answered in a troubled tone: "I didn't really mean—"

The sun was going down in red fire as I walked home. I felt sick. Larry was important all right; he could look down on Brooke justifiably. Brooke was just a small-town man; he'd never make the headlines for getting the programmes out on time or gathering the demitasse cups. Alston would go away with Larry to a life in a big world;

there was nothing to object to in that picture.

But I felt terrible. I walked into the house and went to the kitchen. Brooke was sitting at the kitchen table with his head in his arms, and I heard dry curious sobs muffled by his coat sleeve. I streaked back upstairs. I knew what mother would do to me if I came in on a scene like that.

"I saw you come in," mother said to me later.

"So Alston turned him down for good?"

"I thought Alston had more sense," said mother vigorously.

"But Larry is a genius."

"It takes more than genius to make the world go round."

"But," I protested, "she can't help it if she loves Larry."

"She needn't rob Brooke of his self-respect," retorted mother. "A man has to believe in himself."

I went ahead to the concert with Bill.

The Opera House was jammed when we got there. People had come from all the towns around.

It was the biggest crowd ever known in Appleton, and all dressed up. People were already shifting around uncomfortably, fanning themselves with programmes. It was eight twenty-five, and I began to feel worried, remembering the previous night. I went to the phone booth and rang Alston. The maid answered.

"Have they started for the concert?" I asked hurriedly.

"Miss Alston and Mr. Spencer went out after dinner," she told me, "for a breath of fresh air. They aren't back, so they must be on their way."

He would be late again. I knew it. I told Bill, and he went backstage at once to talk to the accompanist. He didn't come back. At nine, the men all began looking at their watches. Women fanned desperately. Conversation buzzed.

I can't tell you what I felt. It was a nightmare. Everybody coming in all enthusiastic and interested, getting angrier and angrier.

At nine-ten, several people got up and left, making audible comments. Then Bill came pounding down the aisle and squeezed in beside me.

"WE've got to do something," he said. "The manager says he's going to send them home and let 'em give in their tickets. You'll be out all your expense, and the sanitarium will be done for. He says he'll wait just ten minutes more, then he's going to act."

A few more people left.

"You'll never be able to raise another nickel, either," Bill said comfortingly. "What a mess! Can't do anything, either. Nobody has any idea where they are—"

"Where's Brooke?" I said.

"He hasn't come either."

"Bill, you've got to tell the manager this is our party. Keep him quiet. I'm going to call Brooke. He always thinks of something." I was running; I got his number. He spoke, dazed. "Aren't you at the concert?"

"Yes, but Larry isn't," I said. "Oh, Brooke, they're going to take back the tickets! We'll never live it down—and the poor sanitarium!"

"Shut up," said Brooke. "Stand by the phone and get Alston's maid to ring you the minute she hears. I'll be there in three minutes."

I stood in the stuffy booth. I could see people fishing for their gloves and getting up, and hear that subdued roar of angry talk. Then I saw Brooke coming out on the rostrum in a crumpled linen suit, his hair not smooth.

He said: "I know you're all hot and tired. The manager tells me anyone who wants to leave may obtain a ticket refund at the box office."

There was a stir, a moving to go. "But I hope you won't take him up on it," said Brooke, stepping to the front of the rostrum.

"There has been an—unavoidable delay. But you all know what this money is for and how hard the girls have worked for it."

People settled back to listen. Brooke mopped his face. He wasn't a glorious figure at all, he was just a hot, tired, unromantic-looking man.

"What I thought," he said, "was that we might use Mr. Spencer's accompanist for a little, while we wait, and practise some of those community songs the Rotary leaflet has on it. Of course it won't sound like great art..." Somebody laughed; somebody else clapped.

EVERYBODY clapped. The accompanist came out. And the phone rang. Alston's voice sobbed at me. "Listen, we can't get across the river!"

"What?" I screamed. "Oh, it's terrible," she sobbed. "It's the drawbridge! It got opened and stuck open, and the bridge man can't shut it and we're across the river just—sitting. Have they all gone home?"

"No," I said furiously. "They haven't. Brooke is keeping them. Didn't you know better? You know that bridge—"

"Larry said a few minutes didn't matter... Oh, dear, I'll never be able to hold my head up again. What shall we do?"

I said: "I'll ask Brooke." I added bitterly: "He's good at unimportant things."

I ran backstage and waved at Brooke, who stepped off while the audience kept roaring lustily. "To thee we'll e'er be true!"

"Are they here?" Brooke wiped the sweat from his face.

"They're across the river," I said. "What? What?"

"The drawbridge got stuck—you know how it does. The bridge man can't get it shut. You know it's ten miles around the other way." I caught at his arm. "Oh, Brooke, do something!"

He had his watch out. "Call her back," he ordered sharply. "Tell her they can walk the railroad trestle."

"But—Brooke—"

"There's no train for twenty minutes! Send Bill to pick 'em up this side. And for Pete's sake, hurry!"

The crowd sang on, but it seemed hours before I heard running feet out at the back entrance. Alston and Larry dashed in.

Alston's head was bare, she was breathing hard, her mouth was white. Larry was cool.

I stared. "Larry, didn't you realise—"

He stiffened. "What's that roaring out there?"

"It's Brooke," I said rapidly. "He's got them all singing and cheering. He's held them. He's been marvelous!"

"They swung into the donkey song. As Brooke slid out to us, the 'How haw, hee haw' was deafening."

"Well, you're here," said Brooke. "Are you ready to begin?" He didn't look at Larry.

Larry said: "Nobody could give a serious recital on top of that racket."

Brooke said: "You'll get out there and give your programme or I'll thrash the hide off you!"

Alston cried: "Brooke!"

"You can't make me sing," said Larry, backing away. "I'm not under contract anyhow, and I'm not getting my fee." He added: "It was just a favor anyhow."

Brooke's face was white and set. "You cad!" He grabbed Larry and shook him. "You'll get out there and sing! Those people out there came from all over the country—they've sat here while you got stuck like a careless fool. They're waiting and stuck it out and now you're going to give them what they've waited for."

"Let me go!" Larry was trembling.

"And the rest of us have worked for weeks to organise this for the poor sick devils in the sanitarium. What's it to you? You'd rather we'd give back the money, wouldn't you? His voice was steel. "Just so your artistic sensibilities wouldn't suffer by your singing after some lowbrow songs? You'll sing! You'll sing because I'll make you!" He shook him again.

"Brooke!" cried Alston again.

But he was pushing Larry ahead of him to the stage. And Larry, when the applause from the audience died down a little, took his bow, and opened his programme.

Brooke came back. "You'll never forgive me," he said to Alston. "I'm sorry." His hands were trembling.

Alston lifted her face. "Can you ever forgive me?" she asked.

"Brooke, I've been such a fool!"

"Nonsense," he said roughly. "Well, I'm going along. I'll turn the money over to Doctor Graham in the morning. There'll be some extra to put radios in half the rooms. Good-night."

Alston put out her hand. "Wait for me. I'll come with you."

Brooke stared. "But Larry is singing his programme."

And Alston said: "When I tell you I love you, I don't need to say it to music."

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[What Australia's No. 1 Dramatic Soprano]
says about Australia's No. 1 Chocolate]

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Chocolate I have ever tasted"*

Marjorie Lawrence
FAMOUS AUSTRALIAN
OPERA STAR

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THE HOMEMAKER

July 29, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

Winter sports are healthy, but . . .

WATCH YOUR BEAUTY!

A CRISP tang in the air, brilliant sunshine, and biting winds of the snow-covered slopes—they are exhilarating, but can damage your complexion considerably if you do not exercise proper care.

BY JANETTE

If you are to come back from your snow holiday looking as well as you feel, you must take precautions to protect your face and hands. Flakes of powder clinging to a rough skin, dry, cracked lips, roughened, reddened hands, and, worst of all, fine lines around the eyes—the very thought of such a holiday legacy is depressing.

Begin to care particularly for your complexion before you leave for a colder climate. If your skin is normally dry use a rich lubricating cream at night. Massage it in thoroughly.

If your skin is naturally oily use a cleansing but not nourishing cream and remove it before going to bed.

But supposing that the damage is already done, or at least has begun, and your skin shows an alarming dryness.

Then oil is the answer! Try massaging oil all over your body and face, before your



TO PROTECT her lips from biting winds, Ann Rutherford, Paramount player, uses a little cream before using lipstick.

tive as drying, peeling lips. Fortunately, the modern use of lipstick tends to counteract this result of exposure and wind, but be sure your winter lipstick is a good greasy one, and do not miss your lips when massaging with cold cream at night.

Use a good hand-lotion generously, and rub it on your elbows as well. At night rub in a good hand-cream, or else literally soak the hands in warm oil. If your hands are very much roughened leave the oil or cream on and wear cotton gloves to bed.

PERHAPS your nails incline to chip or split, too? Then massage the oil around the nail base, or else a good cuticle cream.

And another word of warning for winter—watch the back of your neck! "Of course I wash my neck every day—twice a day," you say indignantly.

Well, rub a good cleansing lotion on it, and be amazed at the way the cotton-wool is discolored. This is a nasty trick played by furs, and dark woolly scarves.

Take all these winter beauty precautions and your appearance will repay you—you will have that lovely healthy glow which marks winter charm.



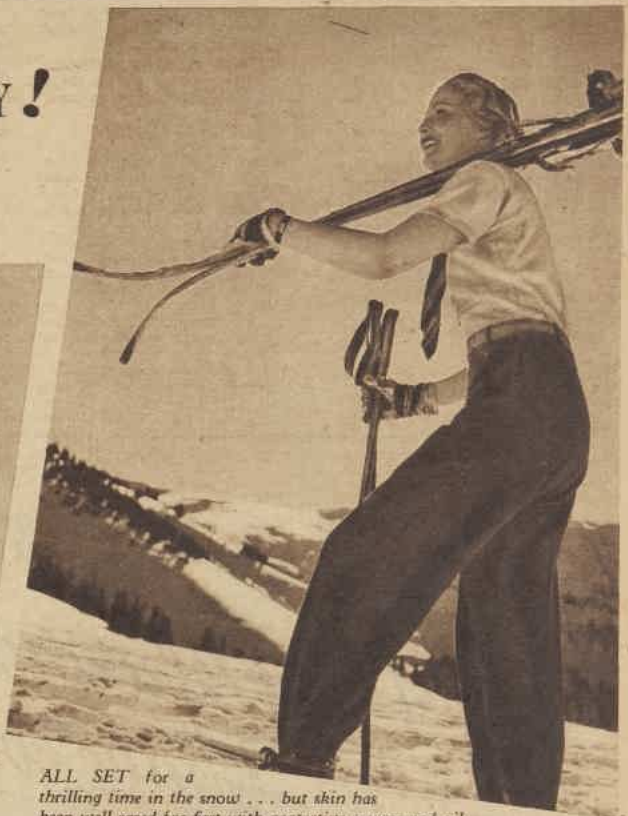
COMPLEXION . . . Look after it well, by applying a protecting powder foundation before going out into the snowfields.

bath. Or use a bath-oil in your tub.

Now scrub well with your favorite soap. Stand under a warm shower and follow with

a cool one. If going out of doors again spray yourself with eau-de-Cologne; if going to bed dust with talcum powder.

Nothing looks so unattrac-



ALL SET for a thrilling time in the snow . . . but skin has been well cared for first with protective creams and oil.



"Damp-Set" your hair with Velmol

It works on hair of any texture . . . On any wave, natural or permanent . . . and takes but four minutes! It's the marvellous new way to "damp-set" your hair in deep, firm, sparkling waves or curls—and save many shillings, and many hours of time.

And it's so easy! All you need is brush, comb, and an ounce of VELMOL. (A bottle is only 2/- at any chemist, store, or hairdresser.)

"Damp-setting" keeps hair fastidiously fresh . . . keeps waves so firm and neat . . . yet never "stiff" or "greasy." Holds finger-wave for days. Makes 'perm.' last a lot longer.

Out Tomorrow!

The Exciting, Brilliant, Colourful, SPRING STYLES NUMBER

Fashion

6^p



Margaret Vyner

Has again chosen four smart designs. These are included in FASHION'S no-charge distribution of

**4 EXCLUSIVE
FREE
PATTERNS**

64 PAGES

LAVISHLY ILLUSTRATED IN FOUR-COLOR
AND VELVET SMOOTH SEPIA ROTOGRAVURE

Ask for FASHION at your newsagent's now. The new Spring Styles Number presents a fashion show never before equalled in Australia. In addition to brilliant pictures, there are included:—

Six original model designs. 31 designs for Day Frocks, 17 for Evening Wear, 5 for Sports, 11 for Lingerie, 15 for Children.

Practical patterns are available for all these designs for really nominal prices. In addition, there are two knitwear designs and one needlework design, with full directions, plus cooking and beauty hints, as well as the FOUR FREE Patterns, personally selected by Miss Margaret Vyner.

If you want to be well-dressed this Spring,
buy a copy of FASHION—
to-morrow!



Call or 'phone your newsagent,
and order **FASHION'S** Spring
Styles Number now. "If it's in
FASHION—it's right!"



AN EXQUISITE gladiolus, the one stem carrying the rich profusion of beautiful blooms, so typical of this type of flowering bulb.

NIGHT



and DAY

LIPS LOOK GLAMOROUS

NOW Pond's bring you an exciting new lipstick that makes your lips look glamorous always, in the bright day light, or in the glare of electric lights. Pond's new Lipstick shades are blended scientifically to keep their rich color night or day! Really indelible. Stays smooth and fresh on your lips. Six smart new shades.

Pond's
NEW
Lipstick

1/- and 2/- at all stores and chemists

LATE flowering types of gladioli can be held until the end of July or longer, provided the corms remain dormant.

Growers have definitely established that the exhibition type is the most popular in Australia, standing up as they do to our hot spring weather.

Last year the gladioli spikes marketed were few, the hot winds, drought, and strong winds ruining millions of blooms.

Since then, however, good conditions have been experienced, and corms that were left in the ground until late autumn provided plenty of color.

Although it is well known that gladioli show a marked liking for new or fairly new ground, they can also be grown successfully in old ground that has been cropped with corms for years.

For ordinary garden purposes the soil for gladioli should be rich, free, and friable.

New manure must be avoided at all costs, for it affects the corms and causes disease and loss.

Plant in old beds

AN old dahlia bed, or one that has previously carried cross-feeding annuals that have been heavily manured, suits gladioli admirably.

If the soil is naturally very rich, no leaf mould or old, well-decayed compost will be necessary, but if it is poor such material and a dressing of well-rotted cow manure, spaded deep into the ground, will work wonders.

Corms should be planted from three to four inches deep in cool soils, but in hot, dry, sandy soils five inches is preferable.

They may be planted in any formation to suit the bed, but look best when massed and sown about six inches apart.

As the soil needs cultivating from time to time to keep down weeds and give it a thorough aerating, the position of every corm should be

marked with a stake, or damage may be caused when cultivating.

Later this stake will come in handy for tying up the spikes.

If natural manure is not available, a dressing of 1oz. to the square yard of superphosphate will suffice.

The soil should be moist but not sodden at planting time, and should be well hoed down and allowed to drain if dry when planting time arrives.

In very dry, windy weather give a thorough watering the day before planting rather than afterwards.

An open, sunny position that is well protected from blustery winds should be chosen for gladioli, as their rather brittle stems snap easily if blown about.

When buying corms choose the biggest, cleanest, and plumpest possible.

Worth the money

SUCH corms are naturally more expensive than the smaller ones, but they yield far bigger and better blooms.

Corms covered with sunken, diseased-looking depressions should be avoided. Only those that look healthy when the outer onion-like skin is removed should be planted.

Although they are fairly drought resistant, gladioli do best in gardens where the water supply is ample.

When watering give the beds a good soaking. Once a week in dry weather is sufficient.

When buds are swelling a weekly dose of diluted liquid manure is necessary. This should cease when the buds color up.

Some of the latest Australian introductions that can be sown now are Mrs. G. G. Errey (creamy-white with pale yellow centre flushed with pink), Black Opal (dark red), Eulides (ivory-white, cream centre flushed with lilac), Killara (deep salmon-pink), and Indigo (rich violet-blue).

Other new "glads" are Bruno (copper overlaid with slate, brown centre), Coral Glow (coral-pink), Eleanora (maroon-purple), Koala (creamy-pink with golden sheen), Lowana (rose with deeper centre), and Muralia (silvery-pink with petunia and cream-marked throats).

For beauty and color . . . grow

GRACEFUL GLADIOLI

THEIR exquisite blooms in an infinite variety of colors ranging from pale pastels to richer hues make gladioli invaluable for adorning both gardens and home interiors.

The beautiful types now so popular for early summer blooms include all the forms of Gaudens, primulinus, Brenchleyensis, Lemoinei, Nanceianus, and Childsii.

Corms can be planted now in areas not subject to severe frosts, and will make excellent growth that will develop flowering spikes before the really hot weather arrives.

Early types such as Gladiolus Colvillei should be planted without delay, for most of the corms are throwing green shoots — a sign that they should be underground.

—Says **THE OLD GARDENER.**

Back from her cruise came Marie,
With trunks full of clothes, bought with glee.
"No stockings," she cried,
"Like Kayser" I spied,
"And I searched the whole world 'cross the sea."

*"I'm a
ONE Brand
woman now"*

—because beautiful hosiery is an important accessory to the well-groomed woman! . . . In KAYSER "MIR-O-KLEER" hosiery I've found perfection of fit, and that "luxury look" so essential to smart dressing. Glorious Sheers 4/11 to 7/11. Sturdy Service weights 4/6 to 7/11.

I insist on
KAYSER
HOSIERY LINGERIE GLOVES

Don't you love these . . .

PERIOD STYLE BEDROOMS?



FRENCH BEDROOM, with pale-blue hangings and bedspreads offsetting the lovely white-and-gold furniture. Lounge is pale-mushroom, walls cream, and carpet mid-blue.

Photographs of exhibition furnishings sent by Air Mail from our New York Office.



TOP RIGHT: French provincial style with soft white-and-blue hangings and white velvet upholstery in contrast with the dark furniture.

ABOVE: Classic bedroom with tailored quilts in pale-green satin with gold check, green carpet and curtains, wallpaper pale gold with white festoon design, and gold brocade on white lacquered chair and stool.

LEFT: Regency room where bedspread of white needlerun net is mounted on pink taffeta finished with fuchsia border. Carpet and velvet upholstered chair are fuchsia, curtains are pink taffeta, and walls palest pink with white floral design.



FEED YOURSELF

Right
Royally

WITH



HEINZ

PERFECT SOUPS *



They're Soups fit for a Queen. The tenderest, juiciest cuts of meat, and the youngest, crispest garden vegetables, are simmered slowly so that all their goodness is brewed in — while in the Cream Soups the basis is rich thick Cream. Try all the kinds, one by one:

* CREAM SOUPS — Chicken, Tomato, Asparagus, Green Pea, Spinach, Celery, Toheroa, Mushroom, Onion, MEAT SOUPS — Ox Tail, Kidney, Vegetable, Mulligatawny, and the New Bean Soup — with Ham.

READY TO SERVE

MADE IN AUSTRALIA

WHILE the Old World goes modern the New reveals a preference for graceful period furnishings.

Outstanding at a recent home furnishing exhibition in New York were rooms furnished in French and Regency periods adapted, of course, to suit modern living.

Four bedrooms in Old World style are shown on this page. Each has a graceful charm about it and an air of friendly informality that is often lacking in severe modern decor.

Luxurious simplicity is exemplified in the French bedroom at top left. The furniture is white with gold edges, the quilted bedspreads of blue satin.

The blue satin curtains have brocade pelmets matching the chair upholstery. The lounge is upholstered in pale-mushroom taffeta with a quilted blue cushion.

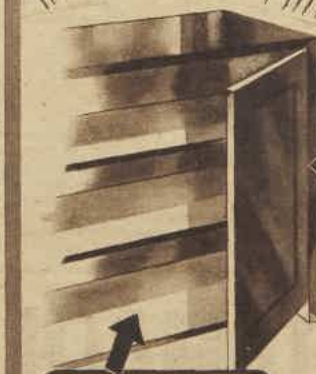
Pale-blue-and-white wallpaper is used in the French provincial bedroom at the top right. Furniture and dark blue carpet are offset by white corduroy velvet chair upholstery, white bedspreads, and frilly white muslin curtains.

Gold checks on a green satin background make the tailored quilts, bed-ends, and curtains in the classic bedroom. The wallpaper shows a white festoon pattern on pale gold; the carpet is green; gold brocade covers the white lacquered chairs, and the writing-desk is white with a gold line.

For the Regency bedroom white and pink predominate. The bedspread is fine white needlerun net on a pink taffeta foundation with border of fuchsia to match velvet upholstered chair and carpet. Wallpaper is pink and white and the curtains pink taffeta.

DYNAMEL

THAT CUPBOARD!



Dynamel the outside of the cupboard in a gay, cheery color.

Dynamel the inside shelves in cream or white so that you can see what you're doing.



Dynamel your old furniture new!

You'll Get a Mirror-Smooth Gloss First Time

Dynamel is better than enamel because it dries twice as fast! Twice as hard! No brushmarks. You can scrub that mirror-smooth gloss. Anybody can do a good job with Dynamel. Choose from thirty-four lovelier colors on Taubmans Dynamel Color Chart at paint shops everywhere.

HERE'S HOW TO MAKE . . . RAG RUGS

IT'S quite simple to make these beautiful things for your home from all sorts of rag from the scrap-bag and outworn clothing.

ALL kinds of materials may be used: worn-out clothing, discarded bathers and sweaters, old socks and stockings, silk and cotton or wool underwear, dressmaking cuttings.

Many of the rugs can be used in their present color. Some will need dyeing.

The beginner will be wise to begin with a simple design, although, with patience, even an intricate pattern may be managed.

All-wool rugs make the best rugs. But a mixture of wool, silk and cotton will also make a satisfactory rug. A rug made all of silk is a delightful luxury, light, soft, and rich-looking.

First cut the rags into strips as long as possible. The width should be from about half inch to one inch, according to weight. Bulky woollen material will need to be about half an inch. Silk stockings should be cut round and round from top to toe into strips about one inch wide. Ex-



SIMPLE block design for beginners.

perience will soon teach correct widths for various materials.

The long strips should be wound into balls to prevent tangling.

Rag rugs may be hooked, knitted, crocheted, or plaited. Possibly the most prized are the hooked.

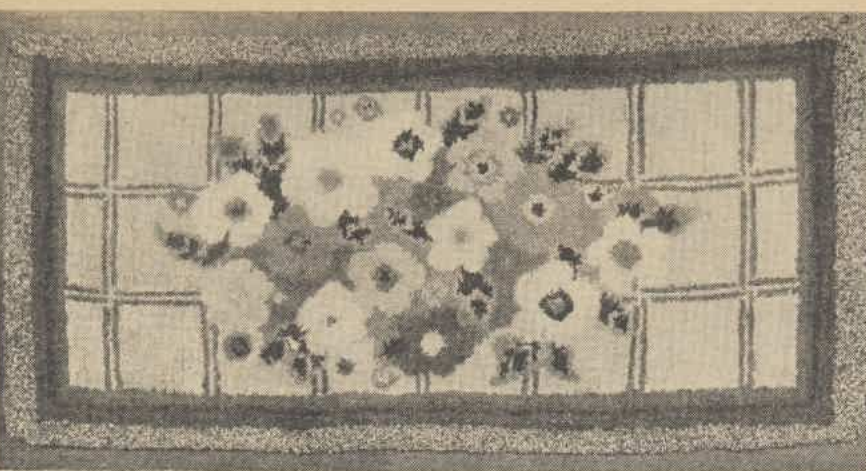
Some workers do the hooking holding the mats on lap or table. But more satisfactory results (and quicker) are obtained by the use of a frame.

The handy man of the house could easily make one of strong smooth wood bolted together. When not in use it can be taken apart and put away as a bundle of sticks.

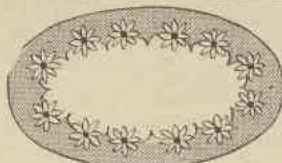
An easel may be used, but, if preferred, the frame may be rested on chair-backs, or any convenient support. If the rug is too large for the frame it can be rolled round one side of the frame and moved as the work progresses.

For hooking, buy if possible a proper rug-hook. The hook should not be more than four inches long, handle included.

If unable to buy a rug-hook you can make one at home. A thick, short, iron nail can be filed into a good hook at the head end. Make the end somewhat arrow-shaped, to pierce the hessian easily. File a good-sized hook, so that the rags



BEAUTIFUL hooked rug made entirely from scraps of material and outworn clothing, the work of Mrs. R. Gole, Roseville, N.S.W.



DESIGN for rug 22 by 36 inches. Main part in apple-green; border sage with dark brown edge; flowers yellow and orange with black centres.

will be hooked easily. Secure a small, rounded-top tool-handle and drive the point of the nail into it. The handle of the hook should fit comfortably into the palm of the hand.

There is also on the market a gadget ingeniously made whereby two pieces of wood working together help the hooking to be done very rapidly. It can be obtained at the fancywork departments of some large stores. Directions are obtainable with the device.

Hooked rugs are made by hooking strips of rag into hessian which has the design already stamped or drawn upon it. The hessian should be one or two inches larger all round than the design, to allow for finishing off. To mark the design use colored pencil, making heavy lines, or use ink and a fine paint brush.

Mats stamped ready for wool rugs may be bought and are quite suitable for rag rugs.

With drawing-pins fix the prepared hessian to the frame. The tighter the hessian in the frame the better the result.

Many designs are best when they are first outlined with black rags. This helps the design to stand out.

Rags, mat, frame, and hook being ready, begin to work. Sit comfortably in front of the frame.

Hold the end of a prepared strip of rag in the left hand, under the hessian; design is uppermost on the frame. Grasping hook comfortably in right hand, push it firmly through hessian, and catch the rag. Pull



HOOK made by filing nail and driving it into handle.

it through, making a loop about three-quarters of an inch long. Free hook. Leave about quarter of an inch space, then push hook through again, again pulling a loop through. When rag is used up, or when desiring to add a new color, pull a loop through, and cut off on right side. Continue in this way throughout. There is only one simple movement to be learned.

When the hooking is finished inspect the wrong side of the rug and fill in any empty spaces with the correct color. Remove from frame. Turn in edges, and hem. Or the mat may be faced with strong material.

With strong, sharp scissors clip all the loops of the rug. This gives a soft, pile-like finish. In floral designs, gradual shearing of flowers and close shearing of leaves make the design stand out.

Some prefer the rugs unclipped.

Now make a thin flour-and-water paste, and while still hot add one packet of Epsom salt to every cup of paste. Smear it all over back of rug. Besides strengthening the rug it keeps away silverfish. Leave upside down till dry.

Continued on Page 8, Homemaker Section

Actress Gives Recipe for Grey Hair

Miss Nancie Stewart, Well-Known Actress, Tells How to Darken Grey Hair With Simple Home-Made Mixture.

Miss Nancie Stewart, talented Australian actress,—whose artistry has won her many prominent theatrical roles,—gives the following advice on grey hair and how to darken it:—
"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter-ounce box of Orizel Compound and 1 ounce Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."***

FIGURE "IT" OUT

Mr. LEN O. BIGGS, Pharmaceutical Chemist of Cable, Western Australia, has made a careful study of fat-reducing properties over many years, and, in his opinion, the seaweed treatment is by far the safest and most effective for the majority of obesity cases. Having only health-giving and tonic properties, no derangement of the system can result. The treatment will not affect the heart, and can have no ill-effects, and an getting down to the normal weight desired one does not put on flesh again, immediately as in the case of reduction by exercise.

The Special Reducing Tablets are 4/6, plus 3d. post. for three weeks' supply. There is nothing secret about these. The formula is printed on each bottle. The Reducing Massage Cream, an easy running massage, delightful to use and acts by absorption, is 4/6 jar, post 6d., and the Seaweed Stimulating Bath Salts (for drastic reductions) are 2/- each, or 10/- for six packets, freight 1/6. A diet chart for meals day by day is supplied free.***



MOTHER: Oh, dear! I was afraid something would happen if I went away for two days! What's wrong with the little darling?

GRANDMA: He's caught a cold and won't take his medicine.



MOTHER: Oh, children don't swallow medicine for colds nowadays. That often upsets the digestion. Besides, a cold is not in the stomach—it's in the air-passages.

GRANDMA: Good gracious! Have you some way of fighting a cold in the air-passages?



MOTHER: Yes, I just rub Vicks VapoRub on his throat, chest and back, like this. Then I tuck him in bed, leaving the covers loose around the neck.



MOTHER: Listen how much easier he's breathing already. He is inhaling VapoRub's vapours all through his sore, clogged air-passages. And see how relaxed he is. That's because VapoRub makes his chest so warm and comfortable as it works through the skin like a poultice.



GRANDMA: My, he felt so good he went right to sleep!

MOTHER: And while he sleeps, the warmth of his body keeps on releasing VapoRub's vapours for hours. Those vapours and the action through the skin work together to keep his breathing easy and to break up the cold. Tomorrow morning, he will be ever so much better.

SOUR STOMACH



—heartburn, bad breath, loss of appetite are nature's warnings that elimination is faulty. That is the time to take Calfig (California Syrup of Figs). Calfig is a harmless, pure fruit laxative that induces natural elimination and stimulates digestion. Calfig has been endorsed by doctors everywhere for over 50 years.

CALFIG
CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS

NATURE'S OWN
LAXATIVE

VICKS
VAPORUB
Best for Children's Colds

Now you know why 26 million mothers in 71 countries prefer Vicks VapoRub for their children's colds. It is safe, even for the youngest child. It avoids the dangers of "dosing" because it is just rubbed on. And it brings extra quick relief because it fights a cold direct in the air-passages—in two ways at the same time.



SUPPERTIME COCOA BUILT THEIR ENERGY

A Cup of Bournville Cocoa
Every Night



"Looking after baby uses up heaps of energy, but I know the secret of renewing energy—a cup of Bournville cocoa every night! It's simply delicious!"



"I never get tired playing games now—no more! Mummy started giving me Bournville cocoa for supper every night!"

BOURNVILLE GIVES Extra NOURISHMENT

Milk in itself is a valuable food, but when Bournville Cocoa, and a little sugar, is added to milk you obtain 45% more nourishment than from milk alone; think what that means in nutritive value for the growing boy or girl. In Bournville Cocoa you provide a beverage eagerly sought for when milk alone is refused. The rich, chocolatey flavour is the secret.

Make a Big Jugful Tonight!

**Cadbury's
BOURNVILLE
COCOA** A Cup of Bournville
Is a Cup of Food

CS169C

Once a "GROUCH"
but now a
**Good
Fellow**



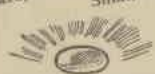
— thanks to
"Internal
Cleanliness"



Your whole outlook on life is happy when you feel your normal, healthy, good-tempered self—free of such "kill joy" ills as constipation and stomach upsets. Take Chamberlain's Tablets regularly to maintain healthy activity of liver and bowels. They're safe, drugless, wonderfully effective.

Small Size 1/6

Family Size 3/-



A Chamberlain's to-night
will put you right.

At all chemists and stores

**CHAMBERLAIN'S
TABLETS**
FOR THE STOMACH & LIVER

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME . . . By a Doctor



KNOWING the danger of neglecting an attack of flu, Alice Faye, Fox star, takes no chances. She goes to bed for several days.

FLU—the modern scourge

. . . CAN BE AVOIDED BY BUILDING
UP YOUR BODY RESISTANCE

Is there anything I can do to protect the family from influenza, doctor? We've all escaped it so far.

I hope your good luck will continue, Mrs. Fraser. Unfortunately, we don't know as much about influenza as we could wish. But it seems probable that it is spread by coughing and sneezing, and perhaps by direct contact of hands.

Then I suppose there's not much one can do about it?

If people would bring their handkerchiefs into use for covering the nose and mouth when coughing and sneezing, there would be much more chance of limiting the spread of the disease, Mrs. Fraser.

But while people continue to cough and sneeze over all the unfortunate in their vicinity, the best thing one can do during an influenza epidemic is to keep away from crowds as much as possible.

But that would be very difficult these days, doctor.

That's the trouble, Mrs. Fraser. It is almost impossible nowadays to keep away from people for long. But one can avoid taking unnecessary risks. But perhaps the surest way of all is to build up your resistance to infection.

And how do you do that?

By eating a properly balanced diet.

One which is composed mainly of fresh foods like milk, meat, eggs, butter, cheese, fruit and vegetables. Then you can be sure of getting all the food elements you need to build up resistance to infections such as influenza.

I see, doctor. But supposing one of us does get it, what should I do?

I'm afraid there is no specific treatment, Mrs. Fraser. The best advice I can give you is very simple. An influenza patient should be put to bed as soon as the first symptoms show themselves.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Care of baby's eyes

THE eyes are the most highly sensitive and marvellously constructed organs of our bodies.

Special care of them should be taken from the first days of life, and every young mother should know how to protect and care for her baby's eyes.

Many young folk and adults would not probably now be wearing glasses had correct hygiene for the eyes been faithfully carried out in early life.

The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau has prepared a special leaflet on the care of the eyes. Readers interested may obtain a copy of this leaflet free of cost by sending a request together with a stamped addressed envelope for reply to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Enclose your envelope "Mothercraft."

And what are the first symptoms, doctor?

Their onset is very sudden, Mrs. Fraser. The usual ones are fever and chills, aches in the muscles, headache and cough, and a weakness that seems quite out of all proportion. That, by the way, is the most striking feature of influenza. As I said before, when these symptoms appear, it is time to head for bed.

I only hope my husband is not smitten then, doctor. Nothing will induce him to go to bed for what he considers a minor illness.

In that case, Mrs. Fraser, you must apply a little gentle but firm pressure. Staying up is guaranteed to make an attack more serious.

When he has had the flu before, his temperature has always been high.

That is not unusual. Temperature is one of Nature's ways of making things uncomfortable for the influenza virus.

What about the pains in the back, head and limbs? Isn't there something I could give for that?

Yes, Mrs. Fraser, I generally give my patients a harmless dose of a drug at night. Of course you can't get that without a doctor's prescription, but it does help to make the patient comfortable.

Good mixture

FOR the cough which sometimes hangs on after the temperature has fallen, there are many good mixtures that can be obtained at a chemist's. I don't think that alcohol is any benefit.

What nourishment is best, doctor? The patient should be given as much water as he wants to drink, but he should sip cold drinks slowly. He'll appreciate hot lemon or other fruit-juice drinks if he's feeling chilly.

Plenty of orange or other fresh fruit drinks are a very sound idea really, because they are rich in vitamin C. The body needs increased quantities of this vitamin during acute infections.

Another useful drink is hot, clear soup—there is no nourishment in it, but it provides a pleasant fluid and the salt in the soup makes up for the loss of the salt in the perspiration.

When should he be allowed to get up, doctor?

The important thing to remember is not to let him up too soon. Many impatient convalescents insist on getting up as soon as the thermometer registers normal—almost before you have time to shake the mercury down.

Which means the danger of a relapse, I suppose.

Not only that. There is also the risk of complications. They may involve the ears, eyes, sinuses, nervous system or the lungs.

Most deaths from influenza are cases in which pneumonia has intervened.

The best safeguard against complications is staying in bed for at least twenty-four hours after the temperature has returned to normal.

Winter Troubles Call for IODEX

Cold wintry weather brings with it many aches and pains, and at this time Iodex will prove a real "friend in need". For first-aid treatment of simple swollen glands, sore throat, stiff neck, pains and aches in joints and muscles, chapped hands and chilblains, Iodex will be found invaluable. Two interesting reports from our files are given below:—



Chilblains. "My daughter was suffering very badly with Chilblains on her legs. They were itching badly, and inflamed and broken. Iodex gave her wonderful relief from the first dressing, and after a few applications they were quite cured."



Chapped Hands. "Iodex is excellent. I was suffering from very severe chapped hands. After three applications of Iodex my hands were completely cured."

FREE! Write for valuable Iodex First Aid Book. Every home should have one. The Iodex Co., Box 34, P.O., North Sydney.

IODEX
NO-STAIN IODINE

Price 2/- from all Chemists

DON'T feed GERMS EUTHYMOLISE THEM

It is a disquieting thought that you may carry in your mouth the deadly decay bacteria which if neglected will destroy your teeth and undermine health.

In food particles between the teeth and tiny, unseen crevices and crannies the deadly dental decay germs pursue their unhealthy course—eating through the enamel, infecting the gums and polluting the whole system.

It is not enough that the teeth should be brushed—the deadly germs must be eliminated.

Euthymol definitely kills deadly dental decay germs in 30 seconds contact. Euthymolise your mouth daily—every morning and every evening. You will be delighted with the sense of fragrant cleanliness which this new hygiene brings, and your teeth will take on a new, glistening health.

Obtainable at chemists
and stores everywhere.
1/3 per tube.

Euthymol

TOOTH PASTE



A PARKER DAVIS PRODUCT

She'll save you time . . . Little MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES

YOU must get to know little Miss Precious Minutes. She's here on this page every week for the sole purpose of helping you in your daily work, of showing you short cuts and how to have more leisure for yourself.

Planning a beauty treatment, reading a new book, or attending to neglected correspondence . . . ? Then make Miss Precious Minutes your friend.

LITTLE Miss Precious Minutes says:—
Even when you go shopping you can save lots of time by doing the job systematically and knowing where to go and just what you want.

FRANCE, it's just sheer common sense to start at the shop farthest away from you and load up as you get nearer to home.

Shop-Wise



TRY ON YOUR EXPENSIVE UNDER GARMENTS IF POSSIBLE WHEN BUYING. THEY WILL WEAR LONGER AND NOT MAKE YOU UNCOMFORTABLE BY CLIMBING IF FREE FITTING.

IF you are "shopping," but not buying or enjoying yourself "looking around," tell the assistant if she approaches you—don't waste her time setting her show you things.

IF you are doubtful about a color, the quickest way to find out whether it will suit you or not is to hold the frock or material under

your eyes. If the color makes your eyes look lighter, let the article go; it won't suit you. Colors that make your eyes look deeper are the shades for you.

HAVE you thought how much shopping can be done by telephone? So many small daily orders, for example, that don't require specialised selection, can always be bought this way.

HAVE you got the pattern collecting habit? If so, be sure you don't overdo it. Stores spend thousands of pounds a year giving away material in the form of patterns to customers who more often than not don't come back to buy any of the material anyway. Be sure you really want some fabric.

IF you can avoid it don't shop at peak periods or between 12 and 2 o'clock, which is the only time business girls get for shopping.

IF you want to avoid losing your gloves and spending precious time looking for them, wear them instead of carrying them. You'll have enough to carry with your parcels if you're not having things sent.

CHOOSING a hat? Then beware of wasting time trying on those you know are either too old or too young for you before you put them on.

SHOES? Make sure you buy shoes suitable for the occasion or time of day you'll be wearing them most. Don't buy a bargain pair of walking shoes in the hope that they might "do" for golf as well. Don't be misled into buying a cheap pair of criss-cross ankle-strap shoes, unless you have a slim ankle. Suitability should guide you—not the price—in shoe buying.

TO renovate your shopping case which may have become very soiled inside buy some glazed chintz or cretonne and cut from it pieces to fit inside the case. Make them fit exactly, and then all you have to do is gum each piece into position.

IF you have a lot of shopping to do, make a list, grouping all the things you can buy in one shop. You'll find it such a help you'll never go out without a list again.

WHEN you see an article you happen to be wanting and it seems to be just right, don't waste time thinking you might do better elsewhere. You might as well buy it there and then, because it's not likely that you would better it, and the time you save running around from shop to shop is worth taking the risk for, anyway.

MAKE a list in the back of your shopping notebook of family stores in clothes, etc. Write down husband's shirt and collar-neck measurements, size slippers; size of

The A.B.C. of COOKERY

Rechauffe: Warm up (Fr.). Usually a made-up dish.
Remoulade: Cold savory sauce for salads, etc. (Fr.).
Rennet: A preparation in liquid or powder form for curdling milk. Made from the prepared inner membrane of the pig's or calf's stomach.
Rice Border: Border for cold entree, made by cooking rice till water is absorbed, then powdered till smooth and packed into wetted mould. Turned out when cold.
Risotto: Hot savory dish made with a basis of rice.
Rissolo: Cake of chopped meat, rice, etc., fried.
Ris: Rice (Fr.).
Romaine: In Roman style (Fr.). A term applied to a lettuce salad.



HERE'S little Miss Precious Minutes dashing out to do a bit of shopping with you. Let her tag along because she'll help you to get around quicker, save time, and buy better.

Shop-Wise



IT IS POSSIBLE TO TEST THE DYE IN A PIECE OF WOOL FABRIC. SEW A BIT OF WHITE COTTON FABRIC TO THE WOOL AND WASH IN LUKEWARM SUDS. IF THE COLOR SPREADS INTO THE WHITE THE FABRIC WILL BLEED WHENEVER IT GETS DAMP.

children's shoes; length of frocks or suits, and so on. Then when you come across a really good bargain line in which size is necessary for good fit, you won't have to pass it by because you can't remember the correct sizes.

KEEP a list of the telephone numbers of the stores you deal with regularly.

DONT buy cards of buttons, lengths of material or any articles simply because they are cheap and in the hope that they might be

useful some day. Things bought this way are rarely used and only clutter up cupboards and drawers at home.

DONT be tempted into buying a frock you are doubtful about because you think it might suit you for some special occasion, or it might look better if your hair was done a different way or your make-up was different. Be sure before you decide, otherwise you'll wear that frock once—twice maybe—never feel really happy in it and decide never to put it on again.

WHEN it comes to food buying, remember that fresh food is an economy. Fresh food means better health and better health saves doctors' and chemists' bills.

DONT despise tinned foods. There's practically nothing you can't buy in tins these days and you'll find a well-stocked cupboard a veritable boon, especially when guests arrive for a meal unexpectedly, or you miss the butcher or grocer one day, and don't want the family to go short of their usual soup, vegetables, fruit or meat.

IF you expect to do a lot of shopping and will be carrying many parcels, do take a spacious shopping bag, and make it do the carrying work instead of your arms.

YOU can make yourself a good shopping bag at home. Get some strong canvas or duck, cut into two pieces, one longer than the other. The longer piece will fold over at the top and make a flap which can be fastened with a press stud. Stitch up the sides.

Old before You're 40!

. . . or for that matter, old before you're fifty or sixty . . . then it's time you had a tonic. But a quick tonic . . . WINCARNIS . . . the no-waiting tonic! Why, the first glass makes you feel better . . . gives you the will to recover! Before the bottle is finished you're well on the way back to youth. For if you're really fit, you never feel old. Forty, fifty or even sixty, you can still enjoy vigorous, glowing health.

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By a TRAINED NURSE



MY arms and legs were covered with ugly, thick dark hair. I tried everything—waxing, depilatories, electrolysis, even painful electric treatments. Using a razor only made the hair grow faster and coarser. Then a friend told me about the New VEEET. I removed every trace of hair in three months. Let me tell you how much I love it. With New VEEET my superfluous hair troubles are ended. Note: New VEEET—merely dissolves away hair before the skin surface—therefore leaves the skin healthy and smooth—and it actually weakens hair roots. 25¢ and 40¢ (double size), at all Chemists and Stores.

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Why don't you compete in our weekly RECIPE COMPETITION?

It is open to everybody, and all you have to do is to write out your pet recipe and send it in to this office. Here are this week's prizewinners.

THE first prize of £1 goes this week to a reader for her recipe for muffins.

Now, if you've never tried muffins, here's your chance. They make really delicious eating. The recipe given below is a basic one with a number of interesting variations.

Now you must send in your recipe. Remember that the first prize awarded each week for the best recipe is £1, while 2/6 consolation prize is awarded every week for every other recipe published.

BASIC MUFFIN RECIPE

Two cups sifted cake flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, well beaten, 1 cup milk, 3 tablespoons shortening, melted.

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Combine egg, milk and shortening and add to flour mixture, stirring only until mixed. Use tablespoon to dip batter into greased muffin pans, and fill them two-thirds full. Bake in hot oven for 20 to 30 minutes, depending upon size of muffins.

Raisin Spice Muffins: Follow basic muffin recipe, and sift three-quarters of a teaspoon cinnamon with flour, baking powder, sugar and salt. Add three-quarters of a cup of chopped, whole or sliced raisins to flour mixture.

Blackberry Muffins: Follow basic recipe. Add 1 cup blackberries to sifted dry ingredients.

Cherry Muffins: Add three-quarters of a cup of drained, chopped cherries, fresh or canned, to muffin batter.

Current Muffins: Add 1 cup currants to flour mixture.

Date Muffins: Add two-thirds cup finely-cut dates to flour mixture.

Strawberry Muffins: Add 1 cup chopped strawberries, mixed with three tablespoons sugar, to dry ingredients.

Nut Muffins: Add 1 cup coarsely-chopped nuts to sifted dry ingredients.

Bacon Muffins: Add 1 cup crushed, crisp bacon to flour mixture. Bacon

dripping may be substituted for melted butter.

Prune Muffins: Add two-thirds cup cut prunes to flour mixture.

Cheese Muffins: Add dash of paprika and two-thirds cup grated cheese to sifted flour mixture. Sprinkle additional grated cheese over tops of muffins and bake in hot oven for about 30 minutes.

Note: Stir mixture just enough to hold the ingredients together. Do not overbeat. It causes toughness. Fill pans about two-thirds full, by means of a spoon. Bake until well-browned and firm to the touch. Remove at once from the pans and serve immediately.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Jean Kerr, Beacon Hill, Brookvale, N.S.W.

BAKED INDIAN CURRY

Whenever possible curry should be baked in a casserole (wide-neck stone jars make a casserole substitute). There is less likelihood of burning the curry and the flavors are retained. Lemon juice should not be added until just before serving, as cooking destroys the fresh flavor which blends so deliciously with the other ingredients.

Cut up small 1 lb. cooked (or fresh) meat, one green apple, one onion, put a little butter in a pan and fry all, adding 1 dessertspoon of flour and curry, 1 teaspoon sugar, salt to taste, 1 cup of stock, 1 cup stoned raisins, and 2 tablespoons chutney or tomato sauce.

Place all in a casserole and bake 2½ hours. Add lemon juice. Place a row of rice shapes round the serving dish, stick a bird's-eye chilli in each. Pile curry up in the middle, and garnish with cut lemon and parsley. If more gravy is desired, add a little water.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. McDonald, 357a Bay St., Brighton-le-Sands, N.S.W.

GOLDEN CASKET PUDDING

Three-quarter fill a fireproof dish with hot stewed apples, rather dry; stir in 1 dessertspoon butter, and sprinkle on top a little powdered cinnamon.

Make biscuit mixture: Cream 2 tablespoons butter and 3 tablespoons



SHE IS making muffins for tea—there's nothing like them for cheering the afternoon-tea guest on a warm afternoon. You, too, can make muffins from the recipe given on this page.

castor sugar, add half a beaten egg, 1 teaspoon coffee essence, a few drops vanilla essence, and 1 cup self-raising flour. Roll into the shape of dish and fit over the apple (not the dish), tucking it down round the sides. Sprinkle with chopped almonds and bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve with cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Beth Haywood, 33 Beresford Rd., Strathfield, N.S.W.

CORN ROAST

One cup cooked corn (maize), 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup milk, 2 egg-yolks, 2 egg-whites (beaten stiff), 4 bacon rashers, salt and pepper.

Combine corn, crumbs, milk, egg-yolks and seasoning. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg-whites, put into a buttered dish, lay the bacon slices over the top and bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Stevens, 167 Fernberg Rd., Paddington, Brisbane.

PRAWN AND CUCUMBER EN GELEE

One packet lemon gelatine, 2 cups-fuls prawns, 1 cup French dressing, 2 cucumbers (diced), dash paprika and cayenne, 1 cupful boiling water, 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 cupful of cheese (cut in small cubes), 1 cupful of cooked peas.

Dissolve gelatine in cold water, add boiling water. Shell prawns, break into small sections and marinate in the French dressing. Drain these and add to the gelatine. Add also chilled, diced cucumbers, cheese, cut in tiny cubes, and then stiff mayonnaise folded in gently at the last. Season well before putting in the moulds.

Arrange peas in bottoms of moulds and then place prawn mixture on top. Place in refrigerator to set.

This salad may be prepared in individual moulds, or in one large shape. Serve on hearts of lettuce, covering the whole lightly with prawns, left unbroken for this purpose. Surround with sliced cucumbers, dressed with French dressing flavored with onion juice. Extra mayonnaise dressing, mixed with equal amounts of whipped cream (unsweetened) and seasoned with paprika and cayenne, may be passed with this salad.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss P. Cousens, Meerleu, via Stratford, Vic.

IRISH FLAN (A meatless dish)

Beat 1 lb. cooked potatoes to a cream with a little butter and 1 egg. Pile this round the edge of a fairly deep fireproof plate and in the centre put the following mixture:

Make sauce with 1oz. butter, 1oz. flour, and 1pt. of milk. Season with salt and pepper and add 4 coarsely-chopped hard-boiled eggs and 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Place flan under the grill until a golden brown, and just before serving sprinkle with 1 teaspoon chopped parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to K. Lyne, Swansea, Tas.

Rag Rugs

Continued from Page 5,
Homemaker Section

THE rug design shown in diagram 1 is a simple one for beginners. On hessian rule an oblong 28 by 42 inches. Divide into blocks of seven inches square. This will give four rows, each containing six blocks.

With black rag, hook along all the lines. Fill in alternate squares with grey strips. Old trousers will do splendidly for this. Fill in other squares with several colors. Hook two sides of a square to an "L" shape. Choose another color, and hook another row close to that. Repeat till square is filled. Each row will be shorter. Fill all the other squares in this way. The diagram will show how the mat is worked.

PINEAPPLE ICE-BOX CAKE

One level tablespoonful good quality gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 1 tin crushed pineapple, pinch salt, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoonful lemon juice, 1 cup cream, whipped, ladyfingers, or stale sponge cake.

Soak gelatine in cold water 20 minutes, dissolve over hot water, add pineapple, sugar, salt and lemon juice. Stir until all gelatine and sugar have dissolved. When it begins to thicken, beat, and fold in cream or evaporated milk. Line sides and bottom of large square or round mould with ladyfingers. Cover with pineapple, cream mixture, then alternate cakes and cream until mould is full. Place in ice-box and let stand three or four hours. Unmould on a large cake plate and garnish with whipped cream and strawberries in season.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

here's a **SALAD** for you...!



but it DOES NEED MUSTARD!

It's hard to imagine a savoury salad without lettuce. It's impossible to imagine it without salad dressing — made with Keen's mustard, of course. Here's a splendid salad dressing:— Beat thoroughly in a saucepan 1 cup mild

vinegar, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 heaped teaspoon Keen's Mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 heaped teaspoon cornflour and 1 cup milk, adding latter slowly to avoid curdling. Boil on slow gas stirring constantly. Remove and beat with egg whisk till cool.

and **MUSTARD** means ...

KEEN'S



"There we are, Mum — all the things finished up and it's not yet tea-time. That's Robin for you."

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ROBIN Starch

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PASTRY DESSERTS

... Always favorite
with the family

THE Queen of Hearts (who made some tarts) probably earned her title if the tarts were good ones, and the Knave of Hearts could hardly be blamed for absconding with such tempting fare.

FEW desserts have a wider appeal than tarts and flans, especially when they follow a reasonably light main course. The fillings can be varied considerably, and with the aid of an artistic hand they look attractive enough to bring a glint of pride to the eye of any cook.

Served cold they are an excellent choice when entertaining friends to dinner, since they can be prepared well beforehand, and there is no worry during the meal as to how the sweet will turn out.

By MARY FORBES

a Cookery Expert to The
Australian Women's Weekly.



LEFT: Lemon meringue tart is invariably popular. See recipe on this page. ABOVE: Cherry flan, made by the recipe given for fruit flan. Any fruit may be substituted.



FRUIT FLAN

Six ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. butter, 2 tablespoons water, 1 tin of fruit, 1 packet lemon jelly, cream.

Make shortcrust with flour, butter and water. Roll into a round and line a deep sandwich tin or flan ring. Pare edges off. Line with

greaseproof paper. Fill with raw rice. Bake in hot oven. Remove rice and paper and leave until cold. Drain juice from fruit. Boil it and pour on to jelly crystals. Fill pastry case with fruit. Pour over syrup when it is beginning to set. Leave until set. Serve with whipped cream.



NOUGAT TART

Whites 2 eggs, 4oz. sugar, 2oz. cake crumbs, 1 cup coconut, rind and juice 1 lemon, 1 dessertspoon cinnamon, a little jam, brown sugar and cinnamon, 6oz. shortcrust.

Beat the whites stiffly. Add the sugar, coconut, cinnamon, cake crumbs, rind and juice of lemon and mix well. Make pastry and line a deep sandwich tin with it, spread with jam. Pour mixture into centre of pastry shell. Sprinkle with brown sugar and cinnamon. Place in a moderate oven until pastry is brown, then lessen the heat and cook slowly until the filling is set. Serve cold with custard or cream.

BAKEWELL TART

Six ounces shortcrust, 1oz. flour, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, rind 1 lemon, 2 tablespoons jam.

Line a deep sandwich tin with shortcrust and decorate edge. Spread with layer of jam on the bottom. Beat butter, add sugar, then beaten egg, flour and lemon rind. Pour over jam and bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Serve hot.

BEDFORD TART

Four ounces shortcrust, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 tablespoons currants, 2 tablespoons chopped raisins, 1oz. peel, nutmeg. Line a deep sandwich tin with shortcrust and decorate edge. Beat eggs and sugar. Pour on hot milk, then add currants, raisins, and nutmeg. Pour into prepared dish. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

CUSTARD MERINGUE TART

Shortcrust, custard filling (recipe below), whites 2 eggs, 4oz. sugar. Make the shortcrust. Roll into round. Cut a strip off all round

NOUGAT TART is delicious and is simple to make. The family will enjoy it.

and lay on edge of well-greased pie plate. Damp the strip, then lay the round on carefully. Prick the centre with fork and ornament edge with spoon, fork or scissors. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Pour in the custard mixture. Beat whites stiffly, add sugar, beat well. Heap roughly over the custard. Return to cool oven to set meringue until a pale straw color. Serve cold.

Custard Filling: 1 good tablespoon butter, 1 good tablespoon plain flour, 1 good tablespoon sugar, 1 pint milk, yolks 2 eggs, vanilla.

Melt butter in enamel saucepan, stir in flour off the fire, and stir till free from lumps. Cook for a few minutes without browning, add milk. Place over a low gas and stir till it boils and thickens; cook for 1 minute longer. When cold add essence and use as required.

LEMON MERINGUE TART

One cup water, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon arrowroot, shortcrust, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 lemon.

Blend arrowroot with a little water. Put remainder on to boil with the sugar, rind and juice of lemon, and when almost boiling pour on to the blended arrowroot. Return to the saucepan and cook till clear. Add the butter and yolk of egg. Cook 1 minute longer without boiling. Make the shortcrust. Turn on to a floured board. Roll into a round. Line deep sandwich tin. Decorate edge. Prick the centre to prevent rising. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. When cool add the lemon mixture. Beat the white, add two tablespoons sugar. Heap roughly over top of lemon mixture. Bake in slow oven till a pale brown. Serve hot or cold.



AH! SOMETHING SMELLS GOOD!

Spanish Pudding



Recipe for SPANISH PUDDING

Line a greased basin with short pastry (see below) and fill with the following mixture:

2 ozs. COPHA Short Pastry (uncooked), 4 ozs. Cake Crumbs, 2 ozs. Candied Peel, 2 ozs. Brown Sugar, 2 ozs. Stoned Dates, 2 teaspoons Rum, 2 ozs. Crystallised Currants, 4 ozs. Sultanas or Cherries, Pinch of Nutmeg, 2 ozs. COPHA (malted).

Chop the fruit finely and rub all ingredients together to a doughy consistency. The 2 ozs. of uncooked pastry in this mixture holds the fruit, etc., together. Place in the basin, cover with a thin layer of short pastry and boil for one hour.

Recipe for COPHA SHORT PASTRY

1 lb. COPHA, 2 ozs. Sugar, 1 teacup Milk or 2 ozs. Self Raising Flour, 1 Egg, 6 ozs. Plain Flour, 1 teaspoonful Salt.

Mix the softened Copha, sugar and milk together until creamy. Then stir in the flour and make a smooth dough. Use immediately.



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QUICK RELIEF DELIGHTS CHILD'S MOTHER.

"Your wonderful mixture, Mountain Peppermint, was recommended by my chemist for my little girl, who had a very severe attack of bronchitis. Besides a heavy cough, she was suffering from a sore throat, aches, pains and a very high temperature.

"Right from the first dose she showed a big improvement and after three days the only sign of her complaint was a very slight cough.

"She has had this dreadful complaint before and has never got relief for a week or longer. This time, thanks to your wonderful remedy, relief was almost instantaneous. Mountain Peppermint will always be in my home." (Sgd.) Mrs. M.L., C—, 1/3/39.

TAXI DRIVER'S PRAISE

"I am a taxi driver and when there are lots of colds and 'flu about, I come closely in contact with so many passengers that I almost always pick up the infection.

"I got a really bad cold recently and took some of your Mountain Peppermint Mixture. The cold was gone quickly and the cough which I usually have at the end of an attack of influenza or head cold disappeared.

"I am sure Mountain Peppermint Mixture acted more quickly and thoroughly in my case than anything else I have used." (Sgd.) W.R.S.—, Sydney, 16/3/39.

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And the

TOWN TALKED

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Australian Women's Weekly
NOVEL, July 29, 1939

By ... MARTHA OSTENSO

And The Town Talked

By MARTHA OSTENSO



HEREAS most small towns in this country—towns of fewer than five thousand souls—have their right and wrong side of the railroad track, their right and wrong side of the water tower, of the roundhouse, the bridge, or the grain elevator—Bloomhill's caste division was determined by a matter of color. Of red and green.

From the steps of the neutral courthouse—a courthouse must be neutral—on the nicely parked square with its perennials and clam shells spelling out the name of the town like a brave sampler, you could look south to the vista of deceptively slumbrous red which stamped the quarries, the gravel pits, the brickyard of the Flats, of so-called "Patchtown"; and you could look north to green, to the amiably treed hills from which peered forth the gracious houses of the best families, houses like the dainty old ladies in lace shawls. But the north vista, in green, was likewise deceptively slumbrous. For although the best families, secure in tradition, property, culture, might from the courthouse steps in the valley appear to sleep, they did not sleep. There was an invisible bridge across the town from the green heights to the red lowlands, and over this bridge, late and early, hid the watchful spirits whose riches drew out of the labor in kiln and quarry.

On North Hill lived, at spacious, oak-spread intervals, the Paysons, the Stowells, the Messengers, and one or two other families admittedly almost as good. North Hill owned Patchtown, at the other end of the invisible bridge, but North Hill, being at least five generations old, preferred it to be understood that its income came mostly from the professions it represented: the law, education, the retired life.

Young Doctor Frederick Stowell, grandson of Judge Stowell, suffered no delusions concerning the aristocracy of Bloomhill. He knew it for what it was in its Victorian amnesia—intolerant, dour, priding itself upon its rigorous church attendance, its unflagging efforts to stamp out what it considered the flagrant vices of the valley below. These vices included practically every human pleasure, no matter how innocuous. North Hill was, in short, an incredible anachronism. Fred had often wondered how it had managed to survive its own fanatical bitterness against the encroachment of a modern world. The answer was that its spirit was as hard as the granite by which, at a proper and dignified distance, it subsisted. Now that he was twenty-seven, with a year's general practice in Bloomhill behind

him, he knew that answer. He would have had to be rather stupid not to know it, living as he did in his grandfather's house, with his grandmother's gardens merging cannily right and left into the gardens of the Paysons and the Messengers.

On this July morning, young Doctor Fred was concerned with his own ineradicable vein in that granite of his family and the other North Hill families, as he drove through his grandfather's pillared gate on his way to the valley and his office. He was a stiff, sanctimonious prig like the rest of them! He knew it now, if he hadn't before, because only last night that girl from Patchtown had come to him in tears, and he, a doctor—God save the mark!—had been frostily censorious of her.

If, he had asked, she declined to tell him anything of the circumstances that had led to her plight, how could she look for sympathy from Doctor Stowell? In such cases the town frequently was obliged to bear the responsibility of rearing the unfortunate offspring, and he felt it his duty to learn the name of the man. But Sadie Miller had left abruptly, her nostrils fine and contemptuous as any on North Hill. He had honestly tried to detain her, but it was too late.

Doctor Fred heard someone call him a pleasant, thin good-morning. His black, heavy lashes, brooding over miserable grey eyes, lifted. It was Miss Felicia Payson, the less formidable of the two elderly Payson spinsters, at work on the rambler roses that covered the Payson wall. Her canvas-gloved hands held a spray gun; on her head was a shapeless leghorn hat. Their affluence did not persuade the Paysons to believe that employing a gardener was anything short of immoral. She gave him a puckered, wind-fall smile.

"Off early, doctor?"

"Yes," he replied a little curtly. "I have some early calls to make in the Flats."

"In Patchtown?" Miss Felicia looked distressed. "Oh, dear! The Judge was saying only yesterday that he hoped you would be able to confine yourself to more—" Her long nose reddened in confusion.

"The poor have an odd way of getting sick, too, Miss Felicia," said Doctor Fredrick.

"Oh, yes, of course. I didn't mean—" Her sister, Miss Kate Payson, hove into view within the gates. Fred hastily shifted into low gear. "You'll probably meet Elsbeth on the drive, Frederick," Felicia added. "She went out riding at seven."

But he did not meet young Elsbeth astride her spritely black horse, on the gravel drive down into the valley. He thought of this niece of the Payson spinsters, his brow knitting in perturbation. Since her mother's

death a year ago, Elsbeth Payson had been an unfathomable enigma. He was alone in recognising the fact. North Hill would never countenance anything so heathenish, so offensive as an enigma. Especially would her two maiden aunts, the sisters of her dead father, Professor Wordsworth Payson, never do so. An enigma, since it was something unforthright, was something faintly indecent.

He had not tried to break through the wall of curiously scornful reserve the girl had built about herself since the loss of her mother. Not but what he might have granted himself the privilege of doing so. Although there was no blood relationship between himself and Elsbeth, their families had been interlocked by marriage in several instances and he had grown up with a protective, older-brother sentiment toward her. But he chose to believe that Elsbeth's aloofness toward her surroundings now was a manifestation of her grief over her mother's passing, and in that belief he felt it more delicate to leave her alone.

He stopped at his office in the Oddfellow Hall Building only long enough to exchange a few words with the white-starched, freckled Miranda Guest, his assistant, then drove south along the River Pike past the small truck farms into the untidy, patterning, but somehow vigorously romantic sprawl of Patchtown. The place, with its jaunty unperpendicular tin stove-pipes for chimneys, its oddly assembled shacks and sagging picket fences, its gardens companionably knocking knees, had always humorously reminded Doctor Fred of the Toonerville Trolley cartoons. The unguarded happiness of the poor lay like a bright, tattered veil over Patchtown.

Doctor Frederick Stowell made two visits for which he would probably be paid a year from now, if at all. Then he turned down a willow-hung, dirt road that was known as Toadflax Lane. He himself had never seen any toadflax growing there. He was thinking of this odd name and trying not to think of Sadie Miller, when he was startled to see Elsbeth Payson's black horse Ajax tethered to a willow tree in front of a tiny frame cottage.

Dumbfounded, Doctor Fred stopped his car, got out and strode up the scrubbed wooden steps.

THE round, yellow-haired woman hurried in alarm from the front room window into the kitchen. The woman's name was not Lou, nor Floss, nor Frankie, but—disconcertingly—Priscilla Van der Water. The moreover, was her real name. She was remembered in show business as one of the most spectacular acrobatic dancers

twenty years ago when, at the close of the war, tunes were composed to match the daring, hieroglyphic grace of her body. By what devious routes she came to be growing vegetables in Patchtown as the wife of Henry Van der Water, brickyard foreman, is irrelevant. With the bandy-legged, devoted Henry she was the happiest woman in the world.

"Elisbeth!" she cried now in a panic of haste. "You'd best be off out the back door. And take your clothes with you. Fred Stowell's coming in!"

Elisbeth Payson brought her beautiful bare leg swiftly down from the home-made stretching bar Priscilla had rigged up at one side of the kitchen. Her wide-lidded, hazel-green eyes grew dark with defiant anger. She tossed back her long, thick, amber bob and laughed recklessly, her round, still childish chin out-thrust below a full red mouth drawn straight across her teeth.

"Let him come!" she said. "I'm sick and tired of all this sneaking around. You'd think I was doing something criminal." "But your aunts will blame me! They might even fire Henry from the—"

"Oh, no, they won't!" Elisbeth jeered. "That wouldn't be ethical. Bloomhill might accuse them for it."

"Well, I'd better get this out of the way anyhow!" Priscilla whisked her gold and white accordion off a chair, hid it in the pantry and went to answer the second peremptory knock on the front door.

A moment later Doctor Frederick Stowell walked into the kitchen, halted abruptly and glared at Elisbeth from head to foot—slipped her toe.

"Exactly what does this mean, Beth?" he demanded.

"Another good line," she returned sweetly. "—how long has this been going on?" Did you know, Freddie, that even for classical a professional ballroom dancing you should be able to do what's known as a 'split'?"

Before Doctor Fred's outraged stare she added smoothly to the floor, her bright head thrown back from the dryad curve of her throat. Fred's brow mangled darkly.

"Get up! What do you suppose you really would think of this exhibition?"

Priscilla bridled. "She's got the makings of a fine dancer. If I didn't know that, I wouldn't have been wasting my time all the summer teaching her what I know about it. Besides, she's old enough to know what she's doing."

"Old enough!" Fred snorted. "She's nothing but a child. Elisbeth—get your clothes and come with me!"

Elisbeth, in the small space between Priscilla's kitchen stove and the door, was executing two perfect cartwheels. She stood up suddenly, straight and cool.

"Priscilla, do you mind going outside for a minute? I want to talk to this person who thinks I'm a child."

When the outer door had closed on Priscilla, Elisbeth turned upon Frederick in exultant, low-voiced fury.

"Go and tell my aunts what I've been doing. And see whether that will stop me doing what I want to do, Frederick Stowell!" "I have no intention of telling them," Fred said evenly. "But this is no place for you, and I'll see to it that you don't come here again."

"Oh—you'll see to it, will you?" Elisbeth's derisive laughter rang out. "Well, let me tell you something. You may have treated me like a baby sister all my life, but you're not going to do it any longer. Next week I'll be eighteen years old!"

"What of it?" Frederick retorted. "This is still no place for you."

"You almost said 'for a Payson,' didn't you?" Elisbeth mocked. "Just as you might say 'for a Stowell or a Messenger.' Well, I'll tell you something else, in case you've forgotten it. On my next birthday I receive the three thousand dollars my father left me. And then I intend to leave Bloomhill for good!"

The angry, buoyant grace of her body was like that of a young tree in a sudden storm as she whirled away from him and picked up her clothes from a chair behind a door.

"You've spoiled my lesson for to-day," she told him, "so I may as well go home."

He watched her in silence while she drew on her white linen riding breeches, boots and green silk shirt waist. During this procedure she did not stop talking.



"The Paysons killed my mother with their narrow-mindedness. The Paysons and the Stowells and the Messengers did that together! But they aren't going to kill me, Frederick. She loved fun and dancing and singing—"

Tears dilated her eyes suddenly, and made them more brilliant; her voice shook.

"And they wouldn't let her have any of that. They thought she should spend the rest of her life mourning for my father, even though he died when I was only eight. And because she had to bring me up, without any money, she had to live in that house in—in misery, for years. My father was so jealous of her that he turned his property over to his bigoted sister even before he died! All except my three thousand dollars. You know all about that, of course. Mother had only one pleasure—and that was teaching me to dance. And she had to do that in secret. She brought me down here to Priscilla herself, if you want to know—two years ago!"

Elisbeth strode over to him and stood, vibrant and accusing, her hands clenched in her breeches pockets.

"Now, look here, Beth!" Frederick struggled to maintain the admonishing and yet reasonable attitude of an elder. "That's all beside the point—"

"If you had eyes in your head," the girl broke in vehemently, "you must have seen what those blue-stockings on North Hill did to my mother! You came home for vacations—while you were interning. How could you fail to see that she was dying simply of unhappiness?"

Winning from what he suspected to be the truth, Frederick opened his mouth to protest, but Elisbeth hurried on:

"The Paysons and all the rest of them on the Hill hated her, because she was an outsider. They couldn't forgive her for having come from the city. Well, I'm an outsider. And as soon as I'm free, I'm going!"

"Where?" Frederick's voice, for some obscure reason, tightened on the question. He suddenly saw Bloomhill as something drab and devitalised without this Elisbeth whom he had known most of his life—and yet strangely had not known at all until to-day.

"To New York, of course," said Elisbeth.

"Priscilla says it would only be a waste of time for me to study anywhere else."

"You're a headstrong young idiot!" he informed her. "I've always known it, but this is even worse than I expected of you. You'll come a cropper and be a disgrace to your name!"

"Will you stop talking about names!" She drew straight into his face with the riding gauntlets she held in her hand. Frederick grasped her wrist and gave it a sharp backward flip.

"Coward!" Elisbeth whispered savagely. "Coward and stuffed shirt—like the rest of them. Let me go!"

Doctor Frederick Stowell released her in confusion and chagrin at his own unaccountable impulse. He hesitated only for an instant, then turned on his heel and marched off without another word. The flippantly gay voice of Elisbeth calling to Priscilla in the backyard smote painfully on his ears.

ELSBETH lingered beside Priscilla, helping her weed the carrot bed in her garden, and heard the reassuring drons of Doctor Fred's car starting away. She felt jaunty and refreshed after her tilt with him.

Priscilla was shaking her head dubiously. "You oughtn't to have riled him, honey," she said. "Maybe the judge will fix it now so you can't get your money and escape."

"Oh, no. Mother told me I'd be sure to get it. And in a couple of weeks I'll be in New York, Priscilla. I have it figured out that I can live on a thousand dollars a year—in a hall bedroom, of course. I can cook my own meals. And that dancing school you told me about—"

Priscilla glanced up at her uneasily. "That reminds me," she said with a slight hesitation. "Henry's sister had a letter from her son Cecil yesterday. You remember Cecil Andrews—Henry's nephew?"

"Of course. He was a couple of grades ahead of me in public school. Where is his band now?"

"That's what I was going to tell you," said Priscilla. "He's coming here next week. He's going to bring his band to the Rendezvous on the Pike for a week or so. The Andrews are all excited about it—specially Cecil's mother. She hasn't seen the boy since he left high school and went down to New York. That must be four years ago. I suppose he's close to twenty-three now. And with his own orchestra! He's the only one of the Andrews' that amounted to a bean. It'll be in the paper to-morrow—about his coming here, I mean. They're calling it a 'short engagement,' like Cecil told them to. Of course, he isn't exactly famous or anything like that—not yet. But he has played on the radio, and I suppose he's got the stuff it takes."

Elisbeth had sat back on her slender haunches, and was pensively looking into space. Her eyes, Priscilla noted with a ripple of disquietude, were green-gold slits of reminiscence of excitement.

"During those two years they let me go to the Bloomhill public school," said Elisbeth. "He was one of the bigger boys. He never even saw me. I must have been about ten, and I always had on a starched white pinafore, with a handkerchief safety-planned in the pocket. Pinafores were something my aunts remembered from eighteen-ninety. I had to wear them. It was agony. Cecil Andrews was probably fourteen. He used to wear the filthiest corduroy pants, and a slouch cap that hid one eye. He was fascinating. I adored him."

"I don't know about 'fascinating,'" Priscilla replied. "He was a pretty tough young egg. But he did have music in him. He

was no more'n six when he used to come over here and listen with his mouth open when I pulled on the accordion. It was Henry and me that saved up to get that second-hand piano for him."

"He'd never play for marches or anything in school," Elsiebeth said radiantly. "But I remember once he was almost expelled for sneaking into the auditorium when classes were on and playing 'Frankie and Johnny'! I heard it and knew right away who it was."

"The rascal," Priscilla chuckled, then remembering Elsiebeth she straightened her face. "If he hasn't changed he's a good sort to keep away from, anyhow, even if he is my nephew, as you might say. He never had a thought for anybody but himself. I hope he'll behave while he stays with his mother. Edna thinks the sun rises and sets in him, just because once in a while he remembers to send her a telegram on her birthday or a pair of stockings now and then. Humph! I'm glad he's only my nephew by marriage!"

Elsiebeth laughed and stood up. "When he's the greatest orchestra leader in the country, I'll bet you won't say that, Priscilla. I'm going to the Rendezvous to hear him—and I don't care who sees me there!"

Priscilla hastily changed the subject. "If I were you, I'd stop in and make up with Doctor Fred. Before you go home, I mean."

"I think not," Elsiebeth said easily, stretching on her toes. "Let him simmer. I'm going to ride over to Sadie Miller's. She's feeling so dreadfully about Jim Clark's death. I saw her yesterday, after I left here, and she looked like a ghost. I told her she had better go to Frederick and get a prescription so that she could sleep."

"You—what?"

Priscilla stared up at her, wondering. No, the girl could have no idea that what she had just said might seem ambiguous. Anyhow, Priscilla's suspicions about Sadie might prove groundless, after all.

"I told her he had office hours last night. I don't know whether she went or not, but she certainly needs a tonic, Priscilla. It seems odd that she should be in such a state now—worse, really, than when Jim died."

"Was killed, you mean," Priscilla interrupted tersely. "In the quarry pit?"

"Yes," Elsiebeth agreed, her mouth tightening. "Killed in the Stowell-Payson quarry. He'd be alive still if the Stowell-Paysons had been willing to hire an extra man for the dynamiting. I know just how negligently they were about the funeral expenses, too. It's only one more reason why I want to get about from North Hill. But what's the use of talking about it?" Elsiebeth shrugged her silk-clad shoulders. "I'd better get along," she added. "I'll water Ajax at Sadie's. May I come and practise again to-morrow?"

"You're welcome any time, child," said Priscilla.

THE Miller shanty had rather the appearance of a small emerging, horned, from its shell, since there were two stove-pipe chimneys rising not quite parallel, above its tar-paper facade, and also since the shanty itself had been built into a kind of cul-de-sac, a partially weather-sound haven provided by a gully between two quarries.

There were stubborn little lilac bushes before the shanty. Here Elsiebeth dismounted, along the reins of Ajax over the branch of a bush, and walked up the path to the Miller house.

Sadie opened the door to her.

"Why—Elsiebeth!"

Sadie tried to look bright and pleasantly surprised, but her effort only made more apparent the traces of tears on her flushed cheeks.

"Let me get a pail of water for Ajax, Sadie," Elsiebeth said quickly. "It's so hot, and we've been out since seven o'clock."

"Certainly! I'm glad you came, Elsiebeth. Mum went to town, so I'm all alone."

Elsiebeth followed Sadie through this other small, neat, barely furnished home with its lace curtains, grass rugs and golden oak furniture, to the kitchen. Sadie got a pail and Elsiebeth coaxed water from the asthmatic pump above the cast iron sink. The water works of Bloomhill did not extend its benignity to Patchtown.

Sadie walked with Elsiebeth to water the horse.

"You've been over to Priscilla's, I suppose. It must've been awful hot for dancing."

Elsiebeth told her that she had practised for a while. Then, when they had come back and sat on the narrow stoop of the house, she said, "Did you go to see Doctor Fred last night, Sadie?"

His name was enough. Sadie Miller broke into such a storm of weeping as Elsiebeth herself had known only once before in her life—upon her mother's death last year.

"What on earth! Sadie!"

Elsiebeth put her arm about the older girl. "What is the matter, Sadie? Didn't you go to Doctor Stowell?"

"Yes—I went," Sadie gasped. "And I told him!"

"You told him what?"

"I couldn't tell you before, Elsiebeth. Can't you guess?"



The words were like icy, separate, stinging drops of water down Elsiebeth's hot back. She straightened up against them, tried to shake them off, and in a few seconds of supreme effort the young Elsiebeth's sheath of dewy immaturity slipped from her forever.

"Jim is dead—how could I let people know? We were going to be married the very next week—"

"Of course, Sadie! I knew that. But why couldn't you have told that to Doctor Stowell?"

"Because—" Sadie swung about and faced Elsiebeth with her eyes full of a dark, bitter passion. "He looked at me as if I was scum. How could I tell him after that—that it was Jim?"

Elsiebeth's eyes had been fixed intently upon Sadie Miller while she talked. She was not to know it fully until years later, until the threads of her life, glittering and sombre, had become inextricably woven with those of Frederick Stowell—but she shrank with every sentient fibre of her being from the significance of this Patchtown girl's story. She shrank from it, her own antagonism towards Frederick momentarily forgotten. Yet at last it overtook her, and its impact upon her sensibilities was dull, heavy, sickening. It would be years before she was to recognise that feeling as deep shame for one of her own class. Doctor Frederick Stowell was not even secretly different from the rest of them on North Hill. He was as smug, as puritanical, as prejudiced and mean-spirited as

any of them. Really worse, because a doctor, Elsiebeth perceived, should be above and outside the narrow pulpit of self-appointed censor of human conduct.

Her humiliation for him found release now in splendid, articulate anger.

"Why didn't you, Sadie?" she cried. "Oh—I wish I'd been with you! I'd have loved to see him act like that. I really would! It's just what you might expect of him. And he has the nerve to call himself a doctor!"

This reaction was bewildering to the ingenuous Sadie.

"There's no use getting angry, Elsiebeth," she said, drying her eyes on the hem of her skirt. "I don't want to drag you into it—"

"Listen! Fred Stowell and all those people on the Hill aren't worth your little finger. They aren't real—they're not human—they haven't got one ounce of red blood in the whole bunch of them! Forget about Fred, Sadie. Go to old Doctor Goldthwaite—you know, across from the creamery. He'll be nice to you. I'll go with you, if you'll let me."

Her sentences were tumbling wildly one over the other, with uppermost in her emotions the need to set right Frederick Stowell's stupid wrong. It was as if she, Elsiebeth Payson, being part of that Olympian arrogance on North Hill, were to an extent responsible for this misery of Sadie Miller.

"I don't mind," Sadie agreed apathetically. "Nothing matters. Mum and Dad will have to be told about it sooner or later anyhow. It's not them I'm worried about so much. But Max will be awfully upset. He'll think Berenice won't marry him now. She's kind of stuck up anyhow, because she works in the telephone office."

Elsiebeth did not smile. "If Berenice is that sort, your brother had better not marry her," she replied sturdily. "My mother always said the worst sin in the world was intolerance."

"Your mother was so lovely, Elsiebeth," Sadie began to cry again, but with a kind of lush relaxation now.

Elsiebeth sat vividly dry eyed. She would never cry again over her small, frail mother who had been through twenty years of marriage and widowhood like a gay bird fluttering silently with one wing caught in the smooth steel trap of the Paysons. She stood up, flurried and uncomfortable.

Sadie looked down at her square hand. "I'd be nice, Elsiebeth. But I don't know now as I want to go to any doctor because I've been thinking. I'd rather go away somewhere. I've got a hundred dollars about, saved from waiting on table in the brickyard boarding-house. And Jim left me two hundred out of his insurance. I could go somewhere far enough away and work for three or four months, before—"

Elsiebeth nodded gravely. "But it wouldn't be so nice alone in a strange place, Sadie. I don't think—"

It was then that Sadie did an amazing, an almost explosive, thing. With an awkward, forward wrenching of her strong, well-shaped body, one hand grappling the other, she burst out:

"Elsiebeth, let me go with you! Priscilla says you're really going to New York. Let me live with you—and do all the work, the cooking and washing and everything! Then you won't have to do anything but study dancing."

"I'm so strong. I have my three hundred dollars, too. I'll put in something for our keep. Maybe I can get a part-time job during the day. I'd like that for a few

months, just to keep busy. Elsiebeth—if you really do go, let me go with you!"

The imploring, soot-black eyes above the boldly-carved cheekbones, held Elsiebeth's in desperate appeal.

"Why—why, Sadie—"

"I'm twenty-two years old," Sadie said, changed and determined. "I think I can sort of look after you in New York. You're too young to go there alone, inexperienced and all. Nobody knows except Doctor Stowell. Let me go along as your—your maid, Elsiebeth. I don't want to stay here—with Max acting up and—and Jim gone."

Elsiebeth sat down again on the step and stared at Sadie with wide, contemplative eyes.

DOCTOR FREDERICK STOWELL would have given much to be able to absent himself, inconspicuously, from the birthday party given by the Misses Kate and Felicia Payson in honor of their niece, Miss Elsiebeth Payson. For since that morning in Priscilla Van der Water's house, Elsiebeth had rendered him nothing but a cool and challenging disdain which he had tried to deflect, not very successfully, with adult and tolerant amusement.

But the engraved invitations which descended upon North Hill from the Payson mansion were in the nature of a royal command. There was no available avenue of escape.

And now, after what had been two hours of matchless decorum amid the ponderous mahogany, marble, ormolu, and chandelier crystal of the Payson dining and drawing-rooms; after food that would sink a battleship; after Judge Stowell's sonorous presentation speech and his delivery of a three thousand-dollar cheque to the startled young Elsiebeth; after chamber music by the middle-aged North Hill Music Club, and three atrociously girlish songs by Sarah Messenger; after this hilarity, eleven o'clock having announced itself from three reliable sources on the ground floor, the party was over.

Miss Kate Payson, not to be outdone by the clocks, rose and gave the signal. Of her, Frederick had always had the impression that she was a spiral of dust such as one sees twirling aloft from a dry autumn field on a windy day, tenuously intact for a moment, and then invisible. She produced the same effect of frustrated activity. Yet Frederick knew that the effect was false. His Kate Payson, beneath her grey, semi-transparent dust, was obdurate granite. Elsiebeth, her more corporeal sister, was only limestone beside her.

"Eleven o'clock!" proclaimed Miss Kate with a firm, regretful smile. "Even if she's eighteen, our little must say good-night to everybody."

Elsiebeth, in a white chiffon dress demurely up about the neck, stood beside the mahogany balustrade of the staircase and sadly, correctly, bade good-night to her guests. But her eyes, beneath their camellia-white lids, were inscrutable.

Irma Trent, a remote Stowell relation who had lived in the Stowell house for six years as the judge's private secretary, plaintively asked Frederick to fetch her wrap from the west verandah where she had carelessly left it. Her voice, usually metallic and unpliant, was now studiously soft and the tone more than the words brought Fred to himself with the startled realization that he had been gazing fixedly at Elsiebeth for a long moment. He looked down at the not unhandsome Irma with barely concealed distaste.

"Certainly, Irma," he said hastily, and

went to fetch the wrap. As he passed Elsiebeth he saw her eyes laughing at him.

Fifteen minutes later he was packing fretfully in the moonlight on the terrace of his grandfather's place that sloped down towards the all but indistinguishable Stowell-Payson gardens. His mother, his grandfather and Irma had gone directly to bed on their return from the Payson house. Frederick was striving not to think of Elsiebeth Payson.

He thought of his father who had gone to France in 1918 with the medical corps, when Frederick was eight, and had not returned. Had that young doctor been relieved to get away from the I-am-better-than-thou atmosphere of North Hill, even into the threat and final accomplishment of extinction? He thought of his straight-laced mother, Adeline, who had been a Messenger. Her sister Sarah was a kind of comic valentine replica of her.



So far as Frederick knew, there was only one blot on the escutcheon of North Hill, and that blot had removed himself to the Far East when he was expelled from Harvard in his junior year, a decade ago. Fred himself had been about to enter Harvard then, and his cousin Colin Messenger's disgrace—it concerned a waitress and a brawl in a speakeasy of the period—had bitten harshly into his young pride. But now, strangely enough, there was something comforting in the thought of Colin. He had delivered North Hill from the charge of an abnormal rectitude through five generations.

It seemed, however, that Elsiebeth Payson might presently give Colin Messenger some assistance in that mission. Would she really have the courage to defy her family and go to New York to study stage dancing?

While he stood irresolutely on the terrace, arguing with himself that he should be in bed and asleep to prepare for the nasty operation on old Mr. Burmeister early in the morning, he looked down across the laurel and arbutus below and saw a silvery, insubstantial gleam in the moonlight on the Payson lawn.

"Where the deuce is she going now?" he muttered.

He overtook Elsiebeth by the simple expedient of crashing through the laurel bushes and tearing the corner of his dinner-coat pocket. She had a dark velvet cape over one arm.

"What's the hurry?" Fred asked with an effort to control his breathing.

Elsiebeth surveyed him with mock interest.

"I didn't know we had a night watchman," she said.

"Do you mind telling me—as one friend to another—where you're going?"

Her mood suddenly changed. She laughed and took his lapels in both hands.

"I should have thought of it before, Frederick! You can take me in your car. I was going to walk down to Murphy's garage and get a taxi, but there's no reason why we shouldn't go together in real style."

"Go where, for heaven's sake?"

"To the Rendezvous, Freddy. Cecil An-

draws is opening there to-night. Remember him? He's the home-town boy who made good. I'm going to meet Brenda Townes and her brother there at midnight. It's to be my real birthday party, darling!"

FRED looked down at her with feelings hopelessly jumbled, his tongue stiff in his mouth. She was so lovely, so dusky gold here in the moonlight!

"The Rendezvous!" he stammered. "It's a road house, Elsiebeth!"

"Oh—then I have to go alone."

He set his jaw grimly, seized her arm. "All right, come on. You're not going alone, that's definite!"

They went back to the Stowell garage, and while he got out the car, she thought, "I'll tell him later what I think of him for the way he treated Sadie Miller. But for the time being I've got to know nothing about it. I simply must hear Cecil Andrews play. And I simply must see him!"

The slender young man in the purple mess jacket and white flannel trousers sat negligently at the piano, at a ninety degree angle from the keyboard. His trumpet, standing above and behind him, let forth a muted flare of purest shivering gold. Cecil Andrews appeared inattentive, his lazy, deep-set eyes, under the full, musical frontal bone of his forehead, roving over the tightly-wedged dancers below the shallow dais.

Cecil was about to face the piano in that stealthy, lowering way that years later other and lesser band leaders were to strive to imitate, when his eyelids went through a process of motion that could only be called a delicate spasm. A girl in white had just entered and was seating herself at a table near the dais. The table had been reserved. Cecil paid no attention to the tall, dinner-jacketed man who was with her, although his memory indolently recognised him as a North Hill scion who used to come superciliously home from Harvard.

It happened that Doctor Frederick Stowell, pulling his chair back for Elsiebeth, witnessed the meeting of her eyes and the eyes of Cecil Andrews.

EVEN after the years had brought their difference of pain and disillusionment, these two weeks were to be for Elsiebeth always a memory of sunlight on the river.

The sunlight of the declining afternoons seemed to be a gold tide as the river was a dark one, and between these, in the canoe they rented by the hour from the Rendezvous boathouse, Elsiebeth and Cecil Andrews drifted in a timeless enchantment.

Elsiebeth, paddling slowly under the overhanging trees, looked down at Cecil, who lay almost flat against the cushions in the prow of the canoe, strumming a tenor guitar. His indolent eyes smiled at her and there was a look of sleep about his smiling mouth while he sang.

"I've got a red canoe
And a little bit more;
I've got a big full moon—"

"Wish we could come out by moonlight,
Betsy!"

"I've got a nice fair maid,
And I'll not ask for more . . ."

And when he sat and held her in his arms and kissed her again as he had done, abruptly and without any preamble, that evening in the moonlight outside the Rendezvous the second time she had gone to hear him play, Elsiebeth felt as if her very identity were ebbing from her.

Cecil scowled, gnawing at his underlip and staring down into her half-closed eyes. "You're sweet, Betsy!"

"Do you love me?" The whisper came out, against her will. She had known, intuitively, that the evasive look would come like a shutter, quick and gone, down over his eyes.

He laughed, and hurriedly she told herself that the expression had never been there, that she had been mistaken.

"What do you call this?" he demanded. "Isn't this love?"

He gathered her close.

"Cecil—oh, Cecil—" She stirred so that she could look directly into his eyes, but her own were too full of tears, and his features seemed to waver. "I love you, too! I think I've always loved you—ever since you were a naughty little boy in the flats."

His face darkened curiously, and when he spoke his voice had a faintly rough edge.

"I'd just as soon forget that," he said. "It wasn't my fault that I was born in the flats."

"Oh, I didn't mean—"

"I know you didn't!" He laughed charmingly, showing his beautiful small teeth. "You're too nice, Betsy. Your hair smells like sweet peas."

That was the way he talked. His conversation was always dappled, high-lighted, with irrelevances. It was only one of the intriguing discoveries Elsiebeth had made about him since that first night in the Rendezvous, when he had stepped down from the orchestra and had coolly asked her for a dance, to the amazement of Brenda and Al Townes, and to the tight-lipped disapproval of Frederick Stowell. He had left his hand long enough for one turn about the packed floor, but he had held her with close, breath-taking gentleness and had told her that of course she would be here tomorrow night too. And she had said yes, for there was no other answer.

She had come the next night without the vigilant, paternal Frederick, and since then many times for an hour or so, after the sun was in bed. And there had been these gorgeous afternoons on the river... It was a miracle that the aunts had not yet got wind of what she was doing. She wouldn't have cared if they had. The amenities of her own circumscribed world had shrunk to nothing, leaving only Cecil Andrews and herself.

"But we've got to talk seriously about the future, Cecil," Elsiebeth observed, and drew properly upright.

"We haven't really made any plans at all. And to-night you're going—" In spite of her effort to be matter-of-fact, her lips quivered.

"But you're leaving right away, too, aren't you?" he reminded her. "You'll have to work like the dickens for the next six months in New York, and by that time I'll be on my way back. Maybe before, sweet. And I'll look you up at Mrs. Almqvist's the minute I get there. I'm quite jealous, though, to think I can't be the first one to show New York what you're at."

He gave her an odd, gleaming look then from beneath his suddenly lifted eyelids and pulled her towards him.

"Sweet—I'm going away to-night."

A choking laugh rose in Elsiebeth's throat. Cecil, not understanding, flushed and then gave an ironic twist to his mouth.

"My mistake," he said shortly. "I thought you were in earnest about me." He picked up the paddle. "We'd better be shoving back."

"Why—Cecil—Y—" Oh, he couldn't pos-

sibly think she was laughing at him! "I—it was just—" She looked at him in bewilderment, anxiety and a desperate desire to explain, but his eyes and mouth were haughty. And all at once Elsiebeth was perversely glad that she had laughed.

While he paddled back up the river, the strained silence remained between them. But when the boathouse came into view, Elsiebeth was overcome by a desire to weep. It was terrible that there should be any discord between them on the very eve of their separation. She could not bear it!

Cecil beached the canoe, helped her out onto the shore, and she clung beseechingly to his arm.

"Darling!" she said softly, winking back the tears. "Let's not quarrel this last day! It's going to be so long before—"

His brilliant, elusive smile checked her, made her feel clumsy and inept.

"Were we quarrelling?" he asked in surprise, then inclined his head in a negligent way and kissed her. Her glance fled to the Rendezvous Pavilion, where a few couples were seated at cocktails or afternoon tea. She was immediately ashamed of that apprehensive glance, and wondered miserably if Cecil had caught it. "Until New Year's, then—in New York?" he added lightly, and Elsiebeth stared at him in sudden panic.

"But I'll see you to-night, won't I? After the dance?"



They were walking up towards the clubhouse now and Cecil shook his head regretfully. "There won't be time, I'm afraid, sweet. We're taking the two o'clock train to connect up for Buffalo, and the crowd are coming down to see me off. Elsiebeth Payson couldn't very well be at the depot at that hour of the morning to say goodbye to Cecil Andrews."

Pity, love, and a rebellious resentment towards his scornful consciousness of their class difference, made her burst out, "I'll go with you, if you'll let me!"

"That'd be great, but—well, you're not quite ready yet, sweet," he told her complacently. "You'll need a year's good professional training, anyhow, before you can step into anything."

She hadn't meant that, at all. Had he deliberately misunderstood her?

Elsiebeth's cheeks burned. And it was at that moment that she caught sight of Doctor Frederick Stowell and Irma Trent on the canopied pavilion of the clubhouse.

AMONG the begonias, fuchsias, and star-of-Bethlehems in Aunt Kate Payson's conservatory, Doctor Frederick Stowell stalked trately to and fro, pausing now and then to punctuate his remarks with an ominous silence while he bent upon Elsiebeth an eye of chill displeasure.

Elsiebeth sat composed, though pale, in a wicker chair beside Aunt Felicia's aquarium. Her eyes were fixed upon the tiny equipage of two quarter-inch guppies in the tank.

"Do you realise," Doctor Fred demanded, "that your Aunt Felicia might have died of this heart attack? And that you brought the attack on by your—your callous way of announcing your plans—and just after she had eaten her dinner!"

"Brussels sprouts never did agree with Aunt Felicia," said Elsiebeth. "Of course, there's nothing immoral about eating, no matter what it does to you."

"This doesn't call for pertness! It was bad enough that your aunts should have found out this afternoon that you were out with that—that low-down—and that you've been in his company more or less continually ever since he came here two weeks ago. But on top of that—"

"And who told them about it?" Elsiebeth put in gently. "Our good friend Irma Trent. I saw the two of you down at the Rendezvous together. Did she ask you to take her shopping?"

"You can leave Irma out of this," Frederick interrupted sternly. "As a matter of fact, she was very tactful about it all. What surprises me is that it hadn't come to them before, in a much cruder form."

"Cecil Andrews! If it hadn't been for my grandfather, he'd have been sent to reform school years ago for stealing."

"Dear, dear!" Elsiebeth murmured. "How dreadful! I've heard all about that affair. He was about twelve at the time, wasn't he? And his family couldn't afford to buy oranges, so he—"

"That wasn't all," Frederick told her darkly. "There was a girl in the flats—"

He cleared his throat, looked away. Elsiebeth caught her breath and that pang of shameful doubt flashed again through her breast. But out of memory came a line that made, she thought, a perfect retort to the smug censoriousness of Doctor Frederick.

"Do you remember what Guinevere said of Lancelot?" she asked. "It's the low sun that makes the color." She felt, just then, extremely mature, like a person in a play.

Frederick regarded her stonily for an instant and gave her an odd, quite surprising thrill of pleasure when he went white about the lips and when the grey of his eyes became black pits of dilated pupils. Why, he actually seemed to be deeply shaken! She had an obscurely alarming sensation that she was about to see him in a new and strange light, when Aunt Kate entered from the hall.

She pointedly ignored Elsiebeth and rustled up to Frederick, her face a colorless, bitten mask of severely controlled emotion.

"I'm so glad you're still here, Frederick," she said in her thin, cordial voice. "My sister is sleeping quite easily now, thanks to you. I'm sure we need not detain you any longer."

"Now Beth's in for it," Frederick thought grimly as he picked up his hat and came from the hall settle.

A cross-grained notion came to him all at once, and astonishingly, that since there was obviously no hope of gaining Elsiebeth's friendship—apart from anything deeper—for himself, he would now be glad to see her defy every convention of the Payson tribe of all North Hill, and escape to a fuller life of her own making. A dancing career need not necessarily mean one of depravity. And so far as Cecil Andrews was concerned, Fred had taken the trouble to ascertain that he and his band were on contract to play in St. Louis and points west for the next half year. In all likelihood, the glamor and exhilaration of New York would knock every thought of him out of her vivid, willful head.

He was of half a mind to linger, despite Miss Kate's rather pointed dismissal, and act as a buffer for Elsiebeth against what he knew would be for the girl a trying hour of vituperative and bitter reproach from a prejudiced old woman. But it was, after

all, none of his business, he admitted dejectedly. It's the low sun that makes the color! Elsiebeth, identifying him with North Hill, would merely resent his presence, and Kate Payson would not thank him for it.

Miss Kate did not immediately assume what she considered her bounden duty to her dead brother's child. She got her reticule—one that she had cherished dearly since it had belonged to her stainless mother—and took out her crocheting.

"Elsiebeth," Miss Kate said, her voice like pebbles tossed against a pane, "you've had time to regret your scandalous talk at the dinner table to-night. I hope you are prepared to say that you are sorry, although that can scarcely undo the harm you have done to poor dear Felicia."

"I really don't know what you're talking about Aunt Kate," Elsiebeth said coolly. "I'm sorry Aunt Felicia took it so hard, but I meant what I said at the table. I'm leaving for New York to-morrow. I've already enrolled in the dancing school, as I said, and I've arranged for a room in an inexpensive place that's perfectly respectable and homelike. Priscilla Van der Water knows the woman—a Mrs. Almquist."

"What? Priscilla Van der—?" Kate Payson leaned forward. "What are you saying?" With that the real tirade began.

It became, soon, almost unbearable. And when it became unbearable, Elsiebeth sprang to her feet, her eyes blazing through her tears.

"I'm sorry, Aunt Kate, that you feel like this!" she cried passionately. "But I'm not heading straight for disaster, as you seem to think. I'm going to be an artist—maybe a great artist! And I'm going to live, no matter what I become. I'm not going to have my life smothered by you—and North Hill—as my mother's was. Yes, you can gasp with outrage at that. But you know it's true. Your family killed my mother!"

Kate Payson stood still and paper white. "If you leave here in the morning, Elsiebeth," she said slowly, bitterly, "you leave to stay. You will never enter this house again while you live—or while I live. Now—I wish to be alone."

NEW Year's Eve, and snow falling from the murky radiant dome of night down into the canyons of the city! Elsiebeth leaned from the window of the room on the third floor back, and breathed deeply of the frosty clean, and smell of the snow, and laughed from a sheer exuberance of joy.

"What's so funny?" Sadie Miller called to her from the two-burner gas stove where she had just put four potatoes on to boil. Sadie asked the question in a glad voice. Everything had turned out so wonderfully since their coming here to Mrs. Almquist's that neither she nor Elsiebeth had ever needed to make a pretence of laughter.

"It's snowing!"

"Honest?"

And then they both went off into a gale of absurd mirth which nobody could have understood but themselves.

The door opened and the immense Mrs. Almquist entered.

"What on earth are you two roaring about?" she asked, beaming.

"Oh, we're just being silly," Elsiebeth explained, out of breath. "I guess it's because it's New Year's Eve and you've been so good to us, Mrs. Almquist."

"Humph! Good? It takes more than I've got before you can be good to anybody." She seated herself haughtily upon a cane-bottomed chair. "A brown-stone front on West Eightieth ain't what it used to be. I

remember the time when it meant something. But them days are gone. But I come up to tell you—a bunch of the old troupers are coming in for midnight supper to-night. They've been calling me up all the afternoon. I thought maybe they'd forgotten all about me. But they don't forget. I'm still Aunt Min to them. But I don't know—there's going to be more than I can handle all by myself. I was wondering if Elsiebeth—"

"Why, of course," Elsiebeth said at once. "I'd be tickled to have something to do. It'll be fun!"

"That's just fine, then. I'm going to write Priscilla Van der Water and tell her you're as nice a pair of girls as I've ever had in the house. I ought to thank her for sending you to me. I'd like to keep you both here for good."

"Who's to be at the party to-night?" Elsiebeth asked.

"Well, there ain't no way of telling till they all get here. And it'll be five in the morning before they do, if it's anything like other years. They keep on coming all night. But I got three Virginia hams and with the baked beans and the macaroni and all, there ought to be enough to go round. Bert Mason—he's from the south, you know—he's always kidding me about the hams I have. Just his idea of comedy. But Edie Calahan phoned—you remember her, she used to do impersonations—she'll be here. It ain't so long, either—ten years, maybe, when Edie was going good. Then there's Trixie Blister. She was a toe-dancer—acrobatic—and there wasn't anybody could touch her in nineteen-twenty. And then there'll be a couple who went big at the Abelson Roof, even during the depression. Diana and Joel—you must have heard about them. Ballroom dancers—big time—head-liners on the old Orpheum. Now they come here for a New Year's feed! How times have changed! Not that they've ever been any different with me—the gang, I mean. Even in the old days they all used to drop in on me at New Year's."

She paused, rolling her eyes ruefully, and drew a letter from her bosom. "Land sakes, Elsiebeth, I clean forgot. Here's a letter for you from that doctor friend of yours. I think up in Bloomhill."

It was Frederick Stowell's third letter to Elsiebeth. She took it, smiled as Mrs. Almquist hurriedly went out, and then looked at Sadie.



"Read your letter," Sadie said. "I'll set the table. You're all played out from practising the whole afternoon."

"No, I won't read it just now," Elsiebeth said. "You go and lie down. You've got a big night ahead of you. I can fry the hamburger and read the letter at the same time."

There was a note in Elsiebeth's voice which Sadie understood only too well. Elsiebeth had expected the letter to be from Cecil Andrews, out in Pittsburgh. He had written to her half a dozen times since she had come to New York, but the last letter had been before Christmas.

Elsiebeth stabbed the potatoes with a fork, drained them, salted them, and shook them over the fire before she set them aside. She opened a small tin of peas, dumped them into a saucepan and put them to heat, the

gas low. The next procedure, on the other burner, had to do with onions sliced into the breakfast bacon fat, and after two minutes the hamburger on top of the onions. This was New Year's Eve dinner in the third floor room, on West Eightieth Street, in a brown-stone house that had seen better days. And this, to Elsiebeth Payson, of Bloomhill, was happiness, except that the letter in her pocket should have been from Cecil Andrews instead of from Doctor Frederick Stowell, of Bloomhill.

While she turned the meat with the ladle, Elsiebeth thought swiftly of that July morning when she and Sadie, before the puzzled eyes of seven or eight Bloomhill citizens who knew them both, boarded the train bound for New York. Their amazement could not compare with her own, however. For just as she was paying the cab-driver who had brought her to the station, Doctor Fred's car had drawn up rather violently alongside the platform.

Fred had jumped out.

"You're really going?"

She had almost liked him just then. Hatless, his hair ruffled, he looked boyish, defenceless.

"Oh, no," Elsiebeth said. "It's just a mania I have for meeting trains with my luggage."

On the platform he said, "Beth, I want you to know that I'm completely in sympathy with you in this. Will you believe that?"

While she was trying to adjust her mind to that idea, Sadie's brother drew up in his three-year-old car and got out with Sadie and her hump-backed trunk, and the two of them came up on the platform.

"Sadie and I are going to live together at Mrs. Almquist's," Elsiebeth told Fred lightly. "You see, doctor, I know all about everything. Sadie has told me."

It was queer, but she had immediately felt sorry for that remark. Fred's mouth and eyes—his whole face had twisted so strangely. Poor boy, he couldn't help being North Hill!

"Who is Mrs. Almquist? And what is the address? I might want to write to you, Beth."

She had given him the Eightieth Street address, the train had come in, there was the hurry of getting aboard, and Frederick Stowell had clasped her hand.

"Good luck!"

And Elsiebeth, who had decided that one of these days she would no longer be Elsiebeth Payson but a glamorous person billed as "Irena," was disturbed by a lump in her throat and a horrible mesh of tears across her eyes.

Later, when the train was gathering speed and dusting Bloomhill from its wheels, she stared wrathfully from the window and asked herself why she had stood, tiptoe, to kiss Doctor Frederick.

His letters had been so elder-brotherly and encouraging, especially after that first one in which he had laboriously tried to explain his attitude towards Sadie Miller, and in which he admitted that he had been clumsy and wrong. She had answered his letters at some length, telling him how she was progressing, how hard she was working at the Academie de Terpsichore, omitting such details as the barn-like bleakness of the place, the frantic eagerness of Monsieur Duval (Clyde Burns) to collect the dollar per lesson.

While she turned the hamburgers again, and shut the gas off under the peas, she fingered the letter in the pocket of her

tweed dress. She had been resenting it, of course, because it was not from Cecil. That was why she hadn't opened it at once. And why hadn't Cecil written since two days before Christmas? Not that she was looking for a gift, although from his earlier letters she knew that his hand was making money in the corn belt, as he called it. But Christmas was a cozy time. In his last letter he had stated merely that "it wouldn't be long now before he would have enough put away to tackle New York."

But, of course, she thought, that was Cecil's way of telling her that he was still counting the days until their next meeting. And perhaps, even to-night he would surprise her at Mrs. Almqvist's party. He knew Minnie Almqvist—his aunt, Priscilla, had once given him a letter to her when he had first come, young and eager, upon New York.

Elisbeth sat down on a stool beside the wash-basin and tore the end from the envelope.

"Elisbeth," it began as usual. "When you receive this I shall be approaching New York. Will you and Sadie have dinner with me? My train gets in at eight o'clock. New Year's Eve in Bloomhill is unbearably dull without you. I shall have to take the first train back after midnight, however, in order to be at the hospital to-morrow, but an hour or two with you will mean much to me. Fred."

She read the brief note over three times, the uneasy frown deepening between her brows. What did it mean? What could it mean but one thing? For Frederick—knowing him as she did—the penning of such a letter was a definite emotional commitment!

"Sadie," she said abstractedly, "we have an invitation to dinner."

"All right," Sadie yawned. "I'll get up and set the table."

"No, no—we're going out to dinner."

ONE thing about Frederick Stowell, Elisabeth decided ungrudgingly, if he did anything at all he didn't do it half way. He arrived with flowers for both girls—creamy roses for Elisabeth, lily-of-the-valley for Sadie. He sat on Elisabeth's couch, looking large and doggedly at ease in his double-breasted blue suit while the girls got into their wraps.

"You're really quite comfortable here, aren't you?" he remarked. "Those curtains are very gay. And the bookshelf—"

"Sadie made the curtains and I built the bookshelf."

"What's the rent?" Fred asked bluntly.

"Eight dollars a week," said Elisabeth briskly. "And we usually cook our own meals. Our food and incidentals come to another ten or twelve a week. Sadie makes five doing the light work for Mrs. Almqvist. My dancing lessons are the chief item of expense. They run to about ten a week. Well, shall we go?"

"I thought of the Commodore Grill," said Frederick. "Or would you prefer some other place?"

Sadie drew a sibilant breath. Her eyes shone. Any ill-feeling she had entertained toward Frederick had vanished. He had greeted her to-night with a direct friendliness, and had told her that she was looking extremely well. Sadie felt triumphant and yet flattered.

It was when they were on their way down the stairs that the telephone rang in the lower hall. Mrs. Almqvist answered it and

Elisbeth heard her say, "Yes, I think she's coming down right now, Cecil."

Her feet took wings. She quite forgot that Frederick and Sadie were following her. Her hand shook as she took the receiver.

Under his nonchalant greeting, Cecil's voice was keen and enthusiastic:

"Just got in, Betsy! When do we meet?"

"Darling! It's so good to hear your voice. Where are you?"

"Up at Murph's place. Just got unpacked."

"Oh, Cecil, why didn't you send me a wire? I have to—"

"Oh, I know!" Cecil chuckled. "One of Minnie Almqvist's treats for the has-beens. They depress me, sweet. Can't you and I sneak off somewhere?"

"I've promised to help serve, Cecil," Elisabeth told him lamely, while she cast about in desperation for some way of getting out of it. But there just wasn't any way. "You've simply got to come up here. Say at eleven, Cecil!"

His hesitation was like a chill reaching her very heart across the wires.

"Well—" His voice was wounded, sulky. While it pained her, it made her rejoice, too. It meant that he did, really, want her alone to himself! "I'll try to make it up there around one o'clock, then."

One o'clock! Not midnight—not when the bells and the whistles would be ushering in her first New Year in New York!



Elisbeth went back up the dim old hall to join the others, and struggled to hide her confusion and disappointment with an animated laugh.

"Imagine, Sadie! Two beans on New Year's Eve! That was Cecil Andrews. He's coming up later."

But she glanced away hastily from Frederick's suddenly darkened, joyless face. Her heart sank.

The evening was anything but a success, despite Sadie's naive and whole-hearted delight with everything. With the best of intentions to listen to Frederick's uninspired account of the progress he was making in establishing a clinic for the working people in Patchtown, Elisabeth found her mind wandering impatiently to Cecil.

Towards the end of the excellent dinner Frederick had ordered—and which Sadie had eaten with huge relish, Elisabeth with absent nibbles—she met Fred's eyes as if by accident. It was only then that she knew she had been avoiding them. They were haggard with resignation.

"You're really in love with this Andrews, aren't you, Beth?" he said casually enough. "I thought you might have got over it by this time."

Sadie gasped. Why, this was like a movie!

"In love?" Elisabeth laughed valiantly. "How do you ever know when you're in love?"

"Unless you're feeble-minded, you know, all right," said Doctor Frederick Stowell. He took out his inelegant gold watch. "You girls have a party on to-night. I think I'd better get that ten o'clock train, after

all. I'll give me a couple of hours more sleep before I have to be on the job to-morrow."

Elisbeth felt the color creep uncontrollably into her cheeks. Disconcerting and unaccountable anger at Frederick quickened her heartbeat. He was the same as ever—stiff and uncommunicative, instead of free and open about things! He was a Stowell!

At the rear of Mrs. Almqvist's house, across from her kitchen and dining-room, there was a long, narrow plot of a room where, for the most part, she lived and had her being. This room to-night was literally overflowing. At ten minutes to twelve, when there was such a babble of voices that nobody could hear himself speak, Mrs. Almqvist came prideful, flushed, and worried to Elisabeth.

"They're having fun, ain't they? But do you think the beer and pickles will hold out till we serve supper?"

Diana and Joel, that glittering pair of the Abeland Roof of a few years ago, had just arrived, and Elisabeth was too agitated even to reply to Minnie's question. It was Sadie, reclining in a large armchair, who assured her that there was enough of everything.

Then, punctually, Minnie Almqvist threw the windows wide open and turned on the radio. Bells, whistles, sirens, a medley of new hope for a new year rushed in from the outside, and from the radio within came the announcement, "Ladies and gentlemen! Into the silence of a passing year a pin will drop. If you listen you will be able to hear it above all the shouting and the cheering that attends the birth of a new year. When you hear it, it will be nineteen hundred and thirty-four!"

Elisbeth, standing beside Sadie's chair, held tightly to Sadie's hand. She was alone, but more cruelly Sadie was alone. And yet, when the thin metallic sound of the falling pin came, it was Sadie who laughed with confidence.

Everything became merry again. A hubbub of good wishes, congratulations, kisses.

At a few minutes past twelve, the furniture was cleared away from the middle of the room, and one after another the guests contributed bits of entertainment for which they had once been famous.

A quartet sang, "When You Were a Tulip." An old actor vanished to the kitchen to return later in black-face and offer his best in tap dancing and lachrymose song. After each performance the applause was deafening.

Elisbeth's eyes felt stretched with tears she dared not shed. Cecil had been so painfully right! Would one o'clock never come? Even if he were late, there would be diversion then, because Minnie Almqvist had set one o'clock for the serving of supper.

Minnie explained under her breath to Elisabeth and Sadie, "I wish Diana and Joel would dance to the radio, but I don't dare ask them. You see—they still feel hot about being out of work. They're not like the others, not yet."

And then her eyes gleamed with an inspiration. "Elisbeth, you give us that Basque dance of yours! Listen—that's Spanish music on the radio now. And I'll go and start the coffee. They seem to be getting quiet, kind of. Won't you do it, please, Elisabeth?"

Elisbeth looked down at her flame-colored, full skirted dress, one that she had used as a costume at the school. Well

why not, to please kind old Minnie, anyway? Only yesterday the instructor had told her that she was doing the dance to perfection now.

She was out upon the floor, a sharp flange of brilliance making the music from the radio suddenly incarnate.

Back in the shadows under a dusty velvet portiere sat a dark man who, until now, had been looking on cynically at the evening's festivities. All at once he leaned forward, intent upon the oddly individualistic flow and pause of a girl's body in a dance that was to him hackneyed and threadbare. The girl, as a creature of flesh and blood, did not interest him one iota. He had a lovely wife of his own and two small children to whom he was devoted, living at present on the largesse of a blither mother-in-law in New Canaan, Connecticut.

On West Twenty-eighth Street he had a high-class dancing school, the proceeds from which did not pay his rent. He loathed teaching and cursed his stars that he had ever left Cuba, after his German-American father and Spanish mother had taken him there at the age of fourteen. In Cuba he had made a name, had even made a living.

In this country he could not so much as find a female partner who could interpret native dances with any intelligence!

Had he found her here, at Minnie Almquist's Museum, of all places?

During the next few minutes something as new and as passionately vital as the New Year itself came into being in Minnie Almquist's parlor. It would be twenty-two months before that star rose in Broadway's highest revue as "Jose and Irena," but twenty-two months is a short time.

Cecil Andrews stood in the doorway, looking on at an amazingly blade-clean tango being executed by Elsiebeth and a man whose professional finesse was not blurred by his dabby clothes. Cecil's eyes narrowed slowly. He saw, not Elsiebeth, and not the man in the shabby clothes, but the night club for which he had yearned so long, etc. those two figures, clad in rhinestones and silver and perhaps a flash of crimson—a swift dagger on the shining black polish of his floor.

The dance ended in a severe and haughty *re-va-va*. Amid the applause, Elsiebeth came up, Cecil breathless, her hands outstretched. With expert showmanship, he took them and raised them solemnly, unsmilingly, to his lips.

"Tonal," he said.

A LETTER to Doctor Frederick Stowell, written by Sadie Miller, in October, 1935:

"Dear Doctor Stowell: Beth's show has opened and it's a great hit. She gave Minnie and me tickets to the first night and I never seen anything like the way the people acted about Irena and Jose. The papers the next day just raved about them. They said they were like quicksilver. Well, anyhow, Beth is getting three hundred dollars a week now. You might give Bloomington an ear full of that. Of course it isn't all velvet by any means. Beth's clothes are an awful lot and then her apartment on Central Park West isn't just thrown in. Besides, her and Jose have to pay for a studio to work in during the day. It's only a short walk from here and now that Minnie is walking I take him over there and Mrs. Ewart and her two kids and Jimmie and I sit on the roof and talk and when Jose and Beth are through practicing we have tea together and it's all just grand. Jose isn't a bit like a dancer, or even like

a Spaniard, and he's crazy about his wife and kids and they have a nice place over on Riverside Drive, so everything is handy. Mary told me—she's Jose's wife—she doesn't know what they would have done if Elsiebeth hadn't come along when she did. It's all kind of like a story, or a movie. And they're all simply crazy about Jimmie. When I think of all that has happened, I feel like thanking you for being so mean to me that time I went to your office scared out of my wits. Because now Minnie is going to educate Jimmie, who is very tall for his age and blond, with blue eyes like his father. He won't be two until next February, but you'd never know it.

"The reason I wrote last summer and got Mum and Dad to come down was that I was so proud of Jimmie and I couldn't bear it for them not to see him. And when they saw him they almost fell through the floor. He grinned at them and said Giampa and Giamma, like I taught him to, except he sounded like a Chinaman, and Mum and Dad cried and went crazy about him. They wanted me to go back with them and live in Bloomhill, but Minnie wouldn't hear of it and had a fit, almost, and begged me to stay with her. So Mum cried some more and Dad took it real sensible and said it was best for Jimmie and all to be here with Minnie. Well, I wasn't going to say all that, but when you have a youngster like Jimmie you get kind of soft in the head. When you see him you'll understand.

"Later,

"I had to stop just then because Jimmie woke up from his nap. And I got to stop again pretty soon because this letter is getting so long, six pages already. But what I started out to say was this, and I hope you won't think wrong of me for it. But I know how much you like Beth and you know I think the world and all of her. Well, that Cecil Andrews has been playing here at hotels and so on and it looks as if she can't get him out of her head. Before the opening of her show she went round all day long, walking in a kind of stupor. If you know what I mean. She was afraid he wouldn't be back to town for the first night. He was out somewhere on an engagement. Anyhow, I never seen her act like she did. Jose was mad at her, too. But then he came, just a few days before the opening, without telling her he was coming to town. And Beth was like a new person. Hattie—that's the maid she has—was sick and Elsiebeth got me to go over to her apartment one afternoon to help her. That was the



day he walked in on her. I was standing in the kitchen door and she just flew into his arms.

"It isn't as if she didn't have any other admirers. Everybody falls in love with her, but she doesn't seem to think of anything but her work and this Cecil Andrews, who, to my mind, is a selfish, conceited prig. Of course he's made a name for himself this last couple of years, but what's his game with Beth, that's what I'd like to know. When he's with her he acts like he was in love with her and she gets so worked up she either laughs or cries like a fool afterwards. Jose doesn't like it and he has sense, believe me, even if he is a Spaniard and a dancer.

"Anyhow, Cecil was at the opening and Beth danced like she never danced before.

"He sat out in front where I could see him. He didn't clap once, but he just stood up and threw a white carnation out of his lapel on to the stage and somebody near me said out loud, 'That's Cecil Andrews!' And he heard it, too. And liked it.

"He took her out to supper after the show, but I wasn't there so I don't know what went on. She told me the next day that Cecil expects to have enough money next season to start his own joint in town here. I guess that's all right, but she seemed like she wanted to tell me more, about them going to be married or something. I don't get it. But what I meant to say is you ought to come down here some time this autumn and see her. You ought to see her dance, anyhow. That's worth coming all the way to see, if nothing else.

"Well, this is getting to be quite a book. I guess I'll have to put six cents stamps on it. I'm enclosing a picture of Beth and Jose that was in last Sunday's paper. That costume of hers is made entirely out of fine gold chains.

"How is the clinic coming along? Beth was wondering about it the other day. I'd love to hear from you.

"As ever yours, Sadie Miller."

And a note to Sadie Miller, written by Doctor Frederick Stowell, in November, 1935:

"My dear Sadie: Your letter was very amusing and interesting and deserved an answer long before this. But there has been a lot of flu in the Flats and the clinic has kept me pretty busy. It is now in good running order. I'm glad to report.

"I should indeed like to knock off for a day or two and run down to New York to see your big son as well as Beth's show. Permit me to congratulate you on Jimmie. I have already written Elsiebeth expressing my delight in her success, but I did not mention the picture you sent me. My grandfather subscribes to the 'Times' and I had already seen it, as I supposed everybody else on North Hill had, also. I was glad to observe that she looks very well. I presume she must adhere to a strict regimen of diet and sleep for such a strenuous profession, and I hope that you do your best to see that she keeps to it. I'm afraid there's nothing I can do about Cecil Andrews. If they decide to get married, as they no doubt will, I shall merely wish them all the happiness in the world.

"Perhaps next month it may be possible for me to make the New York trip. It seems that Beth's show is due for a long run, and I shall probably have a chance to see it before it closes.

"Sincerely yours, Frederick Stowell."

Sadie took her courage in both hands and showed the letter to Elsiebeth one afternoon when she was lying listlessly among the satin cushions on a chaise-longue in her apartment on Central Park West. Sadie knew well enough why Elsiebeth was lying in that depleted and woe-begone attitude. Cecil Andrews was to have come to see her and had failed again. Sadie could have wrung his neck. But then, she was ready to wring Elsiebeth's neck too for feeling so intensely about Cecil Andrews. That was what made her show Doctor Fred's letter.

"It's pleasant to know that North Hill saw me in chains, even if they were gold chains! It must have distressed poor Freddy terribly," was Elsiebeth's only comment.

IT was spring flushing into summer before Doctor Frederick Stowell came to New York. From Elsiebeth's windows Central Park was stippled with moist crimsons and

powdery, sulphurous yellows. The grass between the stony slopes was sharp and green.

The show, in its eighth month now, was also in that delicious state of lassitude that meant late May. It would run into July, when it would take to the road for a spell. But Irena and Jose were not going on the road. Irena and Jose were to grace the floor show in Cecil Andrews' new "Key Pout" on East Fifty-first Street, the grand opening of which had been set for September the eleventh.

Elsbeth sat in a bronze velvet hostess gown before her triple mirror and brushed her hair.

Hattie put her head in at the door and said, "It's four o'clock, Miss Irena. Doctor Stowell should be here any minute."

"Oh, yes, of course, Hattie. I'm ready." She knotted the turquoise encrusted girdle about her waist more securely and went into the other room.

It was almost two and a half years since that New Year's Eve when she had seen him last. And because he meant nothing more to her now than a memory of her own absurd rage at him, the fluttering trepidation she felt as Hattie admitted him into the foyer was unaccountable and far from pleasing. It was precisely as if Bloomhill had suddenly descended upon her, and she was marshalling her forces to defend herself against a charge of turpitude. It was ridiculous! An angry little pulse danced in her throat as she walked slowly, smiling forward and held out her hand in buoyant greeting.

"How sweet of you, Freddy!" she cried gaily. "I was going to be awfully hurt if you didn't come down before the show closed! Why—?" She stood back from him, thoughtful finger to lip. "—It's over two years, and you haven't changed a bit!" Frederick raised one of his soot-black eyebrows and laughed. She could not somehow remember his laughing much. It was vaguely unsettling to discover that he had such good large white teeth.

"A man doesn't usually lose all his hair in two years," he said, "or go completely to fat. I'm not such a ripe old age."

"Well, sit down and let me look at you."

Elsbeth invited with false vivacity. Frederick sat down and unbent his grey flannel coat. "Phew, it's hot down here! I don't see how you can dance in this kind of weather."

"I really don't mind it. In my work you can't afford to think about the weather."

He smiled. "I suppose dancing is work, but it's odd to hear it called that."

"You'll think it even more odd when you see me dance. I'm supposed to look like anything but work, Frederick."

Then, abruptly, she turned the conversation to Bloomhill and Frederick's activities in the new clinic. It became evident at once that he was completely immersed in his profession, and had no time for such social life as Bloomhill—his lofty section of it—had to offer. She told him of her own progress, and finally suggested that he come back stage after the show to-night and take her out to supper.

Abruptly, and with his gauche directness, Frederick said, "What about Cecil Andrews? Is he still the one and only man in the world?"

She hated herself for flushing; she resented Frederick's off-hand manner. "Since you are so nice and frank, Freddy, I don't mind telling you that I'm more in love with Cecil than ever. Perhaps I'd rather not be. I can't tell. All I know is that when he is out of town I die for a while."

"I suppose you'll be married now that he's made his mark—too?"

With a panicky feeling of being at bay, Elsbeth said coolly, "Cecil doesn't believe in marriage—at least not for people in the profession."

"Beth—!" Frederick was over beside her, his fingers hard about both her wrists. "Let's be friends. Let me talk to you. Don't let this Andrews spoil your life. He isn't worth it."

Elsbeth released herself with a deft flexing of her wrists. Frederick saw bleakly that he had made an error.

"Perhaps you mean well, Frederick," she said with low vehemence, "but there are some things you're quite incapable of understanding. One of them is a person like Cecil Andrews. You are—and always will be—North Hill!"



Frederick's black lashes winced down over his eyes.

"That seems to be the one thing about me you can't forgive," he said bitterly. "You won't believe that I'm just trying to give you a little advice."

"Oh, yes—I believe it. What's more, I'm grateful—I mean, for your interest. I'm sorry that you think I need guidance. I— you see, you don't really know me."

He laughed roughly. "It's just possible that you don't know me very well, either, Elsbeth. And I can't expect you to take time off to get acquainted with me, can I? You're a very busy young woman."

"Why—I have my work, Frederick," she replied reasonably. "And you have yours. They seem to lie miles apart, don't they? I mean—even if Cecil Andrews didn't exist."

He looked at her for a moment before he spoke again. "You wouldn't consider coming to Bloomhill for your vacation this summer, would you?"

"Well, scarcely! I won't have time for much of a vacation, if I'm to be ready for the opening in autumn. Anyhow, how could you ever think I'd go to Bloomhill? I have no home there—"

"Oh, yes, you have." With his hands negligently in his pockets, he looked down at her. "Not with your aunt, perhaps. But my grandfather has mellowed considerably in the last few years. He'd welcome you to our home, Elsbeth."

"The Judge?" She really had to laugh at that. "Can't you just picture me taking my stretching exercises in your back yard? Your grandfather—your mother, especially, would pull down the blinds in horror! Thanks, no. If I ever go back to Bloomhill, it will be to visit Priscilla Van der Water. I owe her a lot. I owe North Hill less than nothing."

"I can understand you there, at least," Frederick replied slowly. "It's just possible, however, that we may sometimes be mistaken in what we think we owe—and don't owe."

"Freddy!" she laughed impatiently. "You aren't going to preach me a sermon now, are you?"

His smile was uneven. "No—oh, no. I was just thinking of my debt to Sadie Miller, as a case in point. She made a doctor out of me, though she'll probably never realise it."

She was tempted to ask him if anyone

would ever make a human being out of him—or anything but a North Hill paragon of virtue—but even Frederick Stowell did not quite deserve that.

Hastily, because of the disquiet moving through her, Elsbeth stood up. "Well, let's not fight—now that I'm grown up and everything, Freddy. At least not until you've seen me dance to-night. Anyhow, you're due up at Sadie's for dinner. And we're having supper together after the show."

She walked with him into the hall, and heard him say that he would be at her dressing-room after the performance. Then very suddenly he was gone and Elsbeth had the baffling feeling that she had left something trenchant unsaid. But at that moment the telephone rang. The brief, charged stillness of her heart was certainly enough. Cecil Andrews was back in New York.

It was the first time in his life that Frederick Stowell had been behind the scenes in a theatre. He felt bewildered and a little ill at ease as Hattie opened the door of Elsbeth's dressing-room to admit him.

Elsbeth sat before her mirror removing the make-up she had worn for her last dance.

"Sit down—quick!—and tell me how you liked it!" she cried.

"I can't tell you how I liked it," he said simply. "I've never seen anything like it before. It looks like a pretty dangerous dance to me—or is it?"

"It's all a matter of balance and momentum and leverage," she explained. "Of course, in the place where I hang on practically by my heels, anything is liable to happen. The timing has to be perfect, to a split second. We almost broke our necks half a dozen times while we were getting it into shape—at least I did!" She laughed with a spontaneous happiness that cut Frederick to the quick. It had nothing to do with him, that vital young laughter. It sprang from a pure joy in the achievement of beauty.

But later, when he was seated opposite her in the exclusive, arrogantly tranquil supper club, where the orchestra and the fashionable guests were as though on a peak of supercilious reticence above the clamorous sea of night life, Frederick was startled at the radiance of Elsbeth. He was suddenly aware of an angry ache all through his being. He was a fool to have submitted himself to this test of seeing her again. If he had feared before that he was in love with her, now he knew it with disorganising certainty. Havoc filled him.

It was while they were in the taxi, driving through the park, that he blurted it out, not touching her, not looking at her, but leaning forward a little and staring stiffly ahead of him.

"Beth—I love you. I thought I had recovered—by working my head off. But it's something there's no cure for. And you don't love me—and I don't suppose there's any cure for that, either. But that's the situation. And so—I'll not be down here to see you again—unless you send for me."

"Oh—!" Elsbeth caught her breath. "Why—why, Fred! You don't love me. I—I'm not your sort—"

The harrowed darkness of his face checked the words on her lips.

The taxi swung out of the path. In a moment Frederick was giving Elsbeth his hand outside her apartment house. By the light of a street lamp he could see tears in her eyes.

"Fred—I'm so desperately sorry," she said huskily.

"Of course," he interrupted, smiling reassuredly. "Perhaps I should have kept it all to myself, too. But I had to tell you why it's going to be impossible for me to see you again. It wouldn't—"

He paused. A man in a smart derby and dinner clothes had just rounded the corner. Doctor Frederick Stowell remembered that impression of Cecil Andrews all the way home in the train.

He remembered it all that summer, after he had forgotten his brief leave-taking of Elsiebeth. He was to recall it sharply again one August afternoon when the air in the office of his clinic was hot as lead in a vat. A letter had come from Sadie Miller.

"Dear Doctor Frederick," Sadie had written. "I haven't let you hear from me since that nice dinner you treated me to last May. Minnie was opening a tearoom down on our first floor, and it has kept us both awfully busy, what with Jimmie to look after and all. He's such a scamp!"

"Well, I'm writing to say this: I'm worried about Elsiebeth. I really mean I am. Me and Jimmie spent a week down at Fire Island with the Ewatts—Jose and his wife, you know—and Elsiebeth was there most of the time. Cecil Andrews was busy getting his night club ready for opening next month, but whenever he could get down here and take Elsiebeth away somewhere, she wouldn't get back until dawn. Jose didn't like it at all, but because Cecil has offered them so much to dance in his club, Jose didn't dare object. I'm pretty sure Elsiebeth thinks Cecil's going to propose to her as soon as he's making a little real money. She told me that he intends to marry her as soon as he has a hundred thousand in the bank. Can you imagine that, now?"

"Anyhow, that was two weeks ago. Since then I don't think she has seen him so much. She's beginning to look pale and funny even with all her tan. Of course she and Jose have to rehearse pretty hard now. But that isn't what I really wanted to tell you. Minnie gets a lot of theatrical news, one way or another, and she heard the other day that Cecil Andrews is squelching—I don't know how to spell it, but that's what Minnie said—around with a real society girl by the name of Joan Fariston. I'm kind of worried about it and that's the reason I'm writing you. I'll kind of keep my eye on things and write you again later.

"Sincerely yours, with best wishes,

"Sadie."

Frederick read the letter through twice, turned sighing, and hid it away in a desk drawer. He thought of several grim cases he was battling these days—poor old Mrs. Rooney in the Flats, suffering in silence; wealthy old Josiah Malcolm, on North Hill, howling out his outrage. He could pit his knowledge and his experience against these, but for what ailed Elsiebeth Payson he knew no remedy.

September 25, a telegram from Sadie Miller to Doctor Frederick Stowell: "Come right away. Cecil has eloped with that rich girl and I am scared for you know who, Sadie."

So Frederick, having already become acquainted with the news through the morning paper, had his bag packed at the moment the telegram reached him.

He had telephoned Sadie the first thing after his arrival at Grand Central Station. The agitation in her voice, even more than her imploring words, had governed his im-

mediate procedure. Now, at ten minutes past eleven, after having paid an exorbitant cover charge, he was seated at what he acidly thought of as a "ringside table" beside a polished oval floor in a place called very intelligently "Key Post," listening abstractedly to the lower humbar moan of the orchestra—an orchestra led, evidently, by Cecil Andrews' assistant.

There was a dispersion of the dancers from the floor, a slender threatening of flutes. And then Irene and Jose, in living silver, split the black sheen of the floor.

Doctor Frederick Stowell ran his hand along his temple, leaned forward and stared. He had studied anatomy; he knew in a vague way what the human body was capable of doing. But he had not guessed that it could be a liquid jewel flying off at a tangent and returning at a sharp angle home. Elsiebeth was that, and he forgot for half a minute that it was Elsiebeth. He forgot until—

Her body was like a glittering spinner on a line as she flew away from Jose through a horrible instant of space and struck the floor on her back.

Men exclaimed, aghast; women screamed. Frederick hesitated only in his mind. His tall figure stepped out upon the floor and his arms came down strong and calm to gather up the crumpled thing that was Elsiebeth.

FLOWERING dogwood clouded against the shell-blue of the early April sky; below the trees the tulips stood in wax-clean bloom, yellow, black-purple, lavender touched with rose. Doctor Frederick Stowell and his grandfather, the Judge, were looking out from the north verandah of the Stowell house, but they were not looking at these reports of spring. They were watching Elsiebeth Payson Stowell, walking confidently now along the edge of the tulip bed.



"Beth's getting stronger every day," the Judge remarked. "If you can only keep her from over-doing—"

He chuckled. "She wanted to drive down to the Flats this morning."

"She won't be fit for that for another week yet," said Frederick. "She's doing remarkably well, considering. A sacro-iliac takes a while to mend. Especially with her other injuries. She'll have her little fits of impatience, of course—"

"Wouldn't you? Almost seven months of it! The girl has been game, Fred! You've got to admire it."

"She's not suffering from any lack of admiration—on my part, at least," Frederick replied.

"I shouldn't worry about anyone else, if I were you. They'll all come round in their own time."

"I'm not worrying about them. I married Beth with my eyes open. I was prepared to face the music. But it's going to be tough going for her. She's had a taste of it already—from her beloved relatives and a few of their friends. But I hate to think of what's in store for her when she's well enough really to get around."

The Judge lifted his thin shoulders,

glanced out into the garden again and waved at Elsiebeth.

Frederick, looking at Elsiebeth, half rose from his chair, but the Judge motioned him down. "Better leave her alone, young fellow. You've done just about all you can do for her. The less she sees of you now, the better—for a while."

Frederick lighted a fresh cigarette. "What's behind that remark?"

"Nothing personal. The girl has to heal from the inside out, Fred. You've done your job—and done it very well. I'm sure. But there's another wound there that will heal better and faster if we don't interfere too much with the process. I'd have been a wiser judge if I had realised that about folks, twenty years before I retired."

Frederick glanced at him in pity, but made no reply. These regrets, at eighty, seemed a pathetically futile thing. Would he, Frederick Stowell, also live to regret what he had done?

He leaned back in his chair and watched Elsiebeth stroll about the garden. It was weeks now since she had discarded the cane. The dragging months since that calamitous night in New York crowded into his thoughts with their weary burden of hope and dread. The stunning image of Elsiebeth's body hurtling through the air would, he knew, never fade from his memory. But scarcely less vivid was that other image—Elsiebeth's white face on the hospital bed, weeks later, when Dr. Hermann, the specialist, told her gently that she must not hope to engage in professional dancing again. Had her face shown disappointment, Frederick would have rejoiced. It was her apathetic little smile that had cut him to the heart, the listless mockery in her shadowed eyes when she said, "I have no wish to dance again, Dr. Hermann."

Every week Frederick had gone down from Bloomhill to see her. Her hospital room was always banked with flowers, and when she began to gather strength and the pain was less severe, there were other visitors besides himself. Jose Ewart was inconsolable. It was Elsiebeth herself who finally quieted him and persuaded him to look about for another partner—a quest which proved not nearly so difficult as he had expected.

It was shortly after the Christmas season that Frederick asked Elsiebeth to marry him.

She looked at him in the slow, contemplative way that had become habitual with her, and then her eyes filled with tears.

"Freddy!" she said huskily. "You feel so sorry for me, don't you?"

"I feel sorry for you, of course, Beth," he answered, his mouth and eyes stubborn. "But that isn't the reason I'm asking you to marry me. I wasn't exactly sorry for you the first time I asked you. Or do you remember? I was in love with you. I'm in love with you still, Beth. And I don't think you exactly hate me any more—or am I wrong?"

"I like you better than anyone I know," she told him then. But she turned her head aside on the pillow and added, "It wouldn't work, Freddy. Bloomhill will never accept me. And they'd turn against you—"

"Confound Bloomhill!" he said violently. "Look here, Beth." He reached over and earnestly took her hands. "You've talked about getting some kind of a job here in New York. Listen, Beth—I've got work for you. I have an idea. I need somebody to help me with field work around Bloomhill—investigating, and so on. Miranda Guest has all she can do in the office. You and I could work together. I'll not make any demands. Call it a marriage of convenience, if you like. Call it anything. After we've worked together for a while—"

He finished, looked resolutely away from her.

"Things may change, Beth. You might actually get to think something of me."

She covered her eyes with her hands then and Frederick leaned and put his arms about her.

"If you'll really let me work—and be of some use," she whispered, "I'll—I'll go with you."

That was all. Not a word about Cecil Andrews. It was not until later that he had thought of that. A certain doubt burned in his mind—to his shame, was still burning there. Had Elisabeth any graver cause for her heartbreak than she had confided to him? What had Cecil Andrews been to her? Not that it made any difference now. But her reticence remained a barrier between them.

Their return to Broomhill after their marriage at City Hall was a major sensation. Elisabeth, on crutches, shrunk away from people who greeted them when she got off the train.

He had wired his mother and his grandfather, but there had not been enough time for Adeline Stowell to adjust herself to the incredible circumstance of his marriage. When he and Elisabeth arrived at the house, he saw his mother's eyes still inflamed from weeping. But she was carrying herself with the fortitude of a Messenger and a Stowell, having been comforted, no doubt, by Irma Trent, who was exceedingly present. Irma's smile of welcome was painfully sweet. Adeline's was rigid. A Victorian swoon stayed off. It was left for the old Judge to usher Elisabeth and Frederick to the rooms on the second floor—rooms which Elisabeth did not leave until the middle of January.

The Payson aunts, of course, ignored the monstrous fact of Doctor Frederick's hasty marriage. Their brother's daughter was deplorably dead to them. Most of North Hill, prompted by Kate's and Felicia's sentiments, acted in kind. A few, too temperamental to sustain a purely negative attitude, whispered unsavory tales of the life Elisabeth and Cecil Andrews had shared in New York.

ALTHOUGH he whistled to himself as he stepped down from the porch, Frederick's mind was far from easy. Elisabeth had been going about for the better part of a month now, and North Hill had pointedly ignored her. His mother's and Irma Trent's friends had said their customary calls at the house. Elisabeth had felt their furtive restraint toward her and had thereafter kept to her room when there were visitors. Invitations to Adeline Stowell and to the Judge's secretary had not included Elisabeth.

Elisabeth had carried herself with a queer, absent, half-smiling aloofness, in which there was no hint of self-pity, but rather an acceptance of droll irony. This, and her impatience to begin work on Frederick's survey of the rural districts, was all he knew of the Elisabeth Payson who was now his wife.

Elisabeth glanced up at him and smiled. She took his arm and they began to walk toward the arbor.

"Did you have a good day, Frederick?" she asked.

"Not bad," he replied. "We've got that gangrene in Bert Madden's leg checked."

"I'm so glad," Elisabeth told him in her slow, meditative way. "His mother has no one but him."

"I think he'd appreciate a visit from you, Beth. I told him you might be around to see him in a couple of days if you're feeling fit."

"I'm fit now!" she said brightly. "And I'd love to see him."

Their conversation, as usual, drifted along on the safe, impersonal plane of Frederick's work. He had studiously avoided any expression of his feeling for her. The time for that would come only when their life

together had worked the change which he longed for.

Elisabeth looked at him suddenly. "Let me start working with you to-morrow, Frederick. I want to. I'm perfectly well—well enough to drive a car anyhow. I'll be the new Bloomhill Social Bureau, all by myself!"

"Well—" He hesitated, smiling. "You're forcing it a little, Beth. I don't know about to-morrow—"

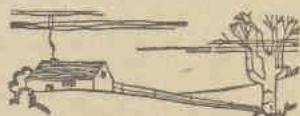
She laid her hand impulsively on his arm. "But I must, Frederick!" she said with a swift vehemence that disturbed him. "I haven't talked to you about it, but—I've got to get out of the house. I've got to get away from them. I'm not complaining, but the past few weeks—you know they don't want me here, Frederick!"

"Who doesn't want you here?" He felt an angry tightening in his throat.

She flushed unhappily. "You know just as well as I do. I'm grateful to you—and I'm grateful for everything that has been done for me. In some ways they've been very kind. But your mother isn't happy about me—and Irma wants me out. Nothing could be plainer to anyone."

His confused feeling of dismay, pity and love as he stared at her anguished face was almost more than he could endure. The muscles of his jaw moved in a hard effort at control.

"I won't pretend I don't understand what you're saying—about Irma and mother. Mother actually thinks she has been very kind."



"I know that. And she has been, Frederick—as kind as she can be."

"We've both got to get out, if we're to save our own souls," he said grimly. "I've been looking around for a house. I heard yesterday that old man Adams is going to California to live. That house of his, over on the river, is rather nice. It'll take a little doing over, but it has possibilities. You know the house—that old place on the river bend—"

"Of course I do! It's a sweet house, Frederick—with the river and lots of trees—I'd love it!"

"We'll drive down and look at it to-morrow."

"When—how soon will Mr. Adams leave?"

"In a few days. But the house will need a lot of repairs. It can't be made ready much before the first of June. We'd have to furnish it."

"It'll be fun furnishing a house," Elisabeth said quickly. "And we don't have to wait until it's all ready. We could move in and do most of the work afterward. I could do a lot myself if we—"

He caught her tightly clasped hands suddenly in an uncontrollable impulse. "You don't have to be so brave about this, darling! You haven't forgotten Cecil Andrews yet, have you?"

Her suddenly proud, withdrawn look left him feeling empty.

"You probably think that Cecil and I were lovers," she said simply. "Well—we weren't. I overheard your mother's cook telling the laundress that your aunt had told Mrs. Tarrant-Boyce that Cecil and I have a child somewhere in New York."

Frederick stared attentively at his hands. "Did you really hear that?"

"Oh, yes. And Nurse Innescourt told me a little, last month. I've given them every reason in the world to talk about me. And I don't know, honestly, whether I'm glad or sorry that there's no truth in it. Cecil thought that I considered myself too good for that sort of thing—with him, at least. You see, he never quite forgave me for being North Hill—nor himself for being Patchtown."

Frederick hated himself, at that moment for the relief he felt.

He said incoherently, "Forgive me, Beth, for speaking of it. I didn't know how much you had been to each other. You've explained Cecil Andrews, at least. He married ten million dollars to—to settle an inferiority complex he never was able to outgrow—toward North Hill."

Elisabeth laughed quietly.

"But I'm not North Hill, Frederick. If I had ever been able to convince Cecil of that, it might have been different."

He should have been prepared for the honesty of hers, he thought, and yet he could not help wincing.

"Perhaps I'm merely getting my health back," she laughed at him. "At any rate, I want you to understand why I must get out of here—and do something—before I lose my mind on North Hill."

He was silent for a moment. He felt humiliated at his own clumsy inadequacy, baffled by Elisabeth's volatile mood. But it was his mention of Cecil Andrews that had excited her to this flippant gaiety, he realized. She was simply putting up her defence against the exposure of a hurt that had been almost mortally deep. And now he knew how much Cecil Andrews had meant to her.

"Perhaps we'd better move downtown somewhere, until the Adams house is ready," he suggested finally.

Elisabeth's quick exclamation interrupted him. "And walk out on Grandfather Stowell? No—I wouldn't do anything that might hurt his feelings. Except for Brenda Towne, he's the only friend I have left on North Hill. No—we'll stay here until we move into the Adams house. I'll promise not to complain about anything again."

Frederick gave her a long, penetrating look. And all at once the wisdom of what old Judge Stowell had said came to him very clearly. He would have to leave Elisabeth alone until she found herself again.

Elisabeth drove through a blinding April rain. It was already late afternoon and she had promised Frederick she would be back by three o'clock. But she had prolonged her visit at the Doherty Sill's farm where she had gone immediately after luncheon to deliver a layette for the ninth child. She had not intended to delay her return, but the Sill brood had captured her with their smudged faces grinning at her. She had spent more than an hour scrubbing them to some semblance of cleanliness. And then the rain had come.

Frederick would be anxious about her. But there was no sense in trying to hurry over these rain-soaked roads. Besides, she was finding the experience exhilarating. She was doing something again, even if it was nothing more than delivering a layette to Doherty Sill's wife!

She had begun to think lately that her return to Bloomhill as Frederick Stowell's wife had been an unhappy blunder. The bright, artificial cordiality of North Hill was more humiliating than an open snub. So as she continued to live in Judge Stowell's house they would all have to

well, of course, but beyond that they would not go. They had already made up their minds that this unfortunate marriage would not last. North Hill's favorite son had brought Elisabeth Payson home as his bride only because of his own selfless compassion, his naive charitableness. When that emotion, if it could be called such, had spent itself, when Frederick Stowell discovered finally how cruelly he had been tricked by his own generous impulse, the marriage would come to an end.

Irma Trent, Elisabeth knew very well, had done her part to strengthen that conviction in the collective mind of North Hill.

And through it all, Adeline Stowell had remained proudly aloof from the gossip, suffering in silence her chagrin at her son's folly. To Elisabeth she displayed a schooled kindness, to her friends a wounded loyalty towards Frederick that would not admit in words her disappointment.

Life before Elisabeth appeared suddenly an utter blank. Without the warmth of Frederick's friendship she could not contemplate the future at all. And yet, to him their relationship must be almost meaningless. Some blurred instinct told her that she was no longer capable of love, that some vital part of her had died—as if Cecil Andrews had torn some living fibre out of her being.

Frederick was looking up his filing cabinet in the small dispensary room when she entered.

"Hello!" he greeted her with a smile. "I was beginning to get a little worried about you. It's a brute of a day for you to be out."

He turned quickly away from her and picked up a letter from the desk. "This was addressed to both of us," he said. "I opened it and read it."

"It's from Sadie Miller!" Elisabeth cried. "She's coming back." Frederick said and stepped across the room to stand beside the window.

There was silence between them while Elisabeth ran hastily through the brief note. Mrs. Miller had suffered so from her arthritis lately that she had asked Sadie to come home and stay with her. She was leaving New York at the end of the week and wanted to see Elisabeth as soon as she got to Bloomhill. Little Jimmie would be with her, of course, and they would be staying all the summer. But wouldn't Elisabeth please come down to the Flats to see them as soon as she could? They would arrive in Bloomhill on Saturday evening.

Elisabeth looked up, her eyes alight with excitement. Frederick's face darkened moodily.

"Well, what's the matter, Frederick? Aren't you going to be glad to see Sadie and little Jimmie?"

He left the window and came back to where she still stood beside the desk, the letter in her hand. "For once, Beth, you're going to understand how I feel about this whole business. I admit I was something of a prig that night when Sadie came to me in my office. But that was four years ago, Beth. I'm not the same man now."

"I know you're not. And I'm not the same girl, Frederick."

"What I'm getting at is this—I think Sadie Miller is being pretty brave about this—coming back home with her kid and taking up her life here. I admire her for it. I'll be one of the first to call on her and welcome her back. So far as I am able, I'm going to see that Jimmie has his chance."

"Oh, Frederick!" Elisabeth was perilously close to tears.

"Now that I've made myself clear on that, Beth," he went on, "I can tell you the rest of it. I wish Sadie would stay in New York."

Elisabeth drew back. "But—why?"

"Are you going to be so eternally blind? Or can't you even guess what they'll say when Sadie arrives with her three-year-old youngster—after having gone to New York with you, presumably as your personal maid? Didn't you tell me that you overheard the cook telling—"

Elisabeth checked the ironical laugh that rose in her throat. "You mean—they'll think Jimmie is mine?"



"Why not? They're all prepared for it." "And does that frighten you?"

"I don't care about myself," he declared flatly. "You can believe that or not, just as you like. But you've had to put up with enough—from all sides—without adding to it now."

"Wouldn't it be better to wait and see what happens? I've come through so far, Frederick. Of course, I've had a good doctor looking after me."

She smiled and Frederick ground out his cigarette. "All right! If that's your answer, let's do the thing properly. Let's start by meeting the train together on Saturday night and driving Sadie and Jimmie down to the Flats."

"I'd love it! And I hope the very best people on North Hill are there to witness it."

"The rebel dies hard in you, young woman," he said. He glanced awkwardly at his watch. "I'm going to disappoint you, I'm afraid. We can't go out to dinner and the movies, after all."

"Oh? Not another baby somewhere?"

"No. Mrs. Tarrant-Boyce phoned this afternoon. Doctor Bertrand—I've told you about him—is just back from two years in Europe—cancer research, you know. He's on his way to Boston and is stopping over to visit Tarrant-Boyce. They're giving him a small dinner party—just a few of the doctors, I believe—and they insist on my being one of the guests."

"Why—that's all right, Frederick," she told him cheerfully.

"There's only one reason I'm going to the confounded dinner. Mrs. Tarrant-Boyce has promised to write me a cheque for the new dispensary wing."

Elisabeth looked at him gravely. She wondered if he had really been deceived by this transparent trick of Mrs. Tarrant-Boyce's. "Is this to be a—a men's affair?" she asked bluntly.

He hesitated before he replied. "I didn't ask her, Beth."

"I think I know what you mean, Frederick," she said at last, her voice barely under control. "But let's try to keep a sense of humor about it, shall we? It's all in a good cause." She turned and smiled resolutely up at him.

He took her chin in his hand, tilted her face up and looked at her steadily for a long moment. Elisabeth forced her lips to keep smiling, but a small, uncertain ripple of fear began to creep over her. Once before, with Frederick Stowell, she had felt this same curious alarm.

But with unexpected abruptness he dropped his hand.

"Sometimes I think I see what I'm looking for," he said shortly, "but most likely

I'm only fooling myself. Well—let's go, shall we?"

The Bloomhill "Clarion" did not announce the return of Sadie Miller after an absence of nearly four years in New York. But it did carry a front page account of the dinner which Mrs. Tarrant-Boyce gave in honor of Doctor Henry Bertrand, visiting Bloomhill after his two years in Europe. And for once, at least, the modest journal's editor received no criticism for his handling of the news.

Sadie Miller had no desire to find herself the subject of a local news item. Mrs. Tarrant-Boyce, on the other hand, saw to it personally that her distinguished guest received the honor that was his due. It was not important, of course, that any mention should be made of the gift of three thousand dollars which Mrs. Tarrant-Boyce had made to the Bloomhill Clinic, but the incident was mentioned. The list of guests included a number of Bloomhill's prominent professional and business men and their wives. And for a whole week thereafter Mrs. Tarrant-Boyce was made happy by the very nice things that were said about her.

She might have enjoyed her enviable position for more than a week—and should have, for three thousand dollars is a high price to pay for seven days of popular favor. But an unkind Providence cheated her of her full measure of happiness. The spring down-pour through which Elisabeth Stowell drove on her way back from Dobey Hill's farm had continued for days and nights until the river—an ordinarily docile stream—had become a bloated, green-grey python that threatened to lunge out at any moment in any direction. People were frightened by reports of floods up country, where dams were giving way. There had been a ruinous inundation of homes and a loss of much property.

With Bloomhill's business section being menaced daily, with parts of Patchtown already under water, with the good people of North Hill beginning to talk of organizing for relief among the less fortunate, Mrs. Tarrant-Boyce's charitable gesture faded to insignificance.

It was cosy here in the tiny front room of the Miller shack where Elisabeth and Sadie sat, the rain beating against the windows and pouring from the shabby roof outside.

Frederick had insisted on Elisabeth's leaving him alone with the Hines infant over whom they had worked together for two hours in an effort to save it from death in convulsions. He had tried to persuade her to go home, but she had argued stubbornly against it and had gone to spend a few minutes with Sadie Miller.

"I'm more fit to be out than Frederick is," Elisabeth declared in answer to Sadie's protests. "He hasn't had a decent night's sleep for a week."

"He looked like a ghost yesterday," Sadie admitted. "I told him he was working too hard."

"I know he is. I've tried to talk to him, but—well, lately—I don't know. And it isn't the work, Sadie," Elisabeth said haltingly.

Sadie's eyes were full of question as she sat looking at her. "It's not—there's nothing wrong, is there?"

Elisabeth fought back her tears. "I should never have come back to Bloomhill," she declared finally. "It might have been better if I had just died after all that in New York."

"Don't talk like that! I thought there was something wrong between you two. What is it? Are you still thinking of that lizard, Cecil Andrews?"

Elisabeth shook her head.

"Doctor Frederick is worth a million of his kind," Sadie went on.

"Oh, I know that," Elisabeth said. I al-

ways knew it, but I fell in love with Cecil just the same."

"And you're still in love with him—after all he—"

Elisbeth's smile was wan. "I'm not in love with him, Sadie. But—"

"Then what's the matter?"

"I wish I knew, I married Frederick when I had no love left in me for anyone. I thought, perhaps—I don't know what I thought. I didn't know what I wanted."

"Do you know now?"

"I—I think I'm beginning to know now," Elisbeth faltered. "I want some meaning in my life. You have it, Sadie. You have little Jimmie. You have him to work for, and hope for. I—I have nothing."

"What's the matter with you?" Sadie's exasperation was getting the better of her. "I never heard anything so foolish in my life! Here you are—with everything any girl could ask for, and you say you haven't got anything! You ought to be ashamed."

As Elisbeth bit her lip and glanced evasively away, Sadie leaned toward her with a sharp look.

"By golly!" she burst out. "Perhaps I'm not very smart, but I bet I know what's ailing you. You're just falling in love with the Doc, and you don't know it. Look—you're getting all red in the face!"

"You may be—half right, Sadie," Elisbeth said in confusion. "I—I still don't know."

How could she explain to Sadie that in the past short while she had come to the conviction that if she really loved Frederick Stowell she would leave him immediately, before she brought him down to her own desolate level of despair—these were things that Sadie Miller would never understand. Love had been a simple thing for Sadie.

Well, perhaps Sadie's way was the only way. Elisbeth knew what the girl's answer would be if she told her all that North Hill had done to make her marriage to Frederick Stowell a failure. As it happened, she was not permitted to do so. The honking of an automobile came impatiently from the narrow street in front of the Miller shack.

Elisbeth sat, white and drawn, beside Frederick as he started his car.

"You shouldn't have come out to-night," he said.

"You're very flattering, aren't you? I wasn't a bit of use, was I? And I should have gone home when you told me to—and let you walk home in the rain."

His whole upper body seemed to spread dark and wide over the wheel, weariness permeating him.

"You know what I mean, Beth," he sighed. "You insisted on coming down here to-night—and it isn't good for you. If the weather keeps up to-morrow you'll have to stay in the house. I insist."

She bit her lip to restrain the cry of protest, and pressed rigidly back against the seat. After a moment she said, forcing lightness into her voice, "I wasn't upset by it as much as you thought, Frederick. I felt sorry for the poor little thing, but—I was in a mean frame of mind before I came down at all."

His uneasiness, cloaked in his obstinate silence, communicated itself to her, but she continued resolutely in the same half-mocking vein.

"My aunts were having tea with your mother when I went home this afternoon. They hadn't expected me, of course. I went through the hall, up to our rooms, and back out again—and the conversation in the living-room went on as smoothly as if I had been a thousand miles away. I knew they

were embarrassed—Aunt Kate and Aunt Felicia must have been thrown into a heap. But—well, it upset me and I've been a little on edge all the evening."

His face, in the dim light of the instrument board, was set and darkly controlled. "You're being game about it all, Beth. There doesn't seem to be anything we can do about it, except grin and bear it till we get settled in our own house."

All at once she was breathless, hanging eagerly on his every word, and then he ceased speaking as suddenly as he had begun and she was left in confusion.

"Please don't think about them," she said brightly. "I don't really mind much. And I can hold out."

She hurried into the house while Frederick put the car into the garage. There seemed to be no one about downstairs, although by the hall clock it was only nine-thirty. Elisbeth had intended to go directly to her room when she had removed her damp coat and hat, but now the blazing logs in the library fireplace looked inviting. She could sit for a moment before Frederick came in.

She was huddled in a low chair close to the fire when she heard his step in the hall. The firm, long stride set up a tremor of mixed diffidence and courage within her.

When he came and dropped wearily into a chair opposite her and pressed the fingertips of one hand against his eyes, Elisbeth leaned forward with the oddly timorous feeling that she would like to do that for him.

"Frederick," she ventured, "are you too tired to talk—a little?"

"I'll never be too tired to talk—to you, Beth," he said quietly. "What is it? Is Sadie Miller thinking of getting married?"



The question stung her to unreasonable anger. She stood up. "You don't even seem to look at me any more to see if I'm serious about anything—anything that concerns just us! You—"

Frederick lifted his hand. "Don't shout, Beth. You'll wake the household."

"I'm not shouting. But it's time we—"

The rustle of a silk raincoat announced Irma Trent in the doorway. Frederick and Elisbeth both turned. Irma, eyebrows elevated, was smiling with an odious knowingness.

"Not a lovers' quarrel, I hope?" she queried innocently. But the greedy roundness of her eyes betrayed her. Elisbeth sat down again, her face wooden.

Frederick looked at Irma. "Have you been out walking in this rain?" he demanded sharply.

"I was just paying poor old Sylvester Hackett a visit," Irma replied. "He's terrified about himself. I saw your car go by and I thought—" She hesitated for a brief second. "I hate to drag you out again in this weather—but I think you ought to step over and see him."

Elisbeth sprang from her chair and faced Irma Trent. "I should think there'd be some limit to this," she declared. "Frederick has been out every night this week until he's half dead on his feet."

"My dear!" Irma interrupted. "I'm not ordering Frederick out—I'm merely making a suggestion. Perhaps he can judge better than either of us whether his duty—"

"Duty! He has duties besides—" Elisbeth began, but Frederick interrupted her.

"Please, Beth! I'm sorry." She raised her eyes stonily, briefly, to his, and in that moment saw his gaze darken queerly. "I think you'd better go to bed. You look worn out."

"All right," she agreed, and turned to look into the fire.

"I won't be more than half an hour," he said as he went towards the door.

"It doesn't really matter," Elisbeth told him.

When they had gone she went upstairs and cried herself into troubled sleep.

It was the next afternoon that Colin Messenger came back to Bloomhill, unannounced, from a glamorous life in the Far East.

THE North Hill version of the story was that Colin Messenger had strolled into his parents' house after more than ten years' absence as casually as if he had just been out for a walk. But whatever nonchalance he might have assumed upon presenting himself again to his family—Elisbeth realised after her first ten minutes with him—had been achieved only with an effort. Colin Messenger was scarcely nonchalant.

She met him at an impromptu and rather daring cocktail party given in his honor, on the second day after his return, by Brenda Townes. Daring, from Brenda's point of view, in the same sense that her renewal of her friendship with Elisbeth Payson Stowell had been daring. But Brenda, almost thirty now, with money of her own, often ventured beyond the decorum of North Hill.

More than a score of people made themselves at ease in Brenda's severely modern drawing-room. As it was the first party of the sort Brenda had given since Elisbeth's return to Bloomhill, most of the guests were strangers to her. But Colin Messenger, with his mischievous hazel eyes, his faintly satiric grin beneath a blond thread of moustache, was curiously not a stranger. No stranger at all, after his first quick handshake that was gallantly presumptuous in a foreign sort of way, and yet not personal.

He did a thing that made Elisbeth catch her breath on a laugh when he led her to a small divan in a corner apart from the others. He bent down, drew a line with his finger all around the divan, then seated himself comfortably beside her.

"Is this a charade?" she asked.

"No, it's a stockade to keep out the chatter. I want to hear the voice in this lovely cabinet."

"I'm flattered to be called a radio," said Elisbeth.

"It was meant for a compliment—and would have been taken as such in Indo-China," Colin explained. "I seem to have lost the knack here."

A maid brought them cocktails and canapés. While Colin helped himself from the tray, Elisbeth stole a sidelong glance at him. The stripling youth she barely remembered out of her small girlhood had vanished entirely. This man, despite his debonaire looks, was hard, ruthless perhaps, but sensitive too, susceptible to beauty and grace in all its forms. The proud, fabled sulky line of his upper lip reminded her of someone . . . she started and flushed as Colin turned suddenly and met her eyes. Yes—Cecil Andrews, so different in breeding, so different in culture, and yet so like!

He smiled at her. "I'm not sure your expression just now is very flattering. What are you thinking?"

"I'm thinking how much you have changed since I saw you last. How does it feel to be home?"

His face darkened. "Home? I really don't know—yet. I'm afraid my motive for coming back was not altogether admirable."

"No? Are you keeping it a secret?" He laughed. "Not exactly. The fact is, I find it hard to think of this place now as home. That's part of it—I wanted to find that out for myself. I wanted to prove that I thought enough of it to come back—after I'd been kicked out. Certain ghosts—like homesickness—have to be laid, you know. I rather expected them to shut the door on me. I think I almost hoped they would. That would have been the real test of what I thought of it—of my home, you know. But they didn't. The whole business fell rather flat, I confess. It took more out of me, too, than I care to admit."

His harsh deliberateness did not deceive Elsiebeth. Impulsively she laid her hand on his arm.

"Aren't you just—just talking? You know your family are so happy to have you back!" He made a weary gesture. "You think so, Elsiebeth?"

"Of course. Aren't they, Colin?" she returned with a grave smile.

He patted her fingers lightly. "I think we understand each other. You know the clan as well as I do. Mother and Dad are as sentimental as the doves about the return of the prodigal son. Of course, the hard-ways trade in the Orient has been good."

"I don't think I like that remark," Elsiebeth said.

"Neither do I," he shrugged. "And, as a matter of fact, it isn't quite fair, either. Mother and Dad would have welcomed me if I had been in the gutter all these years. They relented towards me long ago. But the rest of the tribe, what a crowd! At this very moment there's probably half a dozen of 'em in the house commiserating with my mother upon my return. Obliquely, of course. Do they have to be like that?"

"At least they can't very well help it, I suppose."

"Well—I'll probably stay around for a week or so and satisfy myself that coming back was all a mistake. But—forgive me, Elsiebeth. I'd much rather talk about you. Brenda has told me a little. I hear you're working with Fred, down in Patchtown."

"Yes, I have been doing a little. But yesterday and to-day he wouldn't let me go down there because of the flood." She hesitated. "The work is awfully interesting. She went on determinedly. "We're building up a medical and social service bureau, you know. It—it gives me a—a feeling of importance to—"

"You have to do that to make you feel important?" he put in.

"Well— Even while she evaded his direct look, she knew intuitively that he was aware of how anomalous her position here was. "I think everybody wants to feel important—useful, at least," she stammered on. "Don't you?"

His laugh was charming, if the least bit brittle. "I've been here only two days," he said, "but I've heard enough. You've had tough sledding, Elsiebeth."

She colored in spite of herself as she said, "It has been hard to—to get adjusted to North Hill again, after New York. But we won't be on the Hill much longer. We're remodelling the old Adams house across the river."

"Oh—I hadn't heard."

Colin looked away studiously. The very act of his withdrawing his fixed gaze, the implied civility of it, was subtly more personal than anything he had said to her. He wanted to spare her the embarrassment of betraying a truth which he had, somehow, already discovered. Elsiebeth felt angry, confused. She found herself wishing that Frederick were here, or that she might expect him to arrive at any moment. Within

the past quarter of an hour he seemed to have gone away to a great distance.

"You used to ride, even as a kid, didn't you?" he asked abruptly.

"I kept it up until I went to New York," Elsiebeth said.

"If it's a good day to-morrow, how'd you like to take a ride into the hills? I'd like to go up and take a look at our old lodge."

Paradoxically, because her deepest instincts told her that she must decline, she said, "It would be fun, Colin. I haven't ridden since—since my accident. But I'm sure I'll be equal to it."

"Let's get away after breakfast, shall we? Say about eight or half past. I'll come around for you."

Frederick would certainly have no objection, she thought hurriedly; rather, he should be pleased that at last one of his relatives, outside the immediate family, had deigned to be civil to her.



Another bridge had gone out that afternoon on Idle Creek; Wilkins' mill dam had broken, and families on the west side of Patchtown were being evacuated from their homes. The clinic, on the east, situated as it was on higher ground, was in no danger.

Frederick had not been able to come home for dinner. Irma Trent had gone down to the clinic with a hot meal for him and Miranda Guest and the assistant doctors, all of whom were working tirelessly in the Patchtown emergency.

In her room, Elsiebeth heard Frederick come in. It was almost eleven o'clock. She went down and found him in the library, with the Judge. He glanced up at her, and gave her a tired smile.

"I didn't know you were in, Beth," he said, and glanced at his watch. "Oh, it's later than I thought."

She went to him and laid her hand on his shoulder. "I've been home for hours. I was here when you telephoned for something to eat," she told him evenly. "Why did you ask Irma to bring it to you? I could have gone down—"

He drew his brows together. "I didn't ask Irma. She just happened to answer the telephone. I suppose you wanted to do it, eh?"

"There's no reason why I shouldn't have gone, is there?" she interrupted. "I'm not so utterly helpless—and useless. Irma gave me to understand you had asked her to come down with your dinner."

Frederick looked quizzically up at her and gave a short, strained laugh. "You're not going temperamental on us, are you, Beth? What difference does it make who brought the food down to us? Irma was probably being decent about it. She said you looked tired after Brenda's party."

Elsiebeth stood very straight. "That was very thoughtful of Irma."

"I think," said the Judge, glancing elaborately at his watch, "I think it's far past my bedtime. Well, good-night, Beth. Good-night, Fred."

Their good-nights followed him as he left the library. An ember broke in the fireplace, softly invading the dull silence after the old man had gone.

"Well, I hear you're riding into the hills

with Colin in the morning," Fred observed lightly.

Elsiebeth stared at him. "I had meant to tell you that myself. I suppose Irma carried the news to you?"

"It's nothing to be so upset about, Beth. She called in at the Messengers' on her way down town, to ask if she could have one of the horses to-morrow. She thought she could get around better in the Flats if she had a horse. Colin told her that you and he had planned to use the horses to-morrow."

"Irma has a gift!" Elsiebeth exclaimed.

"Look here, Beth," Frederick broke in sharply. "There's no point in your being so touchy about everything. I know how difficult it is for you, but let's be fair. Just as soon as—"

"I'm unreasonable to-night," Elsiebeth admitted. "I know I am, Frederick. Let's forget it, shall we?"

"How did you find Colin?" Frederick asked. "I haven't had time to do more than shake hands with him."

"He's interesting. I agreed to go riding with him to-morrow because there seems to be nothing much for me to do if you won't let me work with you. I'd far rather be down there. I don't see what harm a little dampness could do me—now."

"It isn't that—not altogether, at least," he told her with harrowed patience. "You haven't built up your resistance sufficiently yet. Right now, we're running into the danger of typhoid down there. I'm not going to expose you to anything like that."

"Is the Miller place still safe?" Elsiebeth asked anxiously.

"Sadie was over at the clinic for milk this afternoon. She says their vegetable garden is already under six inches of water. But they're not as badly off as many of the others."

"It'll be terrible for old Mrs. Miller!" Elsiebeth cried. "And little Jimmie—with that well water. Fred—we must get them out of there!"

His voice was irritable with fatigue as he replied, "I talked with Sadie to-day till I was hoarse. Those people, Beth, are just plain stubborn. They'll stay with their old shacks till they're afloat. I suggested to Sadie that they move in with her brother, over near the roundhouse. She refused, point-blank."

"Frederick!" Elsiebeth looked at him quietly. "Why not let them have our—?" She bit her lip, and felt the warmth in her cheeks. "—the Adams house? They could move in enough clothing and things to do them until the danger is past. You wouldn't mind, would you?"

She waited breathlessly for his reply, her heart sinking as she saw the dark barn of his eyebrows come together.

"I suppose I'm being sentimental," he confessed, "and this isn't exactly the time for sentimentality. But I've asked the carpenters to start work in there early next week. I—well, I—"

Elsiebeth's mouth straightened. "You're not objecting on Sadie's account especially, are you?"

"No!" he exclaimed angrily. "It has nothing to do with Sadie—or the kid. It wouldn't matter who—I—well, I've been thinking of it as a place for us to—to start over in." He stood up suddenly, gave Elsiebeth a queer, dazed look. "I must be tired," he muttered. "I seem to be talking nonsense. Offer the house to the Millers, by all means."

An apologetic voice spoke from the hall doorway.

"I'm not intruding, am I?" Irma asked, as she came into the room. She had a quilted blue satin robe wrapped snugly about her. "I didn't think there'd be anybody up at this hour. I got a little chill down in that dismal place to-night, and I've been sneezing. I just came downstairs to make myself a hot lemonade. Oh—this fire is nice!" Her teeth chattered as she stood up close to the red glow.

"You stay here," Elisabeth said. "I'll go and make you a hot drink."

"I'm going to turn in, Beth," Frederick said. "I'll talk to Sadie first thing in the morning."

As he left the room, Elisabeth saw Irma Trent's eyes following him with a look that roused her pity and then a surprising, sharp resentment. She hurried through the side door and into the kitchen.

When she brought back the hot lemonade a few minutes later, Irma was crouching in a forlorn attitude on a cushion close to the dying fire.

"Thank you, dear," Irma shivered and drew her robe about her. "I do think Fred might have built up the fire a little before he left!"

Elisabeth made no comment.

"He's not a bit like himself these days," Irma went on. "I know there's something weighing on his mind. What was that he was saying about Sadie Miller when I came in?"

"We're going to move the Millers into—the Adams house."

Irma's eyes flew open, then narrowed. "Oh. You've been awfully kind to Sadie. Haven't you, Elisabeth?"

"Sadie's a friend of mine," said Elisabeth shortly. "If you don't mind, Irma, I think I'll go up to bed."

While she stood creaming her face in the bathroom that separated her room from Frederick's, she listened tensely, vainly, for some sound in his room. A small flurry of panic came over her. Had he not, just recently, begun to grow indifferent, detached? Perhaps he was seeing his mistake at last; perhaps his regard for her now arose merely from a sense of duty. Yet she could not believe that. Had he not spoken of a new beginning for them both when they moved into the new house? But that would be another month, two months.

She went close to his door, raised her hand, then fell back a step in consternation at what she had been about to do. She crept back to her room, into bed, and lay for a long time in the dark, listening to the night sounds in the budding garden.

FROM the opening in the dense evergreens on Ludlow's Shelf where the Messenger lodge had been built years ago, one could look down into a valley that was like a pocket full of bright and indistinguishable toys. Treed knolls, rocky pastures, white farmhouses and red barns were knotted along the narrow ribbon of the railway track and merged presently with the variegated jumble of streets, buildings, and gardens that was Bloomhill. But now, with the river swollen far beyond its banks, the meadows shining like wet mirrors, the usually modest creeks tumbling through woodlands, the quiet country that Elisabeth remembered seemed to have gone entirely mad.

She had been sitting with Colin Messenger in the velled grey sunlight outside the lodge for half an hour or more. The ride up to the Shelf had been enjoyable, not firing as she had feared it might be. Colin

had examined the interior of the lodge, the fireplace, doors, windows, stove, and furniture, and had remarked that the old place hadn't changed greatly although his father spent very little on its upkeep. It would, said Colin, be a neat little spot to run up to for week-ends from New York. At Elisabeth's question, he had disclosed to her that not even his parents knew that he had been placed in charge of the exporting end of his company in New York.

Then Colin talked in his lazy, half-jeering but wholly fascinating voice of his life in China, the Malay States, the Dutch East Indies, with their slumbrous, darkly-perfumed, moonlit, fringed names. Names like Saigon, Kuala Lumpur, Singapore, Penang. Elisabeth clasped her breeched knees and stared down into the valley.



"I used to be sure—once," she said, "that I'd see all those places. You make them sound so enchanting, Colin." She laughed and added facetiously, "Perhaps I'd better not listen to you. I might just get up and go!"

He looked at her with an unabashed intentness that brought the color surging to her cheeks. But he did not stir toward her as he said reflectively, "I don't know about you, Elisabeth. Perhaps you would—just get up and go. And perhaps you will. You don't belong here any more than I do."

Recovering herself, she was about to protest heatedly when he stood up with his elusive, disarming smile.

"We'll come up here another time shall we?" he suggested easily. "And bring some grub. I'm very handy with the skillet, you know."

Elisabeth forced a laugh but did not reply. But when she was in the saddle again she glanced back at the log cabin and a cool sense of foreboding swept over her.

Sadie Miller, her parents and her son had been occupying the kitchen wing of the Adams house for three days. Although the flood waters had receded from the flats, they had left a noxious waste of mud and debris which could be cleared away only through weeks of work. Two cases of typhoid and three of pneumonia had been reported from the district, besides numerous minor ills and accidents. A considerable number of the residents of Patchtown still clung to their evil-smelling, soggy shacks, and from the obstinate ignorance of these pitiful folk sprang the imminent menace of epidemic.

Doctor Frederick Stowell had done his best, but the responsibility for the menace lay squarely at the door of the Bloomhill Board of Health, whose chief, a cold, disappointed man, had long resented the popular esteem in which the younger Doctor Stowell was held. Doctor Creed had opposed Frederick at every turn. He contended now that the danger lurking in the flats had been grossly exaggerated, that he could see no good reason for appropriating funds on behalf of people who were well enough off where they were. Doctor Creed, in fact, charged Doctor Stowell and his associates with malicious meddling.

They were alarmists, malcontents, who found a perverse satisfaction in finding fault with those in authority.

Priscilla Van der Water was excited and indignant when she called on Sadie Miller, after spending the afternoon in the basement of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, where she had been helping to sort and distribute clothing that had been sent in by charitable agencies.

"I never saw the like," said Priscilla. "That wife of Dr. Creed's didn't let up for a minute talking about Fred Stowell and the way he's trying to run things. Of course, she's just a parrot for her husband. But she's got a tongue of her own, let me tell you! She comes right out with whatever she has to say, no matter who's listening. But she came near getting it this afternoon, if ever a woman did."

"She was telling us that Fred Stowell ought to keep his eye on his wife running around with this Colin Messenger. Instead of trying to run other people's affairs, when—what do you think? In walks Fred Stowell himself! You should've seen it, Sadie! His eyes were like holes in a blanket, I swear they were. Anyhow, he must have heard what Mrs. Creed was saying, because he just came in and then stood and smiled at her, and then he told her to stop talking in any more clothes because they had enough now and what they needed most was dry kindling and kerosene and bedding."

"She didn't say a word, she was that flustered. Then—honest, Sadie, I was scared! He put both his fists down on that long table and leaned across to Mrs. Creed, and what do you think he said? He said—and he didn't look at the rest of us—he said, 'You're a woman, Mrs. Creed, and this happens to be a church.' That was all. With that he straightened up and swung round and made for the door. He was just going out when in came that little Ferguson boy—the minister's kid."

Priscilla stopped to draw a deep breath.

"And what?" asked Sadie.

"It was a telephone call for Doctor Stowell. There was an explosion in the foundry and one man was killed and another one was hurt bad and wouldn't have anybody touch him but Fred. Fred dashed out without saying anything. Imagine, Sadie—him going out maybe to operate on a man right after hearing his wife talked about his that!"

"I wonder how it turned out," Sadie said anxiously, her face pale. "I'd hate to think—"

"So would I," Priscilla nodded, as Sadie hesitated at a loss. "But nothing'll happen, I know. Fred's head is screwed on pretty tight. I wonder how that dance at the Stowells' will come off to-morrow night? It's the first party they've given since Elisabeth came into the house."

"It's for the flood fund, of course. And Elisabeth says it was the Judge who thought of the idea. He's a pretty smart old fellow Judge Stowell. From what Elisabeth said, I'm sure he's putting it on to-morrow night so that it'll have to be held in the Stowell house. There isn't any place else to hold it. The country club basement is full of water and there isn't any room in the community hall, because it's full of beds."

Priscilla chuckled. "I never thought of that. You mean—he's using the benefit dance—in his house—just for a show-down?"

"Well, what do you think? He talked her into being the hostess for the evening. Beth told me that herself. He wants to see how the pack will act. They said

refuse to come—it being for charity, and everything. I'd give anything to be there, just to see how they'll take Elsiebeth—and how she'll take them."

Priscilla picked a slice of raw potato out of the dish on the table beside her and ate it.

"If she'd only put on a dance for them!" she giggled. "Well, I've got to get along. I'll drop round with some of that currant jelly for your mother to-morrow, Sadie."

A LITTLE past midnight, Nurse Moffatt, at the reception desk, and young Nurse Severn, who was still tender and impressionable, watched the tall figure of Doctor Frederick Stowell vanish down the quiet, dim corridor of the hospital and disappear through the entrance doors. The two nurses exchanged glances, the older observing that the eyes of the younger were suspiciously moist.

"No good crying about it, Severn," Miss Moffatt said. "If anyone could have saved the man, Doctor Stowell would have done it."

"I know that," the younger nurse murmured sadly. "There was no chance. But he looked so desperately tired when he was through. He—"

"Look in at 213," Nurse Moffatt interrupted.

As she spoke, Doctor Creed approached from the direction of the operating room. Even in the subdued light his face showed an unmistakable smirk. He nodded off-handedly and continued his way to the main entrance.

"Old Snoop," Nurse Severn whispered as she turned away.

Outside, in the faintly starlit driveway, Frederick Stowell found his car and sat in it for some minutes before he thought to put it in motion. Weariness surged over him in great, heavy, pressing waves. Automatically it came to him that he would have to be careful driving home. He started his car.

Creed had been skulking about, of course—on some feeble pretext. Well, let him gloat, now! Doctor Stowell had bungled a job! That would be something for Creed's wife to tell her friends to-morrow.

Not that it mattered, really. Frederick knew the truth of it. Anderson knew it, too. Anderson had been there, assisting—and later had congratulated him. An internal hemorrhage was something else—something that laughed at you just when you were beginning to draw a breath of relief! Fate had been against Heine—that was the simple, surgical truth! Frederick pressed his knuckle against his eyes. There was a pain somewhere at the back of them, and another crawling along between his ribs down on his right side.

This benefit party to-morrow night—he'd have to freshen up for it somehow, he supposed. Since Collin Messenger's return a week ago, Frederick's work had given him little time at home. He had seen very little of his cousin. He had seen very little of Elsiebeth, in fact, during the past few days. He had trusted her to understand that he was not wilfully neglecting her. But how much of him did she really understand?

Until this afternoon he had actually felt grateful to Collin for arriving at a time when he could be useful in diverting Elsiebeth, saving her from the boredom that idleness had forced upon her. She had told him briefly of Collin's accounts of his travels, accounts that had an Arabian

Nights magic about them. And Frederick had grinned, knowing his cousin.

Now, vulnerable from fatigue, and an unavoidable failure that mocked man's power over death, he was suddenly beset by a humiliating doubt. A long-ago phrase of Elsiebeth's came rushing back at him through the years. "The low sun," she had said. The low sun! In contrast with himself, what was Collin Messenger but another low sun, picturesque, romantic, foot-loose and fancy-free.

When he reached home, only the hall light was burning. Upstairs, he listened for a hopeful moment at Elsiebeth's door, but there was no sound from within. And when he entered his own room he wondered out of a grey mesh of enveloping fatigue just what it was he would have talked to her about.

At seven in the morning, when the maid knocked on his door to awaken him, he felt as if he had been beaten during the night. Every bone in his body flamed with pain as he roused himself and looked with resentful disbelief at the clock. A warning voice within him counselled that these were symptoms of which he should take heed, but in the sharp recollection that he was due at the Mercy Hospital over in Hampden at eight o'clock, he throttled the voice and hauled himself by sheer will out of bed. A bracing shower, a hot cup of coffee, and he would be as fit as ever.

It was with a feeling of disappointment—quite unreasonable, of course, since Elsiebeth never joined him at his early breakfasts these days—that he finally threw himself into his coat and started for the door. Then he heard her voice on the stair landing.



He looked up and saw her, pale and oddly tense in her dark blue silk robe that made her seem like a slender boy.

"Frederick!"

She came quickly down the stairway, her robe gathered about her.

"Good-morning, Beth," he said. "I'm in a hurry to get over to Hampden. Young Laidlaw wants me to help him with an appendix."

"Just a minute, please," she said. "I waited up for you until after one last night. Then I didn't get to sleep for hours. I heard you come in and I did so want to talk to you, but I knew you must have been tired out."

"I was a bit," he admitted. "That emergency didn't come off very well."

"Heine Holtz?"

"He passed out—on the table. Internal hemorrhage."

"Oh, dear! I'm so sorry!"

"Couldn't be helped. Are you feeling fit for to-night?"

"I wanted to talk to you about that. I don't feel the least bit comfortable about it, really I don't. The Judge is so sweet and—so well-meaning about it, but—"

"But what?"

"I've never been afraid—like this—before. Frederick—you will be here, won't you?"

He bent and kissed her lightly on the forehead. "I'll see that I am, Beth—unless something absolutely serious comes up. Sorry I have to rush off now. But don't worry about to-night. It'll come off all right."

He slipped quickly out of the door, whistling determinedly as he hurried down the porch steps.

The day turned out to be even more mad-deningly perverse, more confounding with unexpected emergencies coming at the most awkward moments, more blocked with obstacles than any of the whole week preceding. For the first time since the onset of the flood, the task of caring for the ailing victims seemed to Frederick an absolutely thankless one. A mulish recalcitrance, a baffling unwillingness to co-operate in the simplest routine, afflicted most of them like some undiagnosable disease.

The climax came at seven o'clock. A sour dusk had fallen and a cold rain was setting in again. Frederick himself drove as close as he could get to the Purvis truck farm which tottered sorry and uncouth in a liver-colored desolation of mud. Then, as he had done twice a day for the past week, he struggled the rest of the distance on foot. Mrs. Purvis met him at the door with a hostile glare.

"We don't need you any more," she said insolently. "Jeff wouldn't of had pneumonia if you'd of let me keep the windows shut like I said in the first place. As for the medicine you sent Jeff—here 'tis!" She threw a small box and a bottle at Frederick's feet.

"Just a minute, Mrs. Purvis," he said with an effort. "I'd like to—"

"I got no time for you," the woman interrupted and tossed her head scornfully. "I sent for Doctor Creed over an hour ago. I been up to town to-day an' I heard people talk. An' I seen Mrs. Holtz too. You let Heine die under yer very eyes last night. Kilt him, that's what you done—an' you know it! Because yer head's too full o' that dancin', flirtn', wife o' yours to have room for anything else, that's what!"

She slammed the door in his face.

Frederick stood for an instant too dumb-founded to feel either wrath or humiliation. He ran his hand across his eyes in an attempt to brush away the reddish, queerly spangled mist that seemed to be crowding before them. Then with a muttered imprecation he turned on his heel and trudged back to his car.

The fools! The ignorant ungrateful, worthless riff-raff! So they thought he had killed Heine Holtz! And—what was it the woman said about a wife? He couldn't have heard right. Twice to-day he had felt a chill and had taken something for it—too much, perhaps. His senses were playing abominable tricks with him. The feeling in his right lung now was like something gnawing at a thickened substance. He realised that for hours he had deliberately kept his breathing shallow to avoid the knife-like thrust that came with every deep inhalation.

Whatever scurrilous detraction of him Creed was promulgating, it could not possibly have included the case of Heine Holtz. Poor little Mrs. Holtz had been almost prostrated this morning, and when Frederick had tried to comfort her, she had clung to his hand in pathetic gratitude for his kindness and had assured him she knew that he had done all that was humanly possible for her husband.

Ingram met him in the clinic vestibule looking grey and shredded. It seemed there had been a telegram from his mother that afternoon. His father was not expected to live till morning. Would Frederick do him the eternal favor of taking over that confinement to-night up the Ludlow Shelf Road?

Remembering mechanically that Doctor McIntosh was to be at the hospital this evening, Frederick said, "Of course, old man,

I'll look after it. I'm very sorry about your dad."

In the reception-room, Frederick found Miranda Guest still seated at her desk, a belligerent expression on her homely face.

"You here yet? Why haven't you gone home?" he asked.

"Why haven't you?" she countered, with a scowl. "Didn't I see you taking quinine and stuff to-day?"

"I'm all right. I'm taking that case for Ingram. Too bad about his father. You'd better call Elisabeth—after I've gone—and explain that I'll be home late. I'd call, but I'm in a rotten mood."

"You didn't by any chance run into Mrs. Holtz this afternoon, did you?"

"No. Why?"

Miranda flushed and bit her lip. "Oh—nothing. I—". And then her eyes were suddenly stormy with indignation and something more—something like protective pity. "She was here—half an hour ago. Somebody has been pumping her full of a lot of nonsense about why her husband died last night. I tried to get her to sit down and talk—I was as nice as I could be—but she wouldn't stay. She said, 'All right—what I have to say to him will keep.' If she'd been hysterical I could have understood it, but she—there was a deadliness about her calm. Do you suppose Creed would stoop to—"

Miranda Guest stared at him apprehensively.

IT was eleven o'clock, and the music of the orchestra, discreetly and not too obviously more sedate than that produced by the same instruments at the Country Club, drifted up to Elisabeth's ears from the drawing-room downstairs. She sat pale and taut on the edge of her bed, staring before her with eyes that were brilliant with hatred. Brenda Townes was pacing nervously to and fro.

"Far be it from me to stick up for the old cats," she said judiciously, "but you may have been imagining slights where none were intended. Beth. After all, in Judge Stowell's own house—I can't believe anyone would go so far as—"

"No, of course you can't!" said Elisabeth. "And I don't care so much for myself—but the Judge can't help seeing it. He went to such trouble—the potted palms and the gilt chairs and the orchestra—it's pathetic!" She laughed unsteadily.

"Don't you think he can put up with it?" Brenda asked. "He knows the crowd as well as you do. I've had my own ideas about this affair from the first. He's not so interested in it as a means of raising money for relief. Why should he go to all the trouble to give a party of this size? You know the answer as well as I do. He wanted to bring the crowd into the open."

"Well, of course! He wanted to sell them the idea that I was fit to be Frederick Stowell's wife."

"You put it rather plainly, darling, but that was my idea, too. The poor old fellow has run into some pretty stiff sales resistance, that's all. But what of it? There's only one thing—you're forgetting how funny they are. And that's bad!"

Elisabeth leaped vehemently to her feet. "Fred might have been here!" she broke out in passionate protest. "He didn't want to be. Brenda! I—I'm convinced of it!"

"Fred?" Brenda earnestly simulated bewilderment. "But—he phoned, didn't he? He'll be here as soon as he can get back from—from wherever he is. Don't be silly, child!"

"I'm not being silly!" Elisabeth retorted bitterly. "He could have sent someone else to Herndon's. But he didn't want to. He

knew what this would be like—and he just couldn't bear to be here and face it!"

"That doesn't sound much like Fred Stowell to me," Brenda declared. "I think you're being a little unfair, Beth."

"As long as I stay here, I'll be a burden to Frederick, socially and professionally. They'll be cutting him soon if he keeps me here. I'm—I'm simply in the way!"

"And that," snapped Brenda, "is unbecomingly self-pity! Get out of this tantrum, Beth. Get up and put on some lipstick and powder and come along down."

She watched Elisabeth with misgivings as she saw her swiftly cross the room and fling herself down before the dressing-table. In this distracted, rebellious mood she was capable of anything. Brenda waited in silence while Elisabeth applied lipstick with fingers that trembled.

Downstairs again, they found Colin lounging about in the hall, a look of tedium on his handsome face. But he brightened at once when he saw Elisabeth. With a scant grin of apology, he said to Brenda, "Mother was looking for you, old dear. Wanted your opinion on a play or something."

He steered Elisabeth off in the direction of the conservatory.

"Well, I warned you, my dear!" he said. "The tradition of respectability still lives on North Hill. I can't see that the place has changed one whit since I was one-and-twenty."

The conservatory seemed like a haven to Elisabeth, since there was no one else in it besides herself and Colin.

His face became abruptly serious. "You're miserable—aren't you, Elisabeth? I've known it ever since—"



"Please, Colin, I'd rather not—"

"The gallant little lady, still!" he interrupted with a rough kind of sympathy. "But don't be alarmed, my dear. I'm not going to forget that I'm supposed to be a gentleman. It would be easy enough to forget—to-night especially, with these sanctimonious dodos who've been looking down their noses at you! But I'm under perfect control, Elisabeth." He looked at her steadily for a moment. "I've decided to go back to New York to-morrow," he said finally.

"To-morrow?" Surprise was in her voice, her eyes.

He went on as if she had not spoken. "I'd like to take with me—the assurance that you—that you won't quite forget me, Elisabeth. I needn't tell you that I shan't forget you."

She lowered her eyes from the simplicity of his regard and said lightly, "I'm not particularly gallant, Colin—to-night, especially. And I don't think I'm miserable—sanctimonious dodos and all! But I am sorry you're going away to-morrow. And why should you think I might forget you?"

"I don't think so. As a matter of fact, I shall see to it that you don't." He smiled his quick, disconcerting smile that always dispipated any momentarily serious mood. "We understand each other, I think."

"Yes," she began, her voice thin-spun, a little unnatural, "we do—"

She bit down hard on her lip, flushed and stood up suddenly. The Judge was coming towards them, a tremulous agitation in his lean face.

"What is it?" Her first thought was of Frederick. "Has something happened?"

"No, no—nothing serious, my dear!" He moved his hand impatiently. "There's a woman here—she wants to see you. Name is Holtz—Mrs. Holtz, I think. Wasn't that—"

"Yes, of course," Elisabeth said quickly. "Her husband was—he died from that explosion yesterday. She wants to see me!"

"She asked for Fred, of course, but when I told her he wasn't here, she insisted on seeing you. She's waiting in the library."

Out of consideration for Mrs. Holtz, Elisabeth closed the library door behind her to muffle the sound of music and voices that came from the drawing-room. But she had taken no more than half a dozen steps towards the woman in shabby black who sat crouched oddly forward on the edge of a chair, before she knew with chilling insight that the act had been a rash mistake. Mrs. Holtz's stolid control changed abruptly to an unbridled fury that shook her spare body, distorting her grief-lined face to an image of shocking venom. She leaped from her chair as though she had been released by a spring.

"So—you come to face me, do you?" Mrs. Holtz said, in a hoarse whisper. "Play innocent, ain't you?"

Elisabeth stood dumb and white, her eyes widening in terror.

"I don't understand you, Mrs. Holtz. What—"

"You don't understand me, eh? I suppose you don't know my Heine's dead, either?"

"Yes—I—I was very sorry to—"

"Sorry! Hah! Why should you be sorry? You killed him!"

Elisabeth stared at the woman. "Mrs. Holtz, you—you must be ill—"

"Till am I? Ill? None o' your fine words to me, miss! My Heine was ill, wasn't he? And he'd be alive to-night if Fred Stowell had done his work the way he should—'d he'd been tendin' to his business. Everybody knows that—an' they're all sayin' it!"

Elisabeth, frightened, took a step backward in the direction of the library door, but Mrs. Holtz came close to her.

"No, you don't! You're not leavin' the room till I'm through with you. Fred Stowell was a good man, a good doctor, till he married you. But he knew all about you. He knew that when he brought you here. Everybody knew it. And that's what's wrong with Fred Stowell. What man can do his work right with a thing like that haun'g him every minute of the day? That's what killed my Heine, if you want to know." She came towards Elisabeth, choking and articulate, her bony fist flung out.

Elisabeth retreated, wild terror gripping her again. But just as she felt the grip on her back, she saw Mrs. Holtz slide cunningly to the library table and pick up an onyx book-end in the form of an Aztec god. The ornament crashed into a marine painting on the wall a few feet from Elisabeth's right and delivered a shove of glass into the room, just as the door burst open and Harkness with two or three more stood looking in, transfixed.

Exactly what took place in the next few moments Elisabeth could never quite recall. It seemed that Mrs. Holtz collapsed in a hysterical black heap on the floor, having first given a sufficiently coherent explanation of her behaviour. Harkness lumbered helplessly, while Adeline Stowell rushed off to fetch the Judge. And then, dreading the clear, stood the moment when Sarah Harkness—or was it Mrs. Leslie Payson—Elisabeth could not remember. But one of them had said, "You might have expected something like this! But to bring it on poor Frederick!"

Elisabeth fled past them, into the hall.

the conservatory, where she found Colin. "Take me out of this house, Colin," she gasped, "anywhere—now—right away!"

SOMEWHERE back along the interminable black miles of Ludlow's Shelf Frederick had lost control of the car and had been obliged to leave it there, hanging precariously on the side of a slope that fell away to an unguessable, rain-filled void. Whether the treacherous road had been the cause of the mischance, or whether his hands for an instant had grown numb at the wheel, Frederick could not be sure. And yet, he had been able to walk—if you could call this weaving stumble through the darkness a walk—back to the main road and three miles down the valley, his clothing a sodden weight on his body.

That he was ill, perhaps gravely, even allowing for the impact of fatigue, he admitted now with an almost childish petulant rage. He, Frederick Stowell, who had never suffered in his life, anything worse than a cold in the head! He had given little thought to the cough that had been annoying him for the past two days. But there was no gainsaying the pain that raked his lungs now as he pressed forward against the wet darkness, or the fireworks he saw when his lids dropped like hot lead down over his eyes.

He must cling to some fragment of reality in order to get back home, he reflected. Think about the party the Judge was giving for Elisabeth—no, for the flood sufferers! It must be close to midnight now. He should have been there with Elisabeth.

A little farther—and, at last, the sidewalk in front of the Thomas place. The street was dimly lighted. Rhododendron bushes flanked the walk on either hand. Only another quarter of a mile! But now that he was so nearly home, his strength seemed to ebb from him maddeningly.

Under the blurred street light, between the rhododendron bushes, a black roadster flashed by. Frederick looked dully after it and saw with lax surprise that it continued on beyond the intersection, up into the dark of the Ludlow Shelf road. It had looked like the Messenger car. Was someone going in search of him, he wondered.

He turned again, forced himself erect, and continued on past the orderly homes of North Hill.

A line of automobiles was threading out of the Stowell driveway when he came through the gates. It was not customary for Stowellhill to leave any social function so precipitately, en masse. Only four or five cars, which he recognised as those belonging to various Paysons and Messengers, stood under or near the porch.

The moment he entered the house, his uneasiness, his lassitude left him. He was met by the distraught Harkness, who with a miserable wringing of his hands recounted what had happened.

"All right, Harkness," Frederick interrupted him shortly.

He threw off his wet coat and hat. His face was pale and drawn, but the light-headed feeling had gone. He was coldly master of himself. The supreme wrath he possessed was a murderous weapon in his hands. He ran up the stairs to his grandfather's study.

The old man sat morosely before the fireplace. As Frederick entered, he shook his head resignedly.

"I'm glad you're here," he said. "Harkness has told you about—"

"Yes. He says that Elisabeth went out with Colin."

"They went away in the Messenger car, I understand. Someone saw them go. I can't say that I blame her. The affair was a blunder on my part, my boy. It was a

farce—completely so. It was more than Beth could stand—and then this Holts woman coming—"

"I'm sorry," Frederick broke in, his voice taut with barely controlled violence. "I should have been here, of course. I'd have been back two hours ago, but I ran my car off the road. Would you mind if I took your car for an hour or so? I must find Beth. I think I saw—"

Judge Stowell glanced up sharply, uneasily from beneath his white, shaggy brows. "Take it, of course. But just remember—two wrongs don't make a right, Fred."

Frederick laughed from between clamped jaws. "I'll remember. You can trust me."

He was not aware that the old man's eyes followed him with grimly humorous approval as he strode from the room.

He stood for an instant in the library doorway, his eyes raking the six women and two men who were holding righteously scandalised discourse within the room.

"So!" he said as he halted abruptly on the edge of the group.

Mrs. Tarrant-Hoyce turned quickly and fluttered toward him. "Oh, my poor, dear Frederick!"

Millard Stowell cleared his throat. "This has been most regrettable, Frederick, most regrettable! I—"

"Oh, Freddy!" Sarah Messenger buried her face in a handkerchief.

But Irma Trent laid her hand on Frederick's arm and gazed up at him with tear-filled eyes. Without glancing at her, he shook his arm free.

"Just eight of you!" he observed evenly. "The pack left as soon as the hunt was over, eh?"

"Frederick!" Irma exclaimed, reprovingly.

He brushed her roughly aside. The smile he swept over the group was gaunt, terrible, his eyes blackly alive above the flushed cheekbones.

"I have another job waiting for me," he said coldly. "I haven't time to stand here and talk. But just let me tell you this, all of you. Don't flatter yourselves that you've driven Elisabeth away from me. I know how you've tried. I've been watching it for weeks. But you haven't done it. I've done it! I haven't had the spirit to tell every one of you to go to the devil! Well, I'm telling you now. Get out of here—and stay out!"



Millard Stowell coughed importantly. "We are guests in Judge Stowell's home, Frederick. I think—under the circumstances—"

"Get out, I tell you!" Frederick interrupted. "I'll square my own account with the Judge."

"Just as you say," said Mrs. Tarrant-Hoyce's husband. "Are you ready, Regina?" Frederick turned on his heel. When he had reached the door of the library, Irma Trent was beside him.

Irma's eyes were suddenly ablaze with anger. "If you're going to look for Elisabeth, you'll probably find her up at—"

"Thank you," Frederick said as he went into the hall. "It happens that I know where Elisabeth is."

The savagely lucid interval had passed. Fever was leaping anew in his temples, clawing at his lungs, and only some coldly impregnable force of his will kept it at bay as he drove up the Ludlow Shelf road at a speed he didn't even bother to ascertain. He knew only that it gave him a sense of reckless and bitter satisfaction.

But the brilliant projectile of his thoughts moved even more swiftly than the swift car he was driving. It moved away from his wrath at the vindictive narrowness of North Hill. It moved and centred with ruthless precision upon Colin Messenger and Elisabeth. His brain, his heart, the length and breadth of his body flamed with the frustrated love and the tender patience of months, years, which had been thrown back now in his face.

He grinned ferociously into the spread of the headlights before him. So Elisabeth had seized the excuse to get away from him to one she considered her own kind, had she? And how she had done it, flaunting her contempt for him before them all! The low sun! That was it—another low sun! Another Cecil Andrews!

So be it, then. But first, she would know Frederick Stowell for what he was—what he really was!

There had been plenty of dry wood in the lodge to build a roaring fire, and for this Elisabeth was infinitely grateful as she sat huddled with her feet curled under her in one corner of the couch before the fireplace, the tweed coat she had caught up in her flight still wrapped about her shoulders. It had seemed to her during the drive up here that she would never be warm again as long as she lived. The last few minutes in the Stowell house had frozen her to the very pith of her being.

"Tea, my lady," said Colin, and seated himself beside her, cup and saucer in hand.

His grin was light-hearted, festive, but his lashes played curiously across his eyes as Elisabeth had seen them play before. She threw back her coat, and took the tea he offered her.

"It isn't raining now, is it?" she asked, and sipped the excellent tea.

He made an exaggerated theatrical gesture. "The goddess Diana is riding the midnight sky. I just now saw her through a diaphanous cloud."

Her mouth moved unsuccessfully toward a smile. "You're being awfully nice to me, Colin. If you had talked seriously—for even a minute, on the way up here—I don't think I could have stood it."

He turned and put a hand out to the lamp on the table behind the couch. Slowly he turned the wick down until it sputtered and the light went out, leaving only the ruddy glow from the fire to light the room. Elisabeth made no protest and for a moment they sat together on the couch, neither of them speaking.

Finally Colin set his cup aside and leaned forward, gazing into the fire.

"You're really pretty crazy about that saintly cousin of mine, aren't you?"

Hot color flooded her cheeks. "For a long time," she said, "I haven't known what I felt about anything."

Colin turned and looked directly at her, something painful under the mockery of his eyes.

"It's time you knew, Elisabeth," he said. "You're not precisely a child. You—"

She started to speak but he checked her. "No—look at me and listen. I like you, Elisabeth. I like you very much. A little too much, perhaps. If I were the kind of man who surrenders himself easily to a woman, I might have done so long ago—often, as a matter of fact. But I've come closer to it with you than with any woman. You have a satisfying beauty—and you have a mind. And yet—you're unhappy. What is it you want?"

"I know what I want, Colin," she said after a moment. "But it doesn't help much to know what you want—when you know it is beyond you. I want Frederick's love—"

It's as simple as that. I am sure he loved me once. And I can't blame him if he doesn't care for me now. Love dies when it has nothing to help it live. I've managed to kill it. Frederick has grown tired waiting for me."

"Suppose you were to discover that you're mistaken in that?"

"Even then, it would be useless. It's too late now, Colin. To-night proved that. What those women said is true. I've known it for weeks. I've all but ruined Frederick's position in Bloomhill—just by marrying him. The longer I stay here the worse it will be for him. I must leave and—"

She tried vainly to force back the tears. He moved close to her and put an arm about her shoulder. "Could you think of—of leaving with me, Elsbeth? We could try for happiness together."

"How could I go with you—anywhere—when I'll always be thinking about Frederick? No, Colin—I've got to get away from—from everybody."

She drew back from him and he took her hands with a strained smile.

"You needn't be afraid of me, Elsbeth," he said. "Let me take you to Brenda's to-night. To-morrow—"

He paused abruptly. An automobile had driven up close to the lodge and come to a stop. Elsbeth's eyes flew to the door. Colin did not move from his place.

Frederick stood in the open doorway, hatless, his hair a wild, black disorder. As he stepped toward them in the twilight, he looked so bizarrely changed, his blunt nose white about the nostrils, his forehead covered with beads of perspiration, that Elsbeth was unable to stir or speak.

Colin got easily to his feet. "Well," he said equably, "we hadn't been expecting you, Fred. As a matter of fact, we were just getting ready to leave. I hope you—"

"I don't care what you hope!" Frederick bellowed. "I have things to say to my wife. Get out of here!"

Elsbeth flashed up straight. "Frederick! I asked Colin to bring me here—"

"Be quiet! You'll have your turn to talk." While he spoke, his voice shaking with uncontrollable fury, he snatched Colin's hat and coat from an arm of the couch and threw them into his face. "I told you to get out!"

Colin blanched and stood for a moment hesitating. Elsbeth saw his right hand close into a knot.

"No, no, Colin!" she cried, rushing at him. "Go—please go!"

His lip twisted, he nodded curtly and turned away. The door had scarcely closed behind him when Elsbeth felt herself swept violently about into Frederick's arms.

"You haven't changed much, have you? You and your low sun!" He pulled her hair back from her temples so that the lids of her fear-dilated eyes grew taut. Elsbeth sobbed, laughed, and then with sudden abandon threw her arms about his neck.

But to her bewilderment and fright he all at once seemed to reel away from her. His arms went lax, his head slumped forward, he stumbled and fell, his body sprawled half on the couch, half on the floor.

"Frederick! What is it? Oh, darling!" She bent and looked closely at him, then rushed to the door. "Colin! Colin! Come back! Something terrible—it's Frederick, Colin!"

SOMEHOW, Elsbeth helping with all her strength, they got Frederick into the car, and Colin took the wheel. It was after the nightmare drive back into the valley to the Stowell house that Elsbeth got the answer from Doctor Anderson. Frederick had pneumonia.

Because of the crowded condition of the little Bloomhill hospital, Frederick Stowell was put to bed in his own room in his grandfather's house, a circumstance which afforded Elsbeth a bleak comfort, since it meant that she would be near him.

Hours, days, nights were indistinguishable after that. Time was a grim thread upon which were knotted the capricious changes in Frederick's fight for life. To please the old Judge and Frederick's mother, Elsbeth made a pretence at eating although the sight of food revolted her.

One question flamed relentlessly in her mind, under the constant dread that Frederick might die: Had he really known what he was doing that night in the Messenger lodge, when he had swept her so completely off her feet, and would he remember it when he was rational once more? She could not believe that his outburst had been merely a perverse expression of hatred towards her. That was unthinkable. But her fear was that when he recovered he would be closed in again upon himself, that he would believe her intention had been to go away with Colin Messenger.

Certain things had come to pass during those days of agonising suspense, but not until afterwards did Elsbeth reflect upon them as important. It became known swiftly throughout Bloomhill that Elsbeth Stowell was devoting herself day and night to the care of her husband, and, in the manner of small towns, sentiment towards her underwent a magical change.



Aunt Kate and Aunt Feliola Payson called. It was days afterwards that Elsbeth, reconstructing their visit, saw how pitiful it was—Aunt Kate's anger at what she had heard about the Judge's party, her defence of Elsbeth, her denunciation of the conduct of North Hill; Aunt Feliola's tears, stirred by emotions too deep and too complex to be explained by anyone. Aunt Feliola least of all. Elsbeth had hidden her indifference to their change of heart and the two elderly sisters had departed with their consciences eased.

Colin Messenger had gone to New York, and had sent by way of Brenda Townes his sympathy to Elsbeth and Frederick. Pleadingly, Elsbeth thought of him—and visualised his satirical smile at this fickle turn of chance. She forgot him, then, so far as he himself was concerned, but she could not forget that he still existed in Frederick's mind. Or did he?

It was this that made her fearful when she passed into Frederick's sunlit room, aware that his first rational acknowledgment of her would tell so much—or perhaps so little!

That first time, Doctor Anderson permitted her to sit beside him for only a few minutes. She came away in trembling uncertainty, knowing only that she had choked when she had tried to speak to Frederick, and that he had seemed too weary to care to hear her voice.

There followed other times, each so like the last in the painful constraint that lay like a palpable thing between Frederick and herself.

Then one morning she gathered a great bouquet of lilacs, white and purple, and took them to his room. In the hall she

passed his mother, and Adeline Stowell did a strange thing. Almost timidly, she placed her hand on Elsbeth's arm and said:

"My dear, you must not wait for Frederick. I did that for his father—and now I have forgotten what it means to be young. The Stowells are a difficult people. If you are to live your life, begin to live it now. Let Frederick follow."

Tears sprang into Elsbeth's eyes. She leaned quickly forward and kissed Adeline Stowell's austere cheek.

The nurse tactfully left the room when Elsbeth entered. Frederick looked up at her, and although he smiled weakly—politely! she thought with an unhappy pang—the guarded, untrusting expression came again to his gaunt face. Elsbeth's throat tightened sorely, and for a moment she thought it would be impossible to remain even to arrange the flowers.

But suddenly Frederick lifted his hand. "You're very beautiful—with those lilacs in your arms," he said. "Wish I were an artist—Picture of a lady in sunlight! I don't seem to be so good as a doctor, do I? Physician, heal thyself!" He laughed ironically and Elsbeth drew a sharp breath.

"That sounds, at least, as if you were getting better, Doctor Stowell."

"I shall probably live," he said idly.

She longed to go to him then, throw her arms about him, tell him that he was going to be strong and happy.

"Doctor Anderson says you're ever a much stronger to-day," she told him. He expects you to make a rapid recovery. You never know how—how worried—"

She stopped, her mouth dry and stiff. Frederick had leaned slightly towards her and was searching her face intently.

"Why do you look—" she began in desperation.

"I didn't mean to frighten you," he said gently. "Give me your hand, Beth. She slipped her hand into his and at his touch a wave of color rose in her cheeks. He saw it, and his eyes grew suddenly dark and eager.

"There's something I have to know, Beth. They've probably told you not to talk to me about anything serious. But they don't know. I know better than they do what's best for me. Anyhow—I can't be here and—wonder. What are your plans for the future, Beth? I've got to know that."

She returned his ruthless gaze with her head high, her eyes brilliant.

"I hadn't meant to tell you. But—tomorrow I'm going to start furnishing a house. Your mother and I—"

"Beth!" He laughed huskily, and she could not believe there could be so much strength in the hand that drew her towards him. "It wasn't a dream, then? I am to remember that you put your arms about my neck—that night up in the lodge when I must have behaved like a maniac. You really did, didn't you?"

She was kneeling beside him now, her wet cheek against his. Frederick's arms were close about her.

"Oh, Freddie!" she cried softly. "You didn't behave like a maniac. You—just meant it, didn't you? Tell me you meant it!"

He laughed, not very steadily. "I'll tell you—later—in our own house, my sweet."

(THE END)

(All characters in this novel are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.)

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